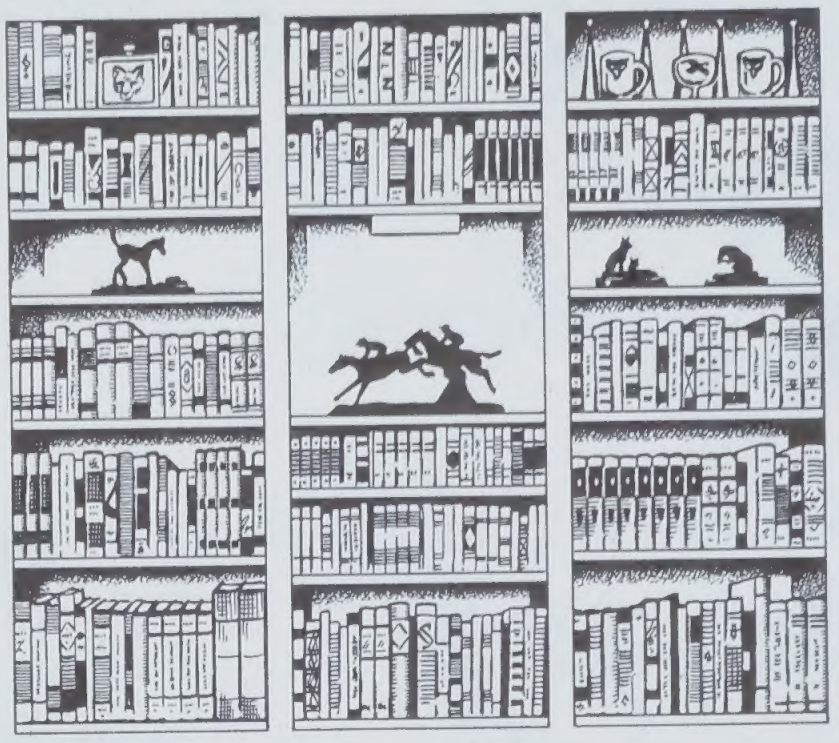

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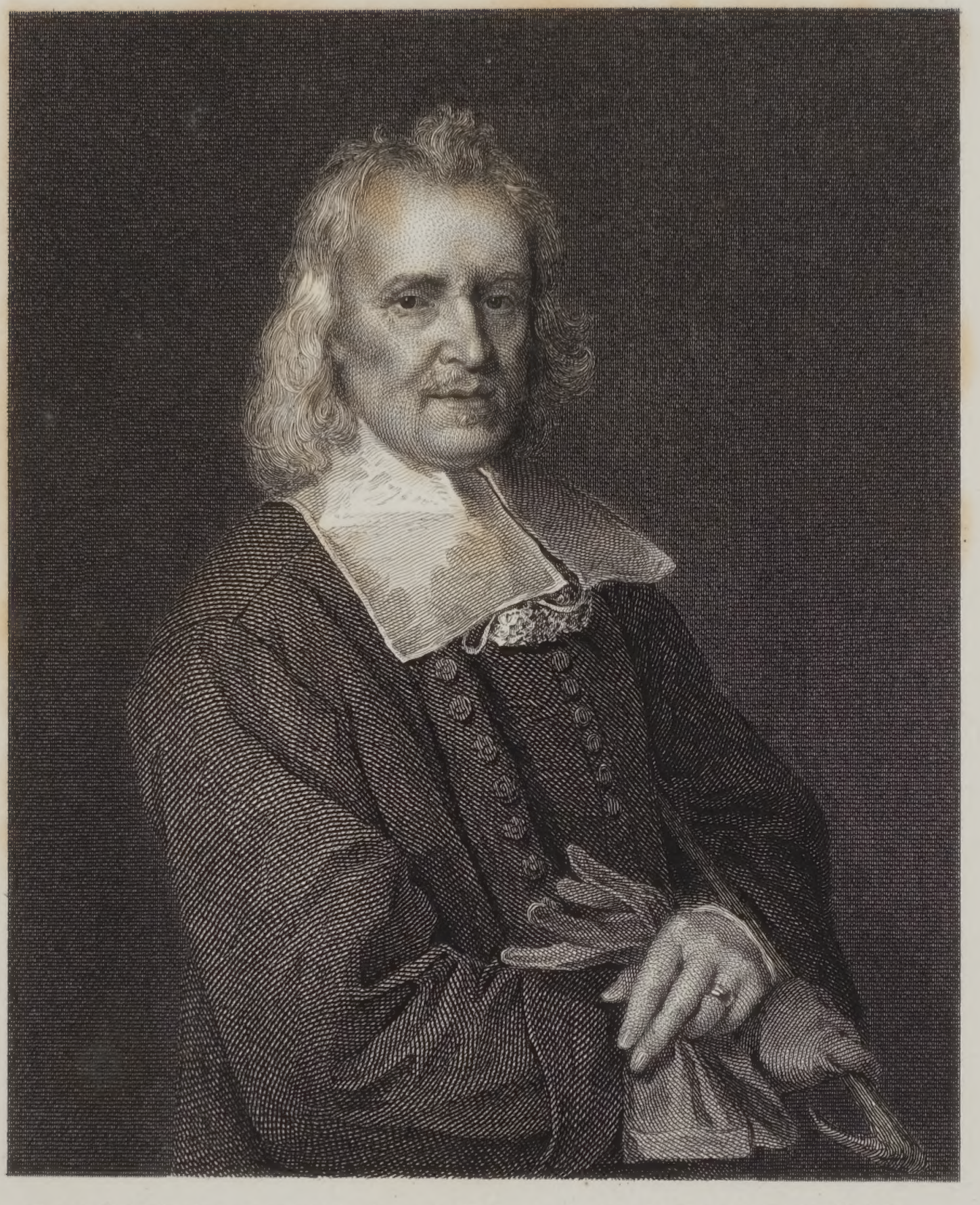

Copied by Derby from an original picture by Housman, in the posſeſsion of the Rev.d D.r Hawes.
Engraved by W. Humphrys.

"A good name is better then a pretious oyntment".

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Published by William Pickering, Chancery Lane, London. Oct.r 1.1836.

THE

Complete Angler

OR THE

CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION

BEING A DISCOURSE OF RIVERS FISH-PONDS

FISH AND FISHING WRITTEN BY

IZAAK WALTON

AND

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT OR

GRAYLING IN A CLEAR STREAM BY

CHARLES COTTON

WITH ORIGINAL MEMOIRS AND NOTES BY

SIR HARRIS NICOLAS

K. C. M. G.

LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1836

C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.

TO THE

REVEREND HERBERT HAWES, D. D.

PREBENDARY OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH

OF SALISBURY,

This Edition of The Complete Angler,

AS A MARK OF RESPECT

FOR THE DESCENDANT OF ITS VENERABLE AUTHOR,

AND IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF THE ASSISTANCE WHICH HE HAS AFFORDED

TOWARDS ITS COMPLETION,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

N. HARRIS NICOLAS.

Torrington Square,
October 15, 1836.

PREFACE.

THE extreme popularity of the Complete Angler has been so fully proved by its numerous editions, that it can scarcely be necessary to solicit the favour of the public towards one more carefully edited, and more highly embellished, than any that has hitherto appeared.

Although much had been done to illustrate that beautiful Pastoral, it was still susceptible of pictorial embellishments of a superior character; and although great trouble had already been taken to discover information respecting Walton and Cotton, the subject was not exhausted.

The following observations will shew the particular claims of these volumes to the patronage of the public.

Of the embellishments little need be said, because the merits or demerits of works of art speak for themselves. The scenery was painted on the spot by the late Thomas Stothard, esq. R. A. by whose ingenious pencil all the

other Illustrations, except the Portraits and Fishes, were drawn. The Fishes were painted from nature by James Inskipp, esq. who, to distinguished ability in his profession, unites the knowledge and ardour of a skilful angler. To his pencil the publisher is likewise indebted for the charming portraits of Walton and Cotton, "in their vocation;" and Mr. Inskipp's favours have been much enhanced by the cordiality and zeal with which he has executed this important department of the work.

To general readers, as well as to Anglers, the portrait of the venerable Walton, engraved by Mr. Humphrys, after the original by Housman, in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, Prebendary of Salisbury, will perhaps prove the most attractive illustration. From that picture all the engraved portraits are said to have been taken; but a single glance will shew, that in none of them have the real features been preserved. The present engraving is, however, no less faithful to the original than remarkable for its excellence as a work of art; and it may be said, that a perfect resemblance of the patriarch of Anglers is now, for the first time, published.

With respect to the literary improvements which are presumed to have been made, and the plan which has been pursued, in this edition of the Complete Angler, it is to be observed that the text is that of the fifth edition, published in 1676, which was the last that was revised by the author; and the variations between it and the four previous editions are carefully indicated at the foot of each page. These variations are often curious, it being well known that Walton very considerably enlarged the second and the fifth edition of his work. As, however, a full account of the different editions of the Complete

Angler will be found in the Memoir of Walton, it is unnecessary to say more on the subject.

Many original notes have been added to a selection of the most valuable of those which had appeared in preceding editions; and though the former are chiefly on points of a literary nature, some new piscatory illustrations, from the pens of experienced Anglers, will be found among them.*

A striking feature in the arrangement of this edition ought to be mentioned. All the previous editions of the Complete Angler are divided into chapters only, without any reference to the chronological plan of the work. The dialogue of the First Part occupies five separate days, and the conclusion of the first four of them is distinctly marked by the parties separating for the night. Except in the original edition of 1653, in which what is termed a "space" occurs at those places, there is no apparent division of time; and the dialogue proceeds, without any pause, from the "good night" of the preceding evening, to the greeting and sports of the ensuing day, whilst the break, caused by a new chapter, is often

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* The following explanation of the initials of the authors affixed to them will identify the respective contributors.

H. indicates Sir John Hawkins, the editor of the edition published in 1760.

E. Sir Henry Ellis, K. H. editor of the edition published by Mr. Bagster, 1815.

T. Richard Thomson, esq. of the London Institution, the editor of the edition published by Mr. Major, 1823.

Eu. H. is the signature of the late Mr. Haslewood.

B. is the initial of Mr. John Baker.

For the notes which are undistinguished the Editor is himself responsible.

found in the middle of a conversation, without the slightest change in the situation of the parties, merely because a different subject, or rather a new branch of the same subject is introduced.

The inconsistency of this arrangement of a work so dramatic in character as The Complete Angler is evident; and it is really surprising that the unities of the piece should have hitherto been so completely lost sight of.

In this edition, the dialogue naturally forms five divisions, marked "The First Day," "The Second Day," "The Third Day," "The Fourth Day," and "The Fifth Day;" and no other notice is taken of the chapters than by stating at the head of each day, the chapters which it contains, and inserting, in the margin, the number and title of each of them as they occur in the fifth edition.

A similar plan has also been adopted with respect to the Second Part of the work, by Charles Cotton, the dialogue of which occupies three days.

The research which has been used in seeking for new materials for the lives of Walton and Cotton has been rewarded with great success; and it is not a little remarkable, that the sources, which have proved most fertile, were as accessible to his former as to his present biographer. The prefaces to Walton's lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, as well as those memoirs themselves, abound in anecdotes or traits of character of their amiable author, which had been unaccountably neglected. Walton's other pieces were scarcely less valuable for this purpose; and the same remark applies to the various productions of Charles Cotton. To every other source of information diligent application has also been

made; and many new facts, especially as to family connections, have been brought to light. The plan upon which the memoirs of Walton and Cotton have been written, was to introduce every word in which they have alluded to themselves, so as to render them, as far as was practicable, their own biographers. With this view, all their Letters which could be found, and the prefaces and dedications to their works, have been printed at length, whenever they, in any way, illustrated the character of the writers.

The pleasing duty remains of offering both the Publisher's and the Editor's thanks to those numerous persons, from whom they have derived assistance. The list is long, and contains some names distinguished in literature, forming strong evidence of the homage which, at the distance of nearly two centuries, is paid by genius to the worth of "HONEST IZAAK."

Among the individuals by whose contributions this edition has been enriched, the names of Sir Henry Ellis, K. H. the Principal Librarian of the British Museum; the Rev. Dr. Bliss, of the Bodleian Library; Charles George Young, esq. York Herald; George Frederick Beltz, esq. K. H. Lancaster Herald; the Rev. Joseph Hunter; Richard Thomson, esq. of the London Institution; Mr. John Baker; Sir Francis Sykes, bart.; Mr. Cafe; Thomas B. Chinn, esq. of Lichfield; Edward Jesse, esq. of Hampton Court; the late Joseph Haslewood, esq.; B. H. Bright, esq.; and Mr. Hatcher, of Salisbury, are deserving of particular commemoration.

As the Editor was well aware of his incompetency to make any addition to the science of halieutics, he undertook with reluctance the task of superintending an edition

of the Complete Angler. He felt that, on such matters, he might, like Alexander Brome, in his address to Walton, ask himself,

> —— "What make I here, to write of that
> I'm unskill'd in, and talk I know not what?"

His reluctance was, however, but of short duration, for no one who daily witnessed the Publisher's enthusiasm could possibly withstand its influence. He relieved him from all his difficulties by selecting the notes which relate to the art; while his own attention was entirely bestowed on the literary and biographical parts of the work. It has been to his friend Mr. Pickering literally a labour of love. Neither time nor expense was spared to produce an edition of the Complete Angler worthy of the state of the Arts at the present day, and of the importance which was, in his opinion, due to the subject; and during seven years in which the work has been in progress, his ardour never for a moment abated. It is now for the public to judge of the result of his efforts; and the Editor, who has so often benefited by his bibliographical knowledge, cannot deny himself the pleasure of expressing a hope, that he to whose taste and exertions these volumes owe nearly all their value, may derive from them the credit which he so well deserves.

15th October, 1836.

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LIFE OF IZAAK WALTON.

"WALTON, crime it were to leave unsung
Thy gentle mind, thy breast unblanch'd by wrong;
And, vivid glowing on the graphic page,
Thy guileless manners, and thy hallowed age."

IZAAK WALTON was born at Stafford on the 9th of August, 1593, and was baptized there on the 21st of September following.[1] He was the son of Jervis Walton of that town, who is presumed to have been the second son of George Walton, some time bailiff of Yoxhall,[2] a small village about fifteen miles from Stafford; beyond whom the pedigree cannot be traced with certainty.[3]

The name of WALTON existed in Staffordshire at an early period, and was general in that county about the middle of the sixteenth century, at which time the family were substantial yeomen. Of Izaak Walton's father, Jervis Walton, nothing has been discovered, except what occurs in the register of St. Mary's church at Stafford, from which it may be inferred that he had a second son named Ambrose, who was buried on the 3rd March, 1595-6, and who probably died young. Jervis Walton died early in February, 1596-7, and was buried at St. Mary's on the 11th of that month. Of his wife, not even the name has been discovered; and it is doubtful whether she survived her husband.

At the tender age of four years, IZAAK WALTON seems therefore to have been thrown upon the world an orphan. Of his childhood, his guardians, or the means by which he was supported, nothing whatever is known. He received a good, though not, strictly speaking, a classical

[1] "1593, Septem. Baptiz. fuit Isaac filius Jervis Walton xxj die mensis et anni prædict."—Register of St. Mary's, Stafford. The date of his birth is shewn by the preamble to his will.

[2] See Pedigree, No. I. in the Appendix. To the signature to his will he added "late baylie of Yoxhall."

[3] Some remarks on the pedigree of the Walton family will be found in Note K in the Appendix.

education, and it is likely that he was sent to the grammar school of his native town; but not a single fact can be stated respecting him from the time of his baptism, until he attained his twentieth year, when he appears to have been a resident of London. Neither the cause nor the period of his removal from Stafford to the metropolis has been ascertained; though it is probable that he was apprenticed, when very young, to a distant relation of the name of Henry Walton, who was haberdasher at Whitechapel.[5]

The earliest notice[6] of Walton after his birth is of

[5] This conjecture is principally founded on the following facts. It is well known that Izaak Walton followed the trade of a sempster or haberdasher. Henry Walton, "citizen and haberdasher, of Whitechapel," is so described in the will of his cousin Samuel Walton, of St. Mary's Cray, in Kent, gentleman, son of Henry Walton, citizen and cloth-worker, of London, dated on the 2nd, and proved on the 9th of April, 1631; and his connection with the county of Stafford is shewn by the testator's mentioning his *uncle* John Walton, of Mathfield, in that county, who may have been the father of the said Henry Walton of Whitechapel. An abstract of Henry Walton's will is inserted in Note L in the Appendix, where other reasons are stated for thinking the hypothesis correct. The records of the Haberdashers' Company do not contain the names of Henry or Izaak Walton between 1600 and 1630. Sir John Hawkins supposes that Walton first settled in London as a shopkeeper in the Royal Exchange, under the patronage of Sir Thomas Gresham, but his opinion has been shewn to be erroneous. See Anthony Wood, Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss. I. 698.

[6] It is necessary to advert to an article which appeared in a weekly publication, called "The Freebooter," on the 18th of October, 1823, where it is stated that "there is a manuscript in the Lansdowne collection of the British Museum, which throws some light upon the early life of Izaak Walton. By whom it was written, and at what precise date, does not appear; but the hand-writing is evidently of about the time of the Revolution, and in it the author speaks of Walton as 'not long since deceased, to the great grief of all his loving friends.'"

The MS., it is said, refers very much to the interval between his birth in 1593 and 1624: "it fixes the place of his education at Stafford, where he was born, and from whence he removed to London, where he was regularly apprenticed to one Holmes, a sempster, with whom he lived until he was twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Sir J. Hawkins conjectures that he married about 1632, but on what ground it is difficult to discover: now the author of this MS. asserts that Walton 'took a wife' before he was twenty-four years old, and while he held a shop near the Exchange. The date of his removal into Fleet Street is not supplied with precision, but it is clear that it was at least as early as 1618, and after his marriage; but the document is written in a rough, sketchy style, and consists generally rather of biographical hints and anecdotes than of regular details of events relating to any of the persons mentioned in the volume, of which the

a very interesting nature, as it is intimately connected with those literary pursuits, to which he is indebted for the regard of posterity. In 1619 a small poem was published, entitled "The Love of Amos and Laura, written by S. P." which was dedicated to Walton in the following verses:—

"TO MY APPROVED AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, IZ. WA.

To thee, thou more then thrice beloved friend,
I too unworthy of so great a bliss:
These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,
Thou being cause it is now as it is:
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These have been buried in oblivions night.
If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,
And disavow my title to the verse:
But being bad, I needs must call them mine.
No ill thing can be clothed in thy verse.
Accept them then, and where I have offended,
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended.

S. P."[7]

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notice of Walton forms a very small part." "The author of the MS. speaks of Walton as a very sweet poet in his youth, and more than all in matters of love."

In consequence of this statement considerable trouble has been taken to discover the MS. alluded to; but no trace of it can be found in the British Museum; and it is presumed that the article is a mere fiction. No reference is given to the volume in which it is said to occur; and if such an interesting account of Walton really existed in a collection so well known and so fully catalogued as the Lansdowne MSS., it is impossible to suppose that it would not long since have been brought to light; or that it would have escaped the particular search which has been recently made for it. Be this however as it may, little reliance could be placed on the article, even if it were genuine, because one of the few facts stated in it can be disproved, as it is said that Walton married before he was twenty-four years of age, whereas his marriage took place in December, 1626, when he was about thirty-three; and there is not the slightest cause to suppose that he had a former wife. But the article in question is not the only doubtful statement which has been published respecting Walton: his residence in the Royal Exchange; his retirement in 1643 to a cottage in Staffordshire, where Dr. Morley is said to have found an asylum; and his having written the epitaph of an old servant called "David *Hookham!*" (a name very appropriately chosen for the purpose), who died in 1647, ætat. 63, (vide Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. C. part II. p. 296), are equally apocryphal.

[7] Attention was first drawn to this poem by J. Payne Collier, esq. in the Poetical Decameron, vol. ii. p. 111. A copy of "The Love of Amos and Laura," 18mo. ed. 1619, will be found in the British Museum. It was again printed in 4to. in 1628. See Note 8.

It is evident that Walton either suggested various improvements in, or had written part of the poem, whilst two of the lines prove that it was printed at his recommendation. The poem was first published in 1613, six years before, together with three others; but in the only known copy of that edition,[8] which is unfortunately imperfect, the verses to Walton do not occur; and it is doubtful whether they were omitted, or have been abstracted from that particular copy. As there is no variation (excepting of a single word) between the two editions, the alterations, which the Author so gratefully acknowledges, must have been made in the original manuscript; and as Walton was only twenty years of age in 1613, the love of literature, which never deserted him, must have commenced at a very early period of his life. Much light would perhaps be thrown upon this part of Walton's career, if "his more than thrice beloved friend," S. P. could be identified; but the attempt to discover him has not been successful, though some circumstances render it likely that the initials were those of Samuel Purchas, the author of "The Pilgrimage," who is known to have written various miscellaneous pieces, besides the works which bear his name.

Sir John Hawkins states, on the authority of a deed in his possession, that in 1624 "Walton dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow, and that his house was then in the joint occupation of himself and a hosier called John Mason."[9] Before that time the celebrated Dr. Donne became vicar of St. Dunstans in the West; and an intimacy arose between Walton, who was then one of his parishioners, and himself, which ended only with

[8] In the library of Benjamin Heywood Bright, Esq. The title is, "Alcilia. Philoparthens louing folly. whereunto js added Pigmalions Image: with the Loue of Amos and Lavra and also Epigrammes by Sir J. H. and others. never before imprinted. London for Richard Hawkins dwelling in Chancery Lane near Sarjeants Inn, 1613." 4to. At the end of Alcilia [edit. 1619.] are the initials, J. C. [John Chalkhill?] Pigmalion's Image is by John Marston, and the Epigrams by Sir John Harington. Amos and Laura in this copy is without the dedication, and is imperfect at the end.

[9] Sir John Hawkins's Life of Walton, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, K. H. and prefixed to the edition of the Complete Angler published by Bagster in 1815.

Donne's life. The veneration which Walton entertained for his learned friend is exhibited in the memoir which he prefixed to the publication of his sermons, as well as in the elegy which he wrote upon his decease.

It was probably through Dr. Donne that Walton became acquainted with Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. Henry King, son of the Bishop of London, John Hales of Eton, and some other eminent persons, particularly divines. He was also slightly known to Ben Jonson;[10] he speaks of Drayton, on one occasion, as his "honest old friend," and on another as his "old deceased friend;"[11] and he appears to have lived on terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished literary men of his age.

Such part of his time as was not occupied by his business seems, therefore, to have been passed in the society of men whose acquaintance is sufficient proof of the esteem in which his talents were held; whilst the friendship of Donne, King, and Wotton, is ample evidence of his moral worth. As some of the individuals alluded to were fond of the amusement of Angling, it is probable that many of his leisure hours were passed with them in piscatory excursions on the banks of the river Lea; and his amiable and placid temper, his agreeable conversation, and unaffected benevolence, inspired them with esteem and regard.

After having been more than ten years in business, Walton thought himself justified in incurring the expense and cares of married life. His biographers have fallen into great mistakes respecting his wives; for, according to Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Zouch, he was only once married; and the latter describes him to have derived an hereditary attachment to the Protestant religion, from his mother having been the daughter of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and niece of Archbishop Cranmer. Subsequent writers have doubted the accuracy of these statements; and whilst they have indulged in various conjectures on the subject, without arriving at the fact, every edition of "The Complete Angler," except the first, has contained proof of the name of his wife.[12]

[10] Vide postea.

[11] Vide pp. 180, 294, postea.

[12] This fact was first pointed out in the New Series of the Retrospective Review, vol. ii. p. 341, by the Author of this Memoir.

It is not unlikely that Walton's acquaintance with Dr. King was the cause of his being introduced to the family of Floud of Canterbury, which was closely connected with that of Cranmer, whom King, many years afterwards, called his "old friends."[13] Susannah, daughter of Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury, (son of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and grand-nephew of Archbishop Cranmer), was born in August, 1579, and married a gentleman of the name of Floud,[14] who is presumed to have been Robert, the son of John Floud, fifth son of Sir Thomas Floud, of Milgate, in the parish of Bradsted, in Kent, and the descendant of a family of considerable antiquity in Shropshire.[15] He died before his wife, leaving two sons, John and Robert Floud, and a daughter of the name of Rachel.

Of the sons very little is known. Robert, the eldest, was of John's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded B. A. in 1627:[16] he was executor to his mother in 1635; and wrote the commendatory verses to his "dear brother-in-law, Mr. Is. Walton, on his Complete Angler,"[17] which were prefixed to the second edition of that work, in 1655. John Floud, the second son, was under twenty-eight years of age at the death of his mother in 1635; and in 1655, at which time he was a Master of Arts, he also addressed verses to his "dear brother-in-law, Mr. Iz. Walton, upon his Complete Angler."

Their sister, Rachel Floud, who was probably born about the year 1605, was married to Izaak Walton, in the church of St. Mildred, at Canterbury, on the 27th of December, 1626.[18] Soon after Walton's marriage, Mrs. Floud, his wife's mother, appears to have removed to London; and there is reason to believe that she resided with them until her decease. In the following passage

[13] Vide postea.

[14] Vide the accompanying pedigree of Cranmer, for which the Editor is indebted to George Frederic Beltz, Esq. Lancaster Herald.

[15] Harleian MS. 1548, f. 69^{b}, and Additional MS. 5507, in the British Museum.

[16] Additional MS. 5885, fo. 93.

[17] To his signature to these verses the letter "C," is added, the meaning of which has not been discovered.

[18] Extract from the Register of "Maryagyes" in the parish of St. Mildred, Canterbury, for the year 1626. "Isaack Walton and Rachel Floudd weare maryed the 27th day of December."

in the life of Hooker, Walton thus speaks of his connection with the Cranmer family;[19] and the two sisters of William Cranmer, with whom he says he had a "happy cohabitation," were probably his mother-in-law Mrs. Floud, and the widow of Dr. Spencer.

"About forty years past (for I am now in the seventieth of my age) I began a happy affinity with William Cranmer (now with God), grand-nephew unto the great archbishop of that name, a family of noted prudence and resolution. With him and two of his sisters I had an entire and free friendship: one of them was the wife of Dr. Spencer, a bosom friend, and some time com-pupil with Mr. Hooker in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and after president of the same. I name them here, for that I shall have occasion to mention them in this following discourse; as also their brother, of whose useful abilities my reader may have a more authentic testimony than my pen can purchase for him, by that of our learned Camden and others. This William Cranmer and his two fore-named sisters had some affinity and a most fami-

[19] The connections of the Cranmer family afford information about some of the persons to whom Walton became known, and elucidate many points in his history. George, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, and uncle of Mrs. Walton, was born in 1578; he was educated by Richard Hooker, the author of the Ecclesiastical Polity; became a scholar of Christ Church, Oxford; and afterwards entered the service of his relation, William Davison, secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth. Upon the fall of that statesman, Cranmer became secretary to Sir Henry Killigrew in his embassy to France; and, after Killigrew's death, he accompanied Sir Edwyn Sandys in his travels into Germany and Italy, and was at Florence and Vienna about November, 1596. [See a letter from Francis Davison, the eldest son of the secretary, to his father, printed in the memoir prefixed to Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, ed. 1826, p. xxxii.] Soon after his return he accepted the appointment of secretary to Lord Mountjoy in Ireland, but was slain in an action with the Irish at Carlingford on the 13th of November, 1600, and died unmarried. [Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss, I. 700.] Camden and Lloyd speak in strong terms of his abilities and learning, and he is often mentioned by Walton. The second son, Thomas Cranmer, was living in 1617. William Cranmer, the third son, who was a particular friend of Walton's, was a merchant in London, and left a son, Sir William Cranmer, who was governor of the Merchants Adventurers of England, and died unmarried in his sixty-seventh year, on the 21st of September, 1697. [Vide the inscription on the monument erected to his memory in the church of St. Mildred, Canterbury, by his nephew and executor, Mr. John Kenrick.] The daughters of Thomas Cranmer were Dorothy, born in 1575, married to an individual of the name of Field, (possibly

liar friendship with Mr. Hooker, and had had some part of their education with him in his house when he was parson of Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury, in which city their good father then lived. They had, I say, a great part of their education with him, as myself, since that time, a happy cohabitation with them."[20]

The maiden name of the mother of Mrs. Walton has not been positively ascertained; but it is nearly certain that she was Anne, the sister of John Carpenter, second son of John Carpenter, of Rye, in Sussex, who married Anne, the sister of Secretary Davison, which alliance would explain the connection that is known to have existed between the families of Davison and Cranmer,[21] and may have induced Walton to insert "The Beggars' Song," which he says in the "Complete Angler," was written by Francis Davison, the secretary's eldest son.

On the 31st of March, 1631, Walton lost his revered friend, Dr. Donne. About three weeks before his death, Donne, to use Walton's words, "sent for many of

Dr. Richard Field, Dean of Gloucester, the friend of Hooker, who is mentioned as "that great schoolman" in Walton's introduction to the collected edition of the lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert) she was living in 1635. Rachel, the second daughter, was born in 1577, married in 1597 John Blowfield, gentleman, and died in August, 1600, leaving one son of the name of George [M. I. in Margate Church, printed in Cozens' Tour through the Isle of Thanet, p. 452.] Elizabeth, the third daughter, was born in 1574, married in 1592 Alexander Norwood, gentleman, and was living in 1617; Susannah, the fourth daughter, married Mr. Floud; Jane, the fifth daughter, was born in 1580; the sixth daughter, Anne, married in 1581 John Sellar, had issue, and was living in 1617; and Margaret, the youngest daughter, who was born in 1585, was living in 1604. It is supposed that two of the daughters married persons of the names of Boote and Parry; but it is certain that one of them was the wife of Dr. John Spencer, president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the bosom friend and fellow pupil of Hooker, and the editor of his works. Dr. Spencer died in 1614, [Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss, II. 145.], and was probably the father of the Dr. John Spencer who is described in the will of Mrs. Floud in 1635 as "her cousin."

[20] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, 1817, vol. I. pp. 304, 305. In another place (p. 446) Walton says, "Dr. Spencer's wife was my aunt, and sister to George Cranmer, of whom I have spoken."

[21] A letter is preserved in the State Paper Office from John Carpenter to his brother-in-law, Secretary Davison, dated 7th October, 1586, in which he speaks of his "*brother Cranmer*," to whom he had written respecting *his son George*, who was the George Cranmer mentioned in the preceding page.

his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction."[22] It would seem that Walton was not one of the friends there alluded to; but with Dr. King, Dr. Winniff (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln), and Dr. Montfort, then a residentiary of St. Paul's, he attended Donne in almost his last hours, and received his dying wishes. This fact may be inferred from King's letter to Walton upon his Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, which will be again noticed, wherein he said, "I shall begin with my most dear and incomparable friend, Dr. Donne, late Dean of St. Paul's Church, who not only trusted me as his executor, but three days before his death delivered into my hands those excellent sermons of his, now made public; professing before Dr. Winniff, Dr. Montfort, and, I think, yourself, then present at his bed-side, that it was by my restless importunity that he had prepared them for the press; together with which (as his best legacy) he gave me all his sermon-notes, and his other papers, containing an extract of near fifteen hundred authors. How these were got out of my hands, you, who were the messenger for them, and how lost both to me and yourself, is not now seasonable to complain."[23] As the younger Donne bequeathed his father's collection of extracts to Bishop King to be given to the son of Izaak Walton,[24] it may be inferred that Dr. Donne's eldest son was the person who desired Walton to claim his father's MSS. from King.

Some time before his death, Dr. Donne caused several seals to be made of helitropium, or blood-stone, and engraved with a representation of the Saviour extended on an anchor, instead of the cross—a beautiful emblem of the Christian faith—which he presented to his most intimate friends, among whom were Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. Hall, then Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Duppa, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, George Herbert, the author of "The Temple,"[25]

[22] Life of Donne, ed. Zouch, I. 155.
[23] Ibid. I. pp. 22, 24.
[24] Vide postea, p. lxvii.
[25] Life of Donne, ed. Zouch, pp. 124—126.

and Walton. Donne adopted this device instead of the crest of his family, a sheaf of snakes; and the seal sent by him to Herbert was accompanied by some verses on the subject, which, with Herbert's reply, were printed by Walton in his Life of Donne. They are full of the quaint conceits with which the poetry of the time abounded, and however agreeable to the taste of that age, they have few charms for the present. Walton always used the seal[25] that was given to him by Donne, of which an accurate engraving will be found in a subsequent page.

Walton wrote the following Elegy upon Donne, and, with similar tributes to his worth by Dr. King, Sir Lucius Carey, Endymion Porter, and several other persons, it was printed at the end of an edition of Donne's poems, in 1633, of which work it is not improbable that Walton was the editor.[26] The Elegy is more remarkable for fervour than elegance; but it contains a few passages illustrative of the writer's own feelings and situation, which render it of interest:

> "Is Donne, great Donne, deceased? then, England, say
> Thou hast lost a man where language chose to stay,[27]
> And shew its[28] graceful power. I would not praise
> That, and his vast wit, (which in these vain days
> Make many proud), but as they serv'd to unlock
> That cabinet, his mind: where such a stock
> Of knowledge was reposed, as all lament
> (Or should) this general cause of discontent.
> And I rejoice I am not so severe,

---

[25] It is impressed on his Will, and also on that of his son.

[26] The work was printed for John Marriot, and contained an address "from the Printer to the Understanders," which does not bear sufficient resemblance to Walton's style to justify its being positively attributed to his pen; but it is not unlikely that the following "Hexastichon Bibliopolæ" was written by Walton, notwithstanding that the name of the publisher is affixed to it:

> "I see in his last preach'd and printed book,
> His picture in a sheet; in 'Paul's I look,
> And see his statue in a sheet of stone;
> And sure his body in the grave hath one:
> Those sheets present him dead—these, if you buy,
> You have him living to eternity. Jo. Mar."

[27] The following variations occur in the next edition of Donne's Poems, which was printed in 1635:

> Our Donne is dead; England should mourn, may say
> We had a man whose language chose to stay.

[28] Her.

But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his decease; such sad extremities
May make such men as I write Elegies.
And wonder not; for when a general loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the Cross,
God hath rais'd prophets to awaken them
From stupefaction; witness my mild pen,
Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.
Dull age! Oh I would spare thee; but th'art worse;
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude; if not, could'st thou
Part with miraculous DONNE, and make no vow
For thee and thine, successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth scatter Poetry, wherein
Was all philosophy? Was every sin
Character'd in his Satires? made so foul
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soul
Freer[29] by reading verse? Did he give days
Past marble monuments to those whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year?
But, more matur'd, did his full soul conceive,
And in harmonious, holy numbers weave
A Crown of sacred sonnets,[30] fit to adorn
A dying martyr's brow; or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for such penitents as she
And he to use) leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love, and sure it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical?
Did he write Hymns, for piety and wit[31]
Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ?
Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
The grounds and use of physic, but, because
'Twas mercenary, waiv'd it? Went to see
That blessed place of Christ's nativity?
Did he return and preach him? preach him so
As none but he did, or could do? They know[32]
(Such as were blest to hear him know) 'tis truth.
Did he confirm thy aged? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? and is this dear loss
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a cross.)

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[29] Safer.

[30] "La Corona," a Holy Sonnet on the Crown of Thorns, printed in Donne's Poems, ed. 1633, p. 28, and commencing thus:—

"Deign at my hands this *Crown* of prayer and praise,"

[31] For piety, for wit.

[32] As since St. Paul none did, none could! those know
(Such as were blest to hear him) this is truth.

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners at his funeral;
If not, in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poison'd fumes
Do waste the brain), make silence a safe way
T' inlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay
(Materials of this body), to remain
With DONNE in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have; for, with him, all
Are satisfied with joys essential.
My thoughts, dwell on this joy, and do not call[33]
Grief back by thinking of his funeral;
Forget he loved me; waste not my sad years,
(Which haste to David's seventy), fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death; forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good men's hearts;
And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him;
Forget his powerful preaching; and forget
I am his convert. Oh, my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy; so should my gratitude,
My vows[34] of gratitude should so be broke;
Which can no more be than Donne's virtues spoke
By any but himself; for which cause, I
Write no *Encomium*, but an[35] *Elegy*;
Which, as a free will offering, I here give[36]
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, great as DONNE's matchless worth.

IZ. WA."[37]

It has been remarked that in these verses Walton calls himself Donne's "convert;" but he perhaps meant no more than that he had been induced by his sermons and example to take a proper view of religion, in which sense the word is used in a preceding line.

A second edition of Dr. Donne's Poems was published in 1635, with a portrait of the author, engraved by Marshall, from a picture painted in 1591, when he was in his eighteenth year; and the following lines by Walton were placed under it:

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[33] Dwell on this joy, my thoughts; oh! do not call.
[34] Flows.
[35] This.
[36] This and the three following lines are added from the edition of 1635.
[37] Donne's Poems, ed. 1633, pp. 382—384.

" This was, for youth, strength, mirth, and wit, that time
Most count their golden age; but 'twas not thine.
Thine was thy later years, so much refin'd
From youth's dross, mirth and wit, as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the praise
Of thy Creator, in those last best days.
Witness this book (thy emblem) which begins
With love; but ends with sighs and tears for sins.

Iz. Wa."

Sir Henry Wotton having intended to write the life of Donne, he requested Walton, who readily undertook the task, to collect materials for the purpose; but several years having elapsed without any progress being made in the work, Walton reminded him of his purpose in a "most ingenuous letter," the answer to which is printed in the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ." The date of Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Walton, wherein he expresses a wish for his "ever welcome company" in the approaching fishing season, does not occur; but the allusion to Dr. King's appointment as Dean of Rochester, in which office he was installed on the 6th of February, 1638-9,[38] fixes it to the early part of the year 1639.

"My worthy Friend,

I am not able to yield any reason, no, not so much as may satisfy myself, why a most ingenuous letter of yours hath lain so long by me (as it were in lavender) without an answer, save this only, the pleasure I have taken in your style and conceptions, together with a meditation of the subject you propound, may seem to have cast me into a gentle slumber. But being now awaked, I do herein return you most hearty thanks for the kind prosecution of your first motion, touching a just office due to the memory of our ever memorable friend, to whose good fame, though it be needless to add any thing, (and my age considered, almost hopeless from my pen;) yet I will endeavour to perform my promise, if it were but even for this cause, that in saying somewhat of the life of so deserving a man, I may perchance over-live mine own. That which you add of Dr. King (now made Dean of Rochester, and by that translated into my native soil,) is a great spur unto me: with whom I hope shortly

[38] Le Neve's Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.

to confer about it in my passage towards Boughton Malherb, which was my genial air, and invite him to a friendship with that family where his predecessor was familiarly acquainted. I shall write to you at large by the next messenger, (being at present a little in business), and then I shall set down certain general heads, wherein I desire information by your loving diligence; hoping shortly to enjoy your own ever welcome company in this approaching time of the *Fly* and the *Cork*. And so I rest,

"Your very hearty poor friend to serve you,

"H. Wotton."[39]

Sir Henry Wotton died in the ensuing December; and on Walton's hearing that Dr. Donne's sermons were about to be published without a life of the author, he determined to supply the deficiency. His motives for becoming Donne's biographer are explained in so natural and pleasing a manner in his "Introduction," dated on the 15th February, 1639 (1640), that it ought not to be omitted:

"If that great master of language and art, Sir Henry Wotton, the late provost of Eton College, had lived to see the publication of these sermons, he had presented the world with the author's life exactly written; and it was pity he did not; for it was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it: betwixt whom, and the author, there was so mutual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death could force a separation. And though their bodies were divided, their affections were not: for that learned knight's love followed his friend's fame beyond death and the forgetful grave; which he testified by entreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to inquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but my knowledge of the author, and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful. I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content, till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen; but then death prevented his intentions. When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these sermons were to be

[39] Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, ed. 1685, p. 360.

printed and want the author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable; indignation or grief (indeed I know not which) transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it. And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bondman was;—(the grateful wretch had been left alone on the sea-shore, with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious lord and master: and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat to make a funeral pile to burn it, which was the custom of the Romans)—'Who art thou that alone hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the Great?' so, who am I that do thus officiously set the author's memory on fire? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain. But wonder indeed the reader may, that I, who profess myself artless, should presume with my faint light to show forth his life, whose very name makes it illustrious! but be this to the disadvantage of the person represented, certain I am it is to the advantage of the beholder; who shall here see the author's picture in a natural dress which ought to beget faith in what is spoken: for he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted. And if the author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious duty, confident I am, that he will not disdain this well meant sacrifice to his memory: for, whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent; and I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven."[40]

The first volume of Donne's sermons, to which his life was prefixed, was published in 1640 in folio, by John Marriott, probably the father of the Richard Marriott who was Walton's friend as well as publisher for nearly half a century.

Walton's first essay as a biographer was highly applauded by his contemporaries. King Charles the First, whose private virtues and literary acquirements gave

[40] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, I. pp. 37—40.

greater value to his opinion, than even his exalted rank, honoured it with his approbation;[41] and the learned and "ever memorable" John Hales, who was styled from his vast erudition "the walking library," told Dr. King that "he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or more reputation to the writer than that of Dr. Donne." But the following letter to Walton from Donne's eldest son, thanking him for having written the life of his father, and sending him, as a token of his gratitude, a copy of the volume of sermons[42] in which it occurred, was probably more agreeable to Walton's feelings, than the praises of the great and the learned.

"Sir,—I send this book rather to witness my debt than to make any payment. For it would be uncivil in me to offer any satisfaction for that that all my father's friends, and indeed all good men are so equally engaged. Courtesies that are done to the dead being examples of so much piety, that they cannot have their reward in this life, because lasting as long, and still (by awaking the like charity in others) propagating the debt, they must expect a retribution from him who gave the first inclination. And by this circle, Sir, I have set you in my place, and instead of making you a payment, I have made you a debtor; but 'tis to Almighty God, to whom I know you will be so willingly committed, that I may safely take leave to write myself,

"Your thankful servant,

"Jo. Donne."[43]

From my house in Covent Garden,
24th June, 1640.

Sir John Hawkins says that in 1632 Walton was living in Chancery Lane, in a house a few doors higher up on the left hand than the one he had previously occupied, and that he was then described as a "sempster;"

[41] See Walton's Dedication of the reprint of the Life of Donne in 1658, postea.

[42] The book in question, together with the original letter from the younger Donne to Walton, was in 1714 in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Borradale, rector of Market Deeping, in Lincolnshire.—Hawkins's Life of Walton, p. 16, note.

[43] Zouch's Life of Walton, II. 322, 323.

but his residence from 1628 until 1644,[44] is stated in the parish books of St. Dunstan's to have been about the seventh house on the left hand side, though, unlike most other houses, that of Walton is not called a shop. From those records it also appears that he filled a parish office in December, 1632; served on the grand jury in 1633; was appointed a constable on the 20th of December, 1636; was again on the grand jury in 1638; was one of the overseers of the poor, and a sidesman on the 18th of April, 1639; and a vestryman in February, 1640.

During Walton's residence in Chancery Lane, he experienced severe afflictions, by the loss of no less than seven children, besides his wife and her mother, Mrs. Floud, who appears to have formed part of his family.[45] By her will, which was dated on the 20th of April 1635, and proved on the 27th of November following, wherein she described herself of the parish of St. Dunstan in the West, widow, she bequeathed the sum of £150 to her son, John Floud, to be paid to him when he attained the age of twenty-eight; and she ordered that in the mean time it should be disposed of by her "loving cousin, Doctor John Spenser," and her "loving son, Isaak Walton," who were to pay him the interest yearly for his support; but if he died under that age, the money was to be equally divided between her son, Robert Floud, and her daughter, Rachel Walton. If, however, Mrs. Walton died without issue,

[44] Vide Appendix, Note H. The Books of the parish of St. Dunstan's leave little or no doubt that Walton always lived in Chancery Lane during that period; but it is remarkable that the Parish Register of that church should state that his son Henry was baptized on the 21st March, 1633-4, "*out of Fleet Street*," though as early as December, 1627, as well as so lately as October, 1632, his children are said to have been baptized or buried "out of Chancery Lane." Vide Appendix, Note H. The discrepancy would, however, disappear if Walton then resided in the *corner* house of Chancery Lane, which is partly in Fleet Street.

[45] Namely, IZAAK, who was baptized 19th December, 1627, and buried 28th March, 1631; JOHN, who was baptized 23rd July, 1629, and is presumed to have died soon afterwards; THOMAS, baptized 20th January, 1630-1, and was buried 6th March following; HENRY, baptized 12th October, 1632, and buried on the 17th of the same month; HENRY, baptized 21st March, 1633-4, and buried 4th December, 1634; THOMAS, buried 19th August, 1637; and ANNE, born 10th July, 1640, and died 11th May, 1642.

the whole sum was to go to her brother Robert; but in case she left children, each child was to be paid £10. She directed that her linen at Canterbury should be divided by her sister Cranmer between her two sons above mentioned; and her son John Floud was to have, besides, a silver gilt salt and a cup. To "my son Isaak Walton "and my daughter Rachel, his wife," she bequeathed £50, and the interest then due; for which money she held a bond from a Mr. John Burgess. To the poor of St. Mildred's, Canterbury, she left £40, which were to be distributed by her brother and sister Cranmer. She gave legacies, of ten shillings each, to her sister Field; to her cousin Dr. Spenser, and to her cousin, his wife; to her brother and sister Cranmer; to her "son Walton," and her "daughter Walton;" to her two sons, Robert and John Floud; to her cousin, Charles Sellar;[47] and to her friend, Mr. Leonard Browne;[48] which several sums she said she gave them "to buy them rings for remembrance "of me, being small testimonies of my great love." To her two cousins, Susannah and Elizabeth Cranmer, she left two pieces of old gold which were in her box at Canterbury; but her god-daughter Elizabeth was to have "the bigger piece." The rest of her property was given to her son and executor, Robert Floud.

Between four and five years after the death of his mother-in-law, the heaviest calamity to which domestic life is exposed befell Walton. On the 10th of July, 1640, his wife was delivered of a daughter, but she only survived the birth of the infant about six weeks; and dying on the 22nd, was buried in St. Dunstan's on the 25th of August following.[49] That child was the only one which survived its mother: she received the name of Anne, and died in her second year on the 11th of May, 1642.[50]

[47] The son of Dr. John Sellar, by her sister Ann Cranmer.

[48] Mr. Leonard Browne was an alderman of Canterbury in 1663; and by Anne, daughter of Captain Richard Bargrave, of Patricksbourne, near that city, had two children, Isaac and Elizabeth.—Additional MSS. in the British Museum, 5507, f. 396.

[49] Vide Notes B and H in the Appendix.

[50] The following entry occurs, in Walton's own hand, in his Prayer Book, which is noticed in the Appendix, Note B: "Our Doghter Anne, born the 10th of July, 1640, died the eleventh of May, 1642."

Walton has described an affectionate and dutiful wife, and the happiness of the married state, with so much effect, that it is probable his own home presented him with the originals. Speaking of Herbert and his wife, he observes: "The eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it."[1] His most pleasing picture of wedded happiness is, however, in the life of Bishop Sanderson: "The Giver of all good things was so good to him, as to give him such a wife as was suitable to his own desires; a wife that made his life happy, by being always content when he was cheerful; that was always cheerful when he was content; that divided her joys with him, and abated of his sorrow, by bearing a part of that burden; a wife that demonstrated her affection by a cheerful obedience to all his desires, during the whole course of his life; and at his death too, for she outlived him."[2]

Only one allusion to his first wife, and even that may be merely imaginary, can be traced in Walton's works; and however sincere might be the compliment which is supposed to be there paid to her, it unfortunately brings to recollection the story of the man who had a picture painted of his first wife, and marrying again after her decease, desired the artist to erase the face from the canvas and to introduce the features of his new partner. In the stanzas called "The Angler's Wish," which were first printed in the third edition of the Complete Angler in 1664, and which were undoubtedly written by Walton, he speaks of the happiness it affords him to

"Hear my *Chlora* sing a song,"

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[1] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 67, 68.
[2] Ibid. II. 183, 184.

which song he adds in the margin, was the well known one of "Like Hermit poor;" but in the fifth edition of that work, which appeared in 1676, "*Kenna*" is substituted for "*Chlora*," though the name of the song which she sings is retained. With the alteration of one vowel "Chlora" is the anagram of *Rachel*, whilst by *Kenna* he evidently meant his second wife, whose maiden name was *Ken*. It is however to be observed, that as his first wife died long before the publication of the song, it must, if she were alluded to, have been written some years previous to its being printed; that the death of his second wife occurred before the change was made in the name; and that if the verses were composed during the lifetime of the former, there is reason to believe that some other alterations were made for the purpose of adapting them to more recent circumstances.

Two more productions of Walton's pen, about this period, remain to be noticed; but they do not deserve much attention from their merits or importance. In 1638 his friend, Lewis Roberts, published "The Merchants' Map of Commerce," which is considered to have been the earliest standard work on trade in our language, and Walton addressed to him the following verses, which are prefixed to it:

If thou would'st be a Statesman, and survey
Kingdoms for information, here's a way
Made plain and easy; fitter far for thee
Than great Ortelius his geography.

If thou would'st be a Gentleman, in more
Than title only, this Map yields thee store
Of observations, fit for ornament
Or use, or to give curious ears content.

If thou would'st be a Merchant, buy this book,
For 'tis a prize worth gold; and do not look
Daily for such disbursements; no, 'tis rare,
And should be cast up with thy richest ware.

Reader, if thou be any or all three;
(For these may meet and make a harmony)
Then praise this author for his useful pains
Whose aim is public good not private gains.

Iz. Wa.

In 1642, George Cranmer's Letter to Hooker, concerning the new church discipline, was printed as a small

pamphlet, with Camden's eulogy of the writer as a preface; and it is likely that it was published by Walton, because in the copy which belonged to him he has made several corrections; and he always expressed great respect for Cranmer's learning and virtues.[1]

Upon the death of William Cartwright, the poet, in 1643, Walton's muse was again employed in commemorating the worth of his friends; and the following verses were prefixed to a collection of that writer's poems, which was published eight years after his decease:

I cannot keep my purpose, but must give
Sorrow and verse their way; nor will I grieve
Longer in silence; no, that poor, poor part
Of nature's legacy, verse void of art,
And undissembled tears, Cartwright shall have
Fixt on his hearse; and wept into his grave.
  Muses, I need you not; for grief and I
Can in your absence weave an elegy;
Which we will do; and often inter-weave
Sad looks, and sighs; the ground-work must receive
Such characters or be adjudg'd unfit
For my friend's shroud; others have shew'd their wit,
Learning, and language fitly; for these be
Debts due to his great merits; but for me,
My aims are like myself, humble and low,
Too mean to speak his praise, too mean to show
The world what it hath lost in losing thee,
Whose words and deeds were perfect harmony.
  But now 'tis lost; lost in the silent grave,
Lost to us mortals, lost, till we shall have
Admission to that kingdom, where he sings
Harmonious anthems to the King of kings.
Sing on, blest soul! be as thou wast below,
A more than common instrument to show
Thy Maker's praise; sing on, whilst I lament
Thy loss, and court a holy discontent,
With such pure thoughts as thine, to dwell with me,
Then I may hope to live and die like thee,—
  To live belov'd, die mourn'd; thus in my grave
  Blessings that kings have wished, but cannot have."

Iz. Wa.

Walton continued to reside in Chancery Lane, until about August, 1644. He was appointed examiner of St. Dunstan's on the 27th of August, 1641; and in February, 1644, was elected a vestryman of that parish; but at a

[1] Vide p. vii. antea. This Letter was reprinted by Walton at the end of his Life of Hooker, in 1665.

vestry holden on the 20th of August, in the same year, another person was chosen, "in the room of Isaak Walton lately departed out of this parish and dwelling elsewhere."[3]

There is some doubt respecting the place of Walton's residence between 1644 and 1651; nor can it be stated with certainty whether, as has been supposed by his former biographers, he retired from business on leaving Chancery Lane. The state of the times was little favourable to commercial industry; and as an absorbing love of gain, the common vice of mercantile pursuits, was the subject of his frequent censure,[4] it is most probable that he considered the small competency realized during the twenty years he had been in trade, sufficient for his future wants; more especially as he was then upwards of fifty years of age, a widower, and childless.

As might be expected from Walton's early habits and associations, he adhered steadfastly during the civil wars to the throne and the altar; and was in every sense of the word a devoted loyalist. His political and religious opinions occur in almost every page of his writings; and in common with other royalists he suffered for his fidelity to his sovereign, though his comparatively obscure station and peaceable disposition, protected him from heavy sacrifices. He was an intelligent, if not an impartial witness of the great struggle which agitated the country for nearly twenty years; and the account which he gives of many events of the period, in his life of Hooker and of Sanderson, are worthy of the attention of historians. He introduces his account of the Scotch covenanters, and the proceedings of the long parliaments, in his life of Bishop Sanderson, by stating that, in the year 1639, when a party of the Scots church were desirous of reforming their kirk government, "this nation" was "then happy and in peace, though inwardly sick of being well;" and thus proceeds,—"there were so many chosen into the Long Parliament, that were of a conjunct council with those very zealous and as factious reformers, as begot such a confusion by the several desires and designs in many of the members of that parliament, (all did never

[3] Parish books of St. Dunstan in the West.

[4] Vide the Complete Angler, Lives of Wotton, Herbert, &c. and Walton's Will.

consent), and at last in the very common people of this nation, that they were so lost by contrary designs, fears, and confusions, as to believe the Scots and their covenant would restore them to that former tranquillity which they had lost. And to that end the Presbyterian party of this nation did again, in the year 1643, invite the Scotch Covenanters back into England: and hither they came, marching with it gloriously upon their pikes and in their hats, with this motto, 'For the Crown and Covenant of both Kingdoms.' This I saw and suffered by it. But when I look back upon the ruin of families, the blood-shed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former piety and plain-dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning; when I consider this, I praise God that he prevented me from being of that party which helped to bring in this Covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it. And I have been the bolder to say this of myself, because in a sad discourse with Dr. Sanderson, I heard him make the like grateful acknowledgment."[5]

Walton relates from his own knowledge the following remarkable fact respecting the execution of Archbishop Laud, which took place on the 10th of January, 1645: "About this time the Bishop of Canterbury having been by an unknown law condemned to die, and the execution suspended for some days, many citizens, fearing time and cool thoughts might procure his pardon, became so maliciously impudent as to shut up their shops, professing not to open them till justice was executed. This malice and madness is scarce credible, but I saw it."[6]

This statement proves that Walton was in London in January, 1645; and it is certain, from the following circumstance, that he was also in the metropolis in December, 1647. The House of Commons having ordered that all professors, heads of houses, and others, in the University of Oxford should take the covenant, negative oath, and the ordinance for Church discipline and worship, or be expelled, the University requested to be allowed to state its reasons for non-compliance. A Committee was appointed to hear the arguments of the persons deputed for the purpose; and on the 2nd of December, 1647, Dr.

[5] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 200, 201.
[6] Ibid. II. 224.

George Morley, a particular friend of Walton's, who was then canon of Christ-church, pleaded the right of the University to be heard by counsel with great effect.[7] One of the members of the Committee, whom Walton describes as "a powerful man in the Parliament," wishing to protect Morley from expulsion by the visitors who were soon afterwards dispatched to Oxford to enforce the ordinance, sent for Walton, and, he says, "told me that he had such a love for Dr. Morley, that knowing he would not take the oaths, and must therefore be ejected his college, and leave Oxford; he desired I would therefore write to him to ride out of Oxford when the visitors came into it, and not return till they left it, and he should be sure then to return in safety; and that by so doing he should, without taking any oath, or other molestation, enjoy his canon's place in the college. I did receive this intended kindness with a sudden gladness, because I was sure the party had a power to do what he professed, and as sure he meant to perform it, and did therefore write the doctor word; to which his answer was, that I must not fail to return my friend (who still lives) his humble and undissembled thanks, though he could not accept of his intended kindness; for when Dr. Fell (then the dean), Dr. Gardner, Dr. Paine, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson, and all the rest of the college were turned out, except Dr. Wall, he should take it to be, if not a sin, yet a shame, to be left behind with him only. Dr. Wall I knew, and will speak nothing of him, for he is dead."[8]

Walton does not mention the name of the member of the Committee to whom he alludes, but the conjecture that it was Mr. Swinfen, who was one of his friends, has been confirmed by a manuscript note in the copy of the Life of Bishop Sanderson, which he presented to that gentleman, where some one, and probably his grand-daughter, has written, opposite to the preceding paragraph, "my grandfather Swinfen."[9]

7 Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, p. 130. Commons' Journals, V. 83, 284.

8 Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 221, 222.

9 This copy of the "Life of Sanderson" is now in the possession of the publisher of this work, Mr. Pickering, of Chancery Lane. The note was probably written by Mrs. Jervis, the only child of John Swinfen, esq. and grand-daughter of the Mr. Swinfen mentioned in the text. Mrs. Jervis was the grandmother of the late Earl of St. Vincent.

Two very interesting anecdotes of Charles the First, whom Walton elsewhere calls "the knowing and conscientious King" and "the martyr for the Church," occur in the memoir of Sanderson, who attended his Majesty in the Isle of Wight, and had many private conferences with him on the affairs of the Church. "Let me here," says Walton, "take occasion to tell the reader this truth, very fit, but not commonly known; that in one of these conferences this conscientious King was told by a faithful and private intelligencer, that 'if he assented not to the parliament's proposals, the treaty 'twixt him and them would break immediately, and his life would then be in danger; he was sure he knew it.' To which his answer was, 'I have done what I can to bring my conscience to a compliance with their proposals, and cannot; and I will not lose my conscience to save my life.' And within a very short time after, he told Dr. Sanderson and Dr. Morley, or one of them that then waited with him, that 'the remembrance of two errors did much afflict him, which were, his assent to the Earl of Strafford's death, and the abolishing of episcopacy in Scotland; and that if God ever restored him to be in a peaceable possession of his crown, he would demonstrate his repentance by a public confession and voluntary penance (I think barefoot) from the Tower of London or Whitehall to St. Paul's Church, and desire the people to intercede with God for his pardon.' I am sure one of them, that told it me, lives still, and will witness it. And," he adds, "it ought also to be observed, that Dr. Sanderson's Lectures "de Juramento" were so approved and valued by the King, that in this time of his imprisonment and solitude he translated them into exact English, desiring Dr. Juxon (then Bishop of London), Dr. Hammond, and Sir Thomas Herbert (who then attended him in his restraint), to compare them with the original. The last still lives, and has declared it, with some other of that King's excellencies, in a letter under his own hand, which was lately shewed me by Sir William Dugdale, king at arms. The translation was designed to be put into the King's library at St. James's; but, I doubt, not now to be found there."[10]

There is some difficulty in deciding whether the King

[10] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, ii. 214, 217.

made this communication to Dr. Sanderson or to Dr. Morley; but it is obvious that Walton heard of it from the latter, because Sanderson was dead when Walton wrote his memoir, and he expressly says that his informant was then living.

In 1646, Francis Quarles's "Shepherd's Eclogues" were printed by John and Richard Marriott, with an Address to the Reader dated on the 25th of November, 1645, and signed "John Marriott;" but no one who is acquainted with Walton's style, and especially with "The Complete Angler," can doubt that this Address proceeded from his pen. As Quarles had been secretary to Walton's friend Archbishop Usher, and as he was a zealous royalist,[11] and apparently an angler,[12] he was perhaps personally known to Walton. It is however certain that Walton was then well acquainted with the Marriotts, and nothing is more probable than that they should have requested him to write the prefatory matter to a posthumous work,[13] which was to appear upon their responsibility. The internal evidence that the Address was written by Walton is so strong, that it will be inserted without the slightest fear of its not being attributed to the real author.

"To the Reader,

"Though the author had some years before his lamented death, composed, reviewed, and corrected these Eclogues; yet, he left no epistle to the reader, but only a title, and a blank leaf for that purpose. Whether he meant some allegorical exposition of the Shepherd's names, or their Eclogues, is doubtful: but 'tis certain, that as they are, they appear a perfect pattern of the author; whose person, and mind, were both lovely, and his conversation such as distilled pleasure, knowledge, and virtue, into his friends and acquaintance. 'Tis confest these Eclogues are not so wholly divine as many of his published Meditations, which speak "his affections to be set upon things

[11] Biographia Britannica, edit. 1760, art. *Quarles*.

[12] See several verses in his Eclogues.

[13] It is said in the Biographia Britannica that Quarles died on the 8th September, 1644; but according to the following statement in Smith's Obituary, Additional MS. 886, in the British Museum, he died on the 19th of that month:—"Mr. Francis Quarles, a famous poet, died 19th September, 1644."

that are above," and yet even such men have their intermitted hours, and (as their company gives occasion) commixtures of heavenly and earthly thoughts. You are therefore requested to fancy him cast by fortune into the company of some yet unknown Shepherds, and you have a liberty to believe 'twas by this following accident.

"He in a summer's morning (about that hour when the great eye of heaven first opens itself to give light to us mortals,) walking a gentle pace towards a brook (whose spring-head was not far distant from his peaceful habitation,) fitted with angle, lines, and flies; flies proper for that season (being the fruitful month of May), intending all diligence to beguile the timorous trout (with which the watery element abounded), observed a more than common concourse of Shepherds, all bending their unwearied steps towards a pleasant meadow within his present prospect, and had his eyes made more happy to behold the two fair Shepherdesses, Amaryllis and Aminta, strewing the foot-paths with lilies and ladysmocks, so newly gathered by their fair hands, that they yet smelt more sweet than the morning, and immediately met (attended with Clora, Clorinda, and many other wood-nymphs) the fair and virtuous Parthenia; who, after a courteous salutation and inquiry of his intended journey, told him the neighbour Shepherds of that part of Arcadia had dedicated that day to be kept holy to the honour of their god Pan; and that they had designed her mistress of a love-feast, which was to be kept that present day, in an arbour built that morning for that purpose. She told him also that Orpheus would be there and bring his harp, Pan his pipe, and Tityrus his oaten reed, to make music at this feast; she therefore persuaded him, not to lose, but change that day's pleasure: before he could return an answer they were unawares entered into a living moving lane, made of Shepherds and Pilgrims, who had that morning measured many miles to be the eye-witnesses of that day's pleasure. This lane led them into a large arbour, whose walls were made of the yielding willow and smooth beech boughs, and covered over with sycamore leaves and honey-suckles. I might now tell in what manner (after her first entrance into this arbour) Philoclea (Philoclea, the fair Arcadian Shepherdess,) crowned her temples with a garland, with what flowers, and by whom it was made; I might tell

what guests (besides Astrea and Adonis) were at this feast; and who (beside Mercury) waited at the table, this I might tell: but may not, cannot express what music the Gods and Wood-Nymphs made within; and the linnets, larks, and nightingales about this arbour during this holy day; which began in harmless mirth, and (for Bacchus and his gang were absent) ended in love and peace, which Pan (for he only can do it) continue in Arcadia, and restore to the disturbed island of Britannia, and grant that each honest Shepherd may again sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and feed his own flock, and with love enjoy the fruits of peace, and be more thankful.

"Reader, at this time and place, the author contracted a friendship with certain single-hearted Shepherds, with whom (as he returned from his river recreations) he often rested himself; and, whilst in the calm evening their flocks fed about them, heard their discourse, which (with the Shepherd's names) is presented in these Eclogues.

"A friend of the author's wished me to tell thee so; this 23rd of November, 1645.

"Jo: Marriot."

About the year 1646, Walton again married. His second wife was Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, an attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, by (his first wife) Jane, daughter of Rowland Hughes, of Essenden, in Hertfordshire, but the exact date of his marriage has not been discovered.[14] The family of Ken[15] is of considerable anti-

[14] The record of the license for their marriage cannot be found, and the registers of Cripplegate and of St. Andrew's, Holborn, having been searched without success, there is no clue to the place where it was celebrated.

[15] By his first wife, above named, Thomas Ken had three children, viz. Anne, who was born about 1610; Jane, who married John Symons; and Thomas, who is called "eldest son by the first wife" in the pedigree which his father entered in the Herald's Visitation of London in 1634, and who was buried at Cripplegate in February, 1636. Mr. Ken married, secondly, Martha, daughter of Jon Chalkhill, of Kingsbury, in Middlesex, by whom (who died in March, 1641,) he had John Ken, born in June, 1627, who died unmarried in 1651; Jon, born in July, 1632, became treasurer to the East India Company, married Rose, sister of Sir Thomas Vernon of Coleman Street, and was living in 1683; Martha, born in June, 1628; Mary, born in February, 1630, who appears to have died before 1638; Margaret, born in March, 1631; Elizabeth, born in April, 1635; another Mary, born in August, 1638,

quity in Somersetshire, and has attained celebrity by having produced Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, a prelate distinguished for his learning, piety, and virtues.

Anne Ken could not have been less than five-and-thirty when she gave her hand to Izaak Walton, who was seventeen years her senior, he having then attained the mature age of about fifty-three. Of her personal attractions nothing is known, but her talents and acquirements were of a very superior order. She was eminently prudent, possessed very extensive information, and was of "the primitive piety," merits, which her husband states were "adorned with true humility and much Christian meekness." Walton's marriage tended materially to increase his happiness, and the fifteen or sixteen years of their union seem to have been passed in the enjoyment of every comfort.

According to Anthony Wood,[16] who was well acquainted with Walton, and might be supposed to have been accurately informed of the fact, he continued "in Chancery Lane till about 1643 (at which time he found it dangerous

and died in December, 1639; Martin, born in March, 1641; and Thomas, born at Berkhamstead in July, 1637, who became Bishop of Bath. Of Margaret, Elizabeth, and Martin Ken, nothing more has been discovered. So particular an account of the children of Thomas Ken is rendered necessary for the purpose of correcting an error which Mr. Bowles, the latest biographer of Bishop Ken, has committed by stating that he was the issue of his father's *first* wife, and consequently that he was brother of the whole blood to Mrs. Walton. This mistake is the more remarkable, because Mr. Bowles professes to correct the statement of Hawkins, the grand-nephew and executor of the bishop, who says in his memoir of the prelate, printed only two years after his death, that he was "the *youngest* son of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, by *Martha*, his wife." A more experienced genealogist than Mr. Bowles might, however, have been misled by finding that in the pedigree registered by his father in 1634, a *Thomas Ken* is expressly stated to have been his "eldest son by the first wife," but a comparison of dates at once shows that the bishop was a different person. The birth of Bishop Ken is proved by the certificate of his admission to Winchester College in January, 1651, when he was thirteen years old, to have taken place about 1637, whereas if he had been the Thomas who is mentioned in the Herald's Visitation of 1634, he must in 1651 have been at least twenty-five, because John Ken, his half brother, and the issue of his father's *second* marriage, was baptized on the 7th of January, 1627. The certificate of the burial in February, 1636, of the Thomas Ken who was living in 1634 (which has only lately been obtained), places the point beyond dispute.

[16] Athen. Oxon. by Bliss, I. 698.

for honest men to be there), he left that city, and lived sometimes at Stafford and elsewhere, but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much beloved." The part of this statement which fixes Walton's removal from London to the year 1643 has been proved erroneous, because he did not leave Chancery Lane until about August, 1644; and as he was certainly in London in January, 1645, and in December, 1647, and, as will be afterwards shown, was living there in 1650, it is extremely doubtful when, if ever, he retired to Stafford. Very little has been discovered respecting him between 1645 and 1650; and it does not appear that he printed any thing in that period; but it has been confidently stated by many writers that Walton sought seclusion and safety during the civil wars, in a cottage of his own near to his native town of Stafford, where he indulged in his favourite pursuits of literature and angling. Disgusted with public events, and grieved to the heart at the murder of his sovereign, the destruction of the episcopal church, and the dispersion and distress of its conscientious ministers, among the most eminent of whom were many of his dearest friends, he probably refrained from reflecting upon events which he could only bitterly deplore; but it is nearly certain that he did not leave London, excepting for temporary and occasional visits to Stafford, until after the Restoration.

Mr. Bowles, in his life of Bishop Ken,[17] has not only assumed that Dr. Morley was Walton's guest, at his cottage in Staffordshire, from April, 1648, until the first week in May, 1649,[18] but he has exercised the poetical talents for which he is justly celebrated, by imagining a dialogue to have taken place between Morley and Walton and his wife during Morley's visit. It is always painful to destroy the fabrics of genius; but biography is not a proper field for flights of poesy; and however pleasing might be such an episode in the life of Walton, as his having afforded shelter to the venerable Morley in his

[17] Life of Ken, vol. i. p. 139. Mr. Bowles's authority for stating that Morley took shelter with Walton in Staffordshire, after his ejection from Oxford, appears to have been derived from traditional information only. Ibid. p. 93-95.

[18] Vol. i. p. 99, et seq.

adversity, contrasting, as it would forcibly have done, with Walton's having passed the latter years of his life in the episcopal residences of that eminent person, it must nevertheless be said, that there is no evidence that Morley ever visited Walton in Staffordshire, or that he was indebted to him for any particular services.

It is remarkable that no other allusion should occur in Walton's works to his having resided at or in the neighbourhood of Stafford, than a line in the song called "the Angler's wish" before mentioned, wherein he says that one of his desires is to

"Loiter long days near *Shawford* brook,"

the name of the part of the river Sow, about five miles from Stafford, which runs through the land bequeathed by Walton to the corporation of that town for charitable purposes; but as this wish may have been formed at a distance from the locality, it is no proof that the writer was habitually indulging in the gratification, at the time when the desire for it was expressed. That Walton visited Stafford occasionally is however indisputable.

On the 11th of March, 1648, and probably in London, Mrs. Walton was delivered of a daughter, who received her mother's name of Anne. This event is recorded in Walton's hand-writing, with many other entries of a similar nature, in a copy of his prayer book[19] now belonging to Dr. Hawes; and as it is a very interesting relic of the original owner, and has been celebrated by Mr. Bowles,[20] it is proper to state that the book in question is a small folio edition of "the Book of Common Prayer and administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England," printed by Barker in 1639; and that it has always remained in the possession of his descendants.

Before the year 1650 Walton took a house in the parish of Clerkenwell, where Mrs. Walton gave birth to a son, who was baptized in St. James's church by the name of ISAAK, on the 10th of February, 1650; but this child lived only a few months, and was buried at Clerkenwell on

19 "My doghter Anne borne the eleventh of March, 1647." [1647-8].
20 Life of Ken, vol. i. passim.

the 10th of June following.[21] The disappointment which Walton had thrice experienced in not having a son to inherit his good name, was however happily compensated in the ensuing year, when his wife was again delivered of a boy, of whose birth the annexed account was written by his father in the family prayer-book, which agrees with the parish register of Clerkenwell:[22] "My last son ISAAC, born the 7th of September, 1651, at half an hour after two o'clock in the afternoon, being Sunday, and so was baptized in the evening by Mr. Thornton, in my house in Clerkenwell, Mr. Henry Davison and brother Beauchamp were his god-fathers, and Mrs. Row his god-mother."

Of the parties here mentioned all which can be said is that Mr. Thornton was apparently the rector or curate of Clerkenwell. Mr. Henry Davison was a member of Gray's Inn, and was probably descended from Secretary Davison, the connection between whose family and that of Cranmer has been pointed out.[23] Walton's "brother Beauchamp" was James Beacham, a goldsmith of London, and the husband of Martha Ken, Mrs. Walton's half sister. Mrs. Row was probably the wife either of the "Nat or R. Roe" who accompanied Walton in his fishing excursions, and who were distantly related to him.

In 1651 Walton published a collection of the writings of Sir Henry Wotton, under the title of "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," with a memoir of the author.[24] He was induced

[21] "Isaacke sonne to Isaack Walton and . . . ux. x'pened 10th February, 1649." Register of St. James's, Clerkenwell.

"Isaacke sonn to Isaack Walton, [buried] 10th June, 1650." Ibid.

[22] "Isaack son to Isaack Walton and . . . x'pened 7th September, 1651."—Register of the parish of Clerkenwell, which also contains the following entry of a son of *George* Walton: "Abraham son to Geo. Walton, [buried] 18th March, 1653."

[23] The will of "Henry Davison, of Gray's Inn, gentleman," was dated on the 3rd of April, and proved on the 30th of May, 1652. He does not appear to have been married, but had two sisters, Jane, then the wife of Richard Cleare, and Mary, who was unmarried. A Mr. Henry Neville was his executor.

[24] Sir John Hawkins (p. 17) conjectures that the Life of Wotton was finished in 1644, because in the preface to the collected edition of Walton's Lives, he says, "having written these two lives," [of Donne and Wotton], he "lay quiet twenty years," before he commenced the Life of Hooker, which appeared in 1664. Walton is not always exact in his dates; but Hawkins's suggestion seems to be erroneous from Walton's stating that it was printed as fast as it was written, the MS. being supplied to the printer in detached pieces. Vide p. xxxiv. postea.

to become Wotton's biographer at the solicitation of Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarencieux King of Arms, Charles Cotton, whose name is identified with the "Complete Angler," and Nicholas Oudert, the confidential servant of Wotton; and the manner in which he executed the task they imposed upon him, fully justified their request. With his wonted modesty he thus speaks of the motives by which he was influenced :—

"Sir Henry Wotton was a branch of such a kindred as left a stock of reputation to their posterity; such reputation as might kindle a generous emulation in strangers, and preserve a noble ambition in those of his name and family to perform actions worthy of their ancestors. And that Sir Henry Wotton did so, might appear more perfectly than my pen can express it, if, of his many surviving friends, some one of higher parts and employment, had been pleased to have commended his to posterity; but since some years are now past, and they have all (I know not why) forborne to do it, my gratitude to the memory of my dead friend, and the renewed request of one[25] that still lives (Mr. Nicholas Oudert) solicitous to see this duty performed; these have had a power to persuade me to undertake it; which truly I have not done but with some distrust of mine own abilities, and yet so far from despair, that I am modestly confident my humble language shall be accepted, because I present all readers with a commixture of truth, and Sir Henry Wotton's merits."

The first edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" was dedicated to Mary Baroness Wotton, daughter of Sir Arthur Throckmorton, and widow of Thomas, second Lord Wotton, of Marley, the nephew of Sir Henry Wotton, and to her three daughters, Katherine, wife of Henry Lord Stanhope, (eldest son of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield), who was afterwards created Countess of Chesterfield for life; Margaret, wife of Sir John Tufton; and Ann, the wife of Sir Edward Hales. Walton's dedication has the

[25] In the first two editions of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," this passage is so written; and "Mr. Nic. Oudert" only is referred to; but in the third edition, printed in 1672, it is altered to "of *some* that still *live*," and the marginal note is as follows, "Sir Edward Bish, Clarentieux King of Arms, Mr. Charles Cotton, and Mr. Nic. Oudert, sometime Sir Henry Wotton's servant."

singular merit of being free from the servility and nauseous flattery by which similar productions were then, and have since been, too often defaced: he says,

"Since books seem by custom to challenge a dedication, justice would not allow, that what either was, or concerned Sir Henry Wotton, should be appropriated to any other persons; not only for that nearness of alliance and blood (by which you may challenge a civil right to what was his;) but, by a title of that entireness of affection, which was in you to each other, when Sir Henry Wotton had a being upon earth. And since yours was a friendship made up of generous principles, as I cannot doubt but these endeavours to preserve his memory will be acceptable to all that loved him; so especially to you, from whom I have had such encouragements as hath emboldened me to this dedication. Which you are most humbly entreated may be accepted from

"Your very real servant,

"I. W."

The life of Wotton was very hastily printed, the cause of which is not mentioned; and the author deprecates censure for any incongruities by saying that "the printer fetched it so fast by pieces from the relator, that he never saw what he had writ all together till it was past the press." In the memoir he apologizes for some deficiencies in consequence of the State Paper Office "having now suffered a strange alienation;"[26] and he adds, "indeed I want time too, for the printer's press stays for what is written;" but as the work ran through several editions, he was enabled to correct the memoir; and in no department of literature is the opportunity of improving a first edition so necessary as in History or Biography. Nearly every line of works of that nature contains either a date or a fact, accuracy in which must be attained by repeated revision; and they can only be rendered complete, by the introduction, from time to time, of such information as subsequent discoveries may bring to light.

A congeniality of disposition and pursuits, particularly in that of Angling,[27] produced a great intimacy between

[26] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, I. 239.
[27] See the Complete Angler, p. 77.

Walton and Wotton; and he was probably the "friend" who is alluded to in the following lines in Wotton's "Description of the Spring, on a Bank as I sat a Fishing:"

"The jealous Trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled fly:
There stood *my friend*, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill."

Two letters from Sir Henry Wotton to Walton are inserted in the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," the dates of which are not preserved. The first in answer to Walton's request that he would write the life of their common friend Dr. Donne, has been noticed; but the second letter, in which he sent Walton the following beautiful Hymn written at night during a severe illness, exhibits the estimation in which his society and virtues were held by that eminent person, in vivid colours:

"My worthy Friend,

"Since I last saw you, I have been confined to my chamber by a quotidian fever, I thank God, of more contumacy than malignity. It had once left me, as I thought, but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a surcrew of those splenetic vapours, that are called hypochondriacal; of which most say the cure is good company; and I desire no better physician than yourself. I have in one of those fits endeavoured to make it more easy by composing a short Hymn; and since I have apparelled my best thoughts so lightly as in verse, I hope I shall be pardoned a second vanity, if I communicate it with such a friend as yourself; to whom I wish a cheerful spirit, and a thankful heart to value it, as one of the greatest blessings of our good God, in whose dear love I leave you, remaining,

"Your poor friend to serve you,

"H. Wotton."[28]

Oh thou great Power! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie;
And cleanse my sordid soul within,
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
No rags of saints, no purging fire,

---

[28] Ed. 1685, pp. 361, 362.

One rosy drop from David's seed,
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire.
Oh precious Ransom! which once paid,
That Consummatum est was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath;
Thou then that hast despung'd my score,
And dying wast the death of death,
Be to me now, on Thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all.

H. Wotton.

Soon after the fatal battle of Worcester, which was fought on the 3rd of September, 1651, Walton's loyalty caused him to be entrusted with a commission of some delicacy if not danger. In consequence of the sudden flight of the King, the baggage in his quarters at Worcester fell into Cromwell's hands. A Collar of SS, and a Garter which belonged to His Majesty, formed part of the spoil, and were brought to the Parliament a few days afterwards, by Major Corbet,[29] who was dispatched by Cromwell with an account of his victory. The Sovereign's lesser George was, however, preserved by Colonel Blague; who having taken shelter at Blore Pipe House, two miles from Eccleshall, in Staffordshire, then the residence of Mr. George Barlow, delivered the jewel into that gentleman's custody. In the ensuing week, Mr. Barlow carried it to Robert Milward, Esquire, who was at that time a prisoner in the garrison of Stafford, and Milward shortly afterwards gave it into "the trusty hands" of Mr. Izaak Walton, to convey to Colonel Blague, who was confined by the Parliament in the Tower of London. It is said that Blague, "considering it had already past so many dangers, was persuaded it could yet secure one hazardous attempt of his own;" and having made his escape from the Tower, he had the gratification of restoring the George to its royal owner. This anecdote is related by Ashmole in his "History of the Order of the Garter,"[30] from the statement of Blague, Milward, and Walton themselves; and he takes that opportunity of speaking of the latter, as "a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men, and will be better known to posterity by his ingenious pen in the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker,

29 Commons' Journals.
30 P. 228. See also Plot's History of Staffordshire and Boscobel.

and Mr. George Herbert." Milward[31] was an intimate friend, if not a distant relation of Walton's; and the circumstance of his being a prisoner at Stafford, when he entrusted the George to him, makes it likely that Walton was in that town towards the end of 1651. He, however, appears to have been in London on the 9th of September in that year, when his son was born; and if he went to Stafford soon afterwards, he must have returned to the metropolis before Blague made his escape from the Tower. Walton seems to have resided at Clerkenwell, from 1650 until after the return of Charles the Second, as "Mr. Walton" is recorded to have contributed to the Poor's Rate in November 1661, which is the last time the name occurs in the Books of that parish.[32]

Some commendatory verses by Walton, were prefixed to his "worthy friend" Edward Sparke's "Scintillula Altaris, or a Pious Reflection on Primitive Devotion, as to the Feasts and Fasts of the Christian Church," which was printed in 1652; but they are inferior to his other compositions of that description, and the only lines deserving of being quoted are:

——————— "Each Saint's day
Stands as a land mark in an erring age,
To guide frail mortals in their pilgrimage
To the Celestial Canaan; and each fast,
Is both the soul's direction, and repast."

Walton attained his sixtieth year in 1653, and then published the first edition of "The Complete Angler," a work to which he is more indebted for the admiration of posterity, than to his Biographical labours. It cannot be necessary to enter into a critical disquisition on a work so universally known as "The Complete Angler," which, whether considered as a treatise upon the art of Angling, or as a beautiful pastoral, abounding in exquisite descriptions of rural scenery, in sentiments of the purest morality, and in an unaffected love of the Creator and his works, has long ranked amongst the most popular compositions in our language; but some observations upon its

[31] This gentleman was the cousin of Charles Cotton, and of Sir Aston Cokaine. Cokaine addressed several poems to him, which are printed in a collection of his works entitled "Small Poems of Divers Sorts, written by Sir Aston Cokaine." London, 12mo. 1658.

[32] See the Appendix.

construction and merits will be submitted, when adverting to the second edition.

The first edition differs materially from all the others, as the dialogue is between two persons only, "Piscator" and "Viator," and the extracts from books are less frequent. Long before the appearance of "The Complete Angler," numerous works had been published, in which the subjects of them were related in dialogue; and the plan appears to have been a favourite one with the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As might be supposed, Walton framed his treatise upon one of those examples; and there is reason to believe, that he adopted as his model, "A Treatise on the nature of God," a small volume first printed in 1599, which not only commences in nearly the identical words of, but bears, in other places,[33] a great similarity to "The Complete Angler;" and there is so much resemblance between many passages of Walton's work, and Heresbachius' Husbandry by Googe, which was first printed in 1577,[34] as to render it probable that he was indebted to that work for some of his ideas. Though intended to be a practical Treatise on Angling, Walton seems to have been aware that the subject itself was not sufficiently interesting; and he therefore wisely introduced a variety of topics calculated to attract the general reader. He says he did not undertake the task to please himself; that in writing of it he "had made a recreation of a recreation;" and that to prevent its reading "dull and tediously, he had in several places mixt some innocent mirth," which "innocent mirth," he adds, "I am the willinger to justify, because the whole discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition, at least of my disposition in such days and times as I allow myself when honest Nat. and R. R. [Roe] and I go a fishing together." Walton justly ridiculed the idea of making an angler by a book, but suggests that most of those who love Angling, "may here learn something that may be worth their money,[35] if they be not needy: and if they be, then my advice is that they forbear, for I write not to get money, but for

[33] See "The Complete Angler," Note, page 1.

[34] This work was reprinted in 1586, and again in 1614.

[35] The price of the first edition of the Complete Angler was eighteen pence.

pleasure; and this discourse boasts of no more, for I hate to promise much, and fail."

He dedicated the work to John Offley, of Madely Manor, in Staffordshire, Esquire, "his most honoured friend" who, there is some grounds for supposing, was remotely related to him. Mr. Offley was a very skilful angler, and Walton speaks of his "former favours" to him. Sir Henry Wotton told Walton "that his intentions were to write a discourse of the art, and in praise of Angling;" and he adds, "doubtless he had done so,[35] if death had not prevented him;" thus in "The Complete Angler," as in the "Life of Donne," Walton accomplished an object which had been contemplated by Wotton; and it is extremely likely that in their many conversations whilst fishing, remarks were made by that accomplished person, of which he availed himself, a suggestion which the frequent allusions to him in the work render the more probable.

On the 18th of May, 1653, Walton proved the will of his father-in-law, Mr. Thomas Ken, who died on the 12th of June, 1651.[36] That instrument was dated on the 12th of April, 1651, and it appears that Mrs. Walton received her share of her father's property on her marriage, as Ken bequeathed her only five shillings, because he had "heretofore bestowed a portion sufficient upon her." Her sister Jane married a person of the name of John Symonds, from whom she was then separated, as her father states that he had maintained her "with diet and lodging and other necessaries for the space of twelve years and above, to my great charges, and for whose sake I have bestowed a place upon her husband in the circuit of South Wales, to the value of forty marks per annum or thereabouts, which I conceive to have been a greater portion for her than my estate could afford." He, however, left her forty shillings, which were to be paid "whensoever her said husband shall take her away with him from London to live with him as it is fit." The rest of his property he ordered to be equally divided among his four other children, Martha, the wife of James Beacham, Jon Ken, Jane Ken, and Thomas Ken, all of whom were the issue of his

[35] See the Dedication of "The Complete Angler."

[36] "1651, June 12, Mr. Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inne, the sheriff's attorney accomptant, died." Vide Smith's Catalogue of persons deceased. Additional MS. 886, in the British Museum.

second marriage with Martha Chalkhill; and he appointed his sons-in-law, Izaak Walton and James Beacham, his executors.

In the ensuing year, 1654, the second edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" was published, in which Walton made large additions: the apology for inaccuracies is omitted, and he had evidently reviewed the first impression with great care. His next publication was in 1655, when he printed the second edition of "The Complete Angler," in which he made so many important alterations, that much of his time in the two preceding years must have been employed in revising that work.

In the title, the "Discourse" was stated to include "Rivers and Fish-ponds," as well as Fish and Fishing. Very slight variations occur in the Dedication; but several passages were added to the Address to the Reader, wherein he says, "that in this second impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation and the communication of my friends." The contributions of his friends were not, however, confined to the body of the work, for seven of them addressed complimentary verses to the author, which were prefixed to this edition. These verses were written by his two brothers-in-law, John and Robert Floud; the Rev. Christopher Harvie, author of "The Synagogue;" the Rev. Thomas Weaver, author of "Songs and Sonnets;" Edmund Powel, apparently a clergyman of Stafford; Henry Bagley or Bailey, a clergyman; and Alexander Brome, who was a poet, and, like Walton's friend, Dr. Morley, one of Ben Jonson's twelve adopted sons. No date occurs to any of the verses; but it is remarkable that in the third and subsequent impressions of "The Complete Angler," Powel's lines "To the readers of my most ingenious friend's book, the Complete Angler," are dated on the "3rd of April, 1650," whence it may be inferred that the work was written and prepared for the press nearly three years before it was published. This circumstance may perhaps be attributed to the unsettled state of the times, the public mind being then too violently agitated by political affairs to feel interested in works unconnected with passing events, and least of all, in a treatise on the tranquil amusement of Angling. In the fifth edition, the date of 1649 is appended to Weaver's verses; but, as they were ad-

dressed not to the readers of the book, but "to my dear friend Mr. Iz. Walton, in praise of Angling, which we both love," it admits of no inference as to the time when the treatise was written.

Some of the lines in the verses of the two Flouds are deserving of notice. The elder, John Floud, has well described the Complete Angler by saying that

> "There's none so low
> Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow,
> Pleasure and information: both which are
> Taught us with so much art, that I might swear
> Safely, the choicest critic cannot tell,
> Whether your matchless judgment most excel
> In Angling or its praise; where commendation
> First charms, then makes an art a recreation."

Robert Floud's remark on the resemblance between Walton and his work, is the testimony of an intimate acquaintance to a fact, of which every reader of the book must be conscious; and which is corroborated by Walton's saying, that the "whole discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition:"

> "This book is so like you, and you like it,
> For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
> That I protest ingenuously, 'tis true,
> I love this mirth, art, wit, the book, and you."

The Dialogue, which is extended by one hundred pages of new matter, is sustained by three, instead of two persons; namely, an angler, a falconer, and a hunter, under the names of Piscator, Venator, and Auceps. "Viator," who was the second individual of the dramatis personæ of the first edition, disappears; and the conversation commences with remarks from each of the interlocutors in praise of his own pursuit. Tottenham Hill is still the place, and the morning of May-day the time of their meeting; and the following account of the plan of the work may be considered interesting, because the directions respecting Angling, and the numerous quotations and songs which are introduced, divert the reader's attention from the regular order of events.

Piscator, in ascending Tottenham Hill on a fishing excursion, overtakes Venator a huntsman, and Auceps a falconer, and after the usual compliments he expresses a hope that they were going towards Ware. Venator replies

that he is going to the Thatched House in Hoddesden, where he has appointed some friends to meet him; and Auceps says he will accompany them as far as Theobalds, and there leave them, as he must then turn off to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for him, which he wishes to see. They agree to proceed together, and Venator observes, in answer to Piscator, that a little business and more pleasure was the occasion of his journey, for after devoting that day to the former, he intended to bestow another day or two in hunting an otter; on which Piscator remarks that "his fortune has answered his desires," as he wished also to employ a day or two in destroying "those villanous vermin" the otters, which he "hated perfectly, because they loved fish so well;" and adds, that in his opinion all men who "keep otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the Commonwealth," which expression is changed in the third edition, printed after the Restoration, to "pensions from the King." Venator slily replies, "But what say you to the foxes of the Nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed, for doubtless they do as much mischief as otters do?"—a political allusion, of which the whole point cannot now be understood; but Piscator waves the subject by rejoining, "Oh, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity as those vile vermin the otters do." On the hunter's and falconer's speaking slightingly of Angling, Piscator observes with much justice, "You know, Gentlemen, 'tis an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it, but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught even in their own trap." This produces a challenge that each shall say what he can in favour of his own pursuit; and a dissertation accordingly follows upon Hunting, Hawking, and Angling. Piscator's observations are, as might be expected, the longest; and his discourse is illustrated by passages from numerous authors ancient and modern, which, if not always entertaining, show a considerable extent of reading. He also introduced a poem written by Sir Henry Wotton when above seventy years of age, "as he sat quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a fishing;" and Walton poetically observes, that it "glides as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does now by which it was then made."

Auceps leaves them at the park wall of Theobalds; and when Piscator and Venator arrive at the Thatched House, they refresh themselves with a "civil cup to all the otter-hunters" whom Venator was to meet on the next day, and "to all lovers of Angling." Venator then proposes that Piscator should meet him on the morrow, and spend that day in otter-hunting; upon which condition he would pass the two ensuing days with Piscator, and "do nothing but angle and talk of fish and fishing." Piscator readily agrees, and his promise to be at Amwell Hill before sun-rise the next morning terminates the proceedings of the First day.

Piscator and Venator meet at the appointed hour, on the 2nd of May, on Amwell Hill. They join the other huntsmen: the otter is caught; and a conversation ensues respecting those animals. Piscator begs for a young otter for the purpose of taming it; and one of the huntsmen suggests that they shall "go to an honest alehouse, where they may have a cup of good barley wine, sing" a well known song called "'Old Rose,' and all of them rejoice together." Venator invites Piscator to accompany them; and proposes that he shall pay his expenses for that night, and that Piscator shall pay his to-morrow, to which he consents; and the Second day closes.

On the next morning, the 3rd of May, the dialogue commences abruptly by Venator saying, "Well now, let's go to your sport of Angling:" Piscator conducts him to a proper place; and in reply to Venator's questions of "How he liked their host and the company? Was not their host a witty man?" says, "And now to your question concerning your host, to speak truly he is not to me a good companion: for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests, or lascivious jests, for which I count no man witty; for the Devil will help a man that way inclined to the first, and his own corrupt nature (which he always carries with him) to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth and leaves out the sin (which is usually mixt with them) he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne, and to such a company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout Hall, not far from this place,

where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others, the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless; well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet [37] says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:—

——————————— Many a one
Owes to his country his religion:
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

"This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more, for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a chub, and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess that I know right well, rest ourselves there, and dress it for our dinner."

Piscator catches a chub, and conducts Venator "to an honest alehouse, where they would find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall," the hostess of which, who was "cleanly, and handsome, and civil," altered from the first edition, where she is called "both cleanly and conveniently handsome," had drest many for him "after his fashion," and he would "warrant it good meat." They dine, and inspired by their good cheer, Venator solicits permission, henceforth, to call Piscator "Master," and "that really he may be his Scholar;" for he adds, "you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught, and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar." Piscator replies, "Give me your hand, from this time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat

[37] The poet alluded to, from whom these lines are quoted, has not been discovered, but the following imitation of them by Dryden, has been pointed out by an intelligent correspondent to the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. XCIX. part II. p. 112.

"By education most have been misled,
So they believe, because they were so bred;
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man."

of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common Angler yet knows."

They return to their amusement, when Piscator describes the manner of fishing for and dressing chubs; and desires Venator to take his rod whilst he sits down to mend his tackling. Venator succeeds in catching a chub, and is rewarded by his master's praises. The discourse then turns upon trout; and one being caught, they set out on their return to the house where they had dined, where they intend to sup and to meet Piscator's "brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion," as well as a friend whom he brought with him. It is evident that the word "brother" was merely used to denote a member of the fraternity of Anglers, as Piscator speaks of his friend's wishing to be "a brother of the angle;" and Peter shortly afterwards drinks to his "young brother's good fortune" on the morrow. A conversation ensues, in which the house and the manner they intend to spend the evening are described in very natural and pleasing language:

"VENATOR. On my word, Master, this is a gallant trout, what shall we do with him?

"PISCATOR. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler, and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

"VENATOR. A match, good Master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so: lets be going, good Master, for I am hungry again with fishing."

Before they return, Piscator catches another logger-headed chub, which he hangs on a willow twig, and then indulges in the following observations, which are remarkable for their charming simplicity and, to use Sir Walter Scott's expression, for their "Arcadian language:" "Let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good Scholar,

towards yonder high hedge. We'll sit whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows. Look under that broad beech tree, I sat down when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow cave, near to the brow of that primrose-hill: there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and others were craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it:–

> 'I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.'

"As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me, 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago, and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old fashioned poetry; but choicely good: I think much better than that now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder, on my word, yonder they be both a milking again; I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us."

A dialogue then takes place between Piscator and the milk-women:—

"Piscator. God speed, good woman, I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and friend, will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

"Milk-woman. Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fish-

ing two months hence, a grace of God I'll give you a sillibub of new verjuice, in a new made hay-cock, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads, for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men; in the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk, you shall have it freely?

"PISCATOR. No, I thank you, but I pray do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song, that was sung by you and your daughter, when I last past over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

"MILK-WOMAN. What song was it, I pray? was it 'Come, shepherds, deck your heads,' or 'As at noon Dulcina rested,' or 'Philida flouts me?'

"PISCATOR. No, it is none of those: it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

"MILK-WOMAN. Oh, I know it now: I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me; but you shall, God willing, hear them both. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second when you have done."

The milk-maid accordingly sings, and is answered by a song from her mother: Piscator thanks them, and Venator appears to have expressed his gratitude in a more affectionate manner than his sedate companion approved, for his Master observes, "Scholar, let Maudlin alone, do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes my Hostess to call us to supper. How now? is my brother Peter come?"

"HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him, they are both glad to hear you are in these parts, and long to see you, and are hungry, and long to be at supper."

Piscator and Venator then meet "brother Peter," who introduces them to Coridon, "an honest countryman, a most downright, witty, merry companion that met me here purposely to eat a trout, and to be pleasant."

They sup off the trout which Piscator had caught, with such other meat as the house afforded, moistening their

cheer with "some of the best barley wine, the good liquor that our good honest forefathers did use to drink of, which preserved their health and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds."

During their conversation Peter thus eulogized Piscator, "On my word this trout is in perfect season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the Angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow; I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling, we will set him up and make him a fisher; and I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be a Scholar to such a Master; a Master that knows as much both of the nature and breeding of fish as any man; and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the minnow to the salmon, as any that I ever met withal. To which Piscator replied, "Trust me, brother Peter, I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him."

They then agree to sing several songs and catches, which Venator says, "shall give some addition of mirth to the company, for we will be merry," upon which Piscator observes, "'Tis a match, my masters; let's even say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to wet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts. Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best, to draw cuts, and avoid contention." The lot falls to Coridon who begins, for "he hates contention." The song is much admired by Piscator, who says, "Well sung, Coridon, this song was sung with mettle and was choicely fitted to the occasion; I shall love you for it, as long as I know you: I would you were a brother of the angle, for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men (that cannot well bear it) to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink: and take this for a rule, you may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little, than a great deal of money; for 'tis the company and not the charge makes the feast: and such a companion you prove, I thank you

for it. But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be as well liked."

Piscator is also rewarded by the applause of his companions for his song, and after the following dialogue they separate for the night:

"CORIDON. Well sung, brother, you have paid your debt in good coin, we Anglers are all beholding to the good man that made this song. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him: and now let's every one go to bed, that we may rise early; but first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning, for my purpose is to prevent the sun-rising.

"PETER. A match: Come, Coridon, you are to be my bed-fellow: I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together; but where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

"PISCATOR. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

"CORIDON. Then let's meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat, or better usage in any place.

"PETER. 'Tis a match. Good night to every body."

The Fourth day is thus introduced:—

"PISCATOR. Good morrow, good hostess, I see my brother Peter is still in bed. Come, give my scholar and me a morning-drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast, and be sure to get a dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let's be going.

"VENATOR. Well now, good master, as we walk towards the river, give me direction according to your promise, how I shall fish for a Trout.

"PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it."

Then follow Piscator's directions on the subject, which occupy the time until past five o'clock, when their walk is stopped by the river, on the bank of which they sit, under a honeysuckle hedge, whilst Piscator finds a line to fit the rod which Peter had lent Venator. They agree to fish until nine, and then go to breakfast.

After fishing for some time they "say grace and fall to breakfast," and Piscator asks, "What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it; for this sycamore tree will shade us from the sun's heat?" Their meal suggests reflections on temperance in eating; and Piscator proceeds with his instructions, but as a heavy shower falls they again take shelter under the sycamore tree. When it had done raining, Piscator called his scholar's attention to the appearance of the fields, and introduced Herbert's poem, which is scarcely exceeded in beauty and pathos by any similar composition in our language, commencing—

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky,
> Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
> For thou must die."

Venator's praise of these verses induces him to repeat others by Christopher Harvie, on the book of Common Prayer, which he says his scholar will like the better because the author "is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to Angling." Their rods during this time are "left in the water to fish for themselves," which, he says, is "like putting money to use, for they work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice." "You know," he observes, "that we have, during this last hour, sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech tree: no life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silver streams which we now see glide by us."

Piscator then enlivens their conversation by relating an anecdote of some gipsies, and recites a song that was written about forty years before by Francis Davison, which he says he heard sung by one of the said gipsies, "the youngest and veriest virgin of the company." They afterwards go to their rods, and fish until the rain again drives them to the sycamore tree; when Piscator continues

his observations on his art, and adverts to the prevalent fashion of women placing patches on their faces, of which custom he does not seem to disapprove: he says that "when the trout or salmon is in season, they have at their first taking out of the water (which continues during life) their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, which gives them such an addition of natural beauty, as I (that am yet no enemy to it) think, was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age."

After a protracted dissertation Piscator becomes somewhat exhausted, as "he had almost spent his spirits with talking so long;" and apprehending that his discourse "grows both tedious and tiresome," asks his scholar if he has nothing to relieve it? "Shall I," he demands, "have nothing from you that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit?" Venator offers to repeat Dr. Donne's verses, "Come live with me and be my love:" and it is evident that Walton was aware of the general ruggedness and want of harmony of Donne's poems, for he makes Venator say, "I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Dr. Donne, and made to shew the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought them fit and worth his labour; and I love them the better because they allude to rivers, and fish, and fishing."

As it "rains still," and because the angles were, as Venator had remarked, "as money put to use, that thrive when we play," Piscator says he will requite his scholar for these verses by some observations on the eel, which are followed by others on the barbel. They then take up their rods, and Piscator proposes that they shall proceed "towards their lodging, drink a draught of red cow's milk as they go, and give pretty Maudlin and her mother a brace of trouts for their supper." After meeting the milk-women, Piscator describes the method of fishing for gudgeon; but their conversation is interrupted by Peter and Coridon; and Piscator promises that, as he and his scholar fish and walk the next day towards London, he will tell him any thing which he might have forgotten. The party compare their success, but Peter says that during the rain he and Coridon had taken shelter in an alehouse, where they played at shovel-board half the day.

The evening was spent like the preceding; and after supper they had what Venator calls "a gentle touch at singing and drinking, but the last with moderation." Piscator's song, beginning "Oh the gallant fisher's life," was, it appears, partly composed by Walton; for Venator says, "Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day, and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me, that he might be so perfect in this song; was it not, master?" to which Piscator replies, "Yes, indeed, for it is many years since I learned it, and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of my own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify."

Venator's remarks on the blessing of a contented mind and on the beauties of nature are peculiarly pleasing, and are a faithful reflection of Walton's disposition: "But, Master, first let me tell you, that that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me, that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so, that he had at this time many law-suits depending, and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title, took in his fields, for I could there sit quietly, and looking on the water, see fishes leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this pleasant month of May; these and many other field-flowers so perfumed the air, that I thought this meadow like the field in Sicily (of which Diodorus speaks) where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it, to fall off and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat joying in mine own happy condition, and pitying the rich man's, that ought this, and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; for indeed they are free from those high, those restless thoughts and contentions which corrode the sweets of life."

The party agree to sing over again a catch, which Venator says he had converted from "a piece of an old catch, and added more to it fitting them to be sung by us Anglers;" and he then says, "Come, Master, you can sing well; you must sing a part of it as it is in this paper;" whence it may, perhaps, be concluded that Walton had acquired some reputation by his vocal powers. Another cup concludes their festivities, and they retire to rest.

On the Fifth and last day the four friends rise early, settle their hostess's moderate bill, "drink a pot for their morning's draught," and separate. Peter goes with Coridon; and Venator accompanies Piscator on his return to London. During their walk Piscator continues his instructions; and on describing where the best tackling might be purchased, Venator proposes to meet him on the 9th of May, at Charles Brandon's, near the Swan in Golden Lane, as it was nearest to his residence, for the purpose of equipping himself as an angler. When they reach Tottenham, "they turn into an arbour," because it was a "clean and cool place," where Venator "requites a part of his master's courtesies with a bottle of sack, and milk, and oranges, and sugar, which all put together make," he says, "a drink like nectar; indeed too good for any body but us Anglers; and so, master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor, and when you have pledged me, I will repeat some verses which I have promised you," and which were printed among Sir Henry Wotton's poems. A doubt seems to be expressed as to the authorship of these verses, as Venator observes that they were "doubtless made either by Wotton or by a lover of Angling," which remark is repeated by Piscator, who in return repeats a poem written "some say by Dr. Donne," called a "Farewell to the vanities of the world." The Master and Scholar then take leave of each other with mutual expressions of esteem, and promise to fulfil their engagement of meeting again four days afterwards, at Charles Brandon's, in Golden Lane.

There cannot possibly be a doubt that Walton meant to identify himself with Piscator; for not only does that person express his feelings and opinions, but he adopts his personal acquaintances, and alludes to many circumstances in his own life. To some extent, therefore, Pis-

cator's remarks, and the allusions which Venator and the other interlocutors make to Piscator's disposition and acquirements, may be considered as autobiographical sketches, which are of great value as illustrations of Walton's feelings, disposition, and character. It is also probable that "Venator," "brother Peter," "the Scholar," and "Coridon," had an actual identity in the persons of some of his piscatory friends; but it is impossible to state who they represented. "Brother Peter" may have been either Nat. or R. Roe, who, he says, generally accompanied him a fishing; and the residence of Venator is stated to have been near Golden Lane, which is not far from Clerkenwell. The sentiments and language attributed to them, are, however, so similar to those of Piscator, that it is, in fact, he alone who speaks throughout the whole dialogue; and it is, consequently, impossible to trace any of the others by those allusions to circumstances and individuals which so completely identify Piscator with Walton.

With one exception, Walton's treatise appears to have given universal satisfaction to his contemporaries. The hostile critic was Robert Franck, who wrote a curious work, entitled "Northern Memoirs; calculated for the meridian of Scotland, wherein most or all of the cities, citadels, sea-ports, castles, forts, fortresses, rivers and rivulets, are compendiously described" in a dialogue between Theophilus and Arnoldus. Though written in 1658, the book was not published until 1694, and a new edition of it appeared in 1821, with a preface by Sir Walter Scott. Franck appears to have been acquainted with Walton; and the passages in which he alludes to him, are the following:—

"Arnoldus. Indeed, the frequent exercise of fly-fishing, though painful, yet it's delightful, more especially when managed by the methods of art, and the practical rules and mediums of artists. But the ground-bait was of old the general practice, and beyond dispute, brought considerable profit; which happened in those days, when the curiosity of fly-fishing was intricate and unpracticable. However Isaac Walton (late author of the "Compleat Angler") has imposed upon the world this monthly novelty, which he understood not himself; but stuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except

otherwise where he prefers the trencher before the troling-rod; who lays the stress of his arguments upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiary, to be pitied (poor man) for his loss of time, in scribbling and transcribing other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey.

"THEOPHILUS. I remember the book, but you inculcate his erratas; however, it may pass muster among common muddlers.

"ARNOLDUS. No, I think not; for I remember in Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him, that pickerel weed of itself breeds pickerel. Which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz. Gesner, Dubravius, and Aldrovanus, which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary; asserting, that pickerels have been fished out of pools and ponds, where that weed (for ought I knew) never grew since the nonage of time, nor pickerel ever known to have shed their spawn there. This I propounded from a rational conjecture of the heronshaw, who to commode herself with the fry of fish, because in a great measure part of her maintenance, probably might lap some spawn about her legs, in regard adhering to the segs and bull-rushes, near the shallows, where the fish shed their spawn, as myself and others without curiosity have observed. And this slimy substance adhering to her legs, &c. and she mounting the air for another station, in probability mounts with her. Where note, the next pond she happily arrives at, possibly she may leave the spawn behind her, which my Compleat Angler no sooner deliberated, but dropped his argument, and leaves Gesner to defend it; so huffed away, which rendered him rather a formal opinionist, than a reformed and practical artist, because to celebrate such antiquated records, whereby to maintain such an improbable assertion.

"THEOPHILUS. This was to the point, I confess; pray go on.

"ARNOLDUS. In his book, intituled the Compleat Angler, you may read there of various and diversified colours, as also the forms and proportions of flies. Where, poor

man, he perplexes himself to rally and scrape together such a parcel of fragments, which he fancies arguments convincing enough to instruct the adult and minority of youth, into the slender margin of his uncultivated art, never made practicable by himself I'm convinced. Where note, the true character of an industrious angler, more deservedly falls upon Merril and Faulkner, or rather Isaac Owldham, a man that fished salmon but with three hairs at hook, whose collections and experiments were lost with himself.

"THEOPHILUS. That was pity."[38]

From this splenetic attack, Walton has been generously defended by the greatest literary genius of the present age, whose remarks shew his admiration both of "The Complete Angler" and its author: "Probably no readers," says Sir Walter Scott, "while he reads the disparaging passages in which the venerable Izaac Walton is introduced, can forbear wishing that the good old man, who had so true an eye for nature, so simple a taste for her most innocent pleasures, and withal, so sound a judgment, both concerning men and things, had made this northern tour instead of Franck; and had detailed in the beautiful simplicity of his Arcadian language, his observations on the scenery and manners of Scotland. Yet we must do our author the justice to state, that he is as much superior to the excellent patriarch Izaac Walton, in the mystery of fly-fishing, as inferior to him in taste, feeling, and common sense. Franck's contests with salmon are painted to the life, and his directions to the angler are generally given with great judgment. Walton's practice was entirely confined to bait-fishing, and even Cotton, his disciple and follower, though accustomed to fish trout in the Dove, with artificial fly, would have been puzzled by a *fish* (for so the salmon is called *par excellence*, in most parts of Scotland) of twenty pounds weight; both being alike strangers to that noble branch of the art, which exceeds all other uses of the angling-rod, as much as fox hunting excels hare hunting."[39]

Walton was certainly in London, and was probably still resident there, when the second edition of the Angler was published. In his life of Bishop Sanderson he states, that

[38] Ed. 1821, pp. 175—177.
[39] Ibid. pp. v. vi.

about the time when that prelate first printed the "large, bold, and excellent" preface to his twenty sermons, which, he says, was "in the dangerous year 1655," he met Sanderson in the metropolis. His account of the interview is told in his own peculiar manner, and with so much effect, that it would be improper to relate it in any other words :—

"About the time of his printing this excellent preface, I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a penthouse, (for it began to rain) and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our ready money. The rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations of the present times with much clearness and conscientious freedom. I shall relate a part of them, in hope they may also turn to the advantage of my reader."[40]

The remainder of the narrative contains Sanderson's remarks upon various religious topics; and Walton observes, "This was a part of the benefit I then had by that hour's conversation; and I gladly remember and mention it as an argument of my happiness, and his great humility and condescension. I had also a like advantage by another happy conference with him;" which was on similar subjects, and which he also relates.[41]

Between 1655 and 1658 not a single trace of Walton has been found; but it was about that period that the following conversation occurred between Dr. Fuller and himself. Not long after the publication of the "Church History" in 1655, Walton was asked by Fuller, who was aware of his being intimate with several Bishops and other eminent clergymen, what he thought of that work himself, and what opinions he had heard his friends express of it?

[40] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, ii. 251, 252.
[41] Ibid. p. 258.

Walton replied "he thought it should be acceptable to all tempers, because there were shades in it for the warm, and sunshine for those of a cold constitution, that with youthful readers, the facetious parts would be profitable to make the serious more palatable; while some reverend old readers might fancy themselves in his History of the Church, as in a flower-garden or one full of evergreens." "And why not," said Fuller, "the Church History so decked, as well as the Church itself at a most Holy season, or the Tabernacle of old at the feast of boughs." "That was but for a season," said Walton; "in your feast of boughs, they may conceive we are so overshadowed throughout, that the parson is more seen than his congregation, and this, sometimes invisible to its own acquaintance, who may wander in the search, till they are lost in the labyrinth." "Oh," said Fuller, "the very children of our Israel may find their way out of this wilderness." "True," replied Walton, "as, indeed, they have here such a Moses to conduct them."[42]

The next circumstance which is known of Walton is that, in 1658, he published a second and improved edition of his life of Dr. Donne, which was the first time the memoir was printed as a distinct work. It was dedicated to Sir Robert Holt, of Aston, in Warwickshire, Baronet, whose mother was the daughter of John King, Bishop of London, and sister of Henry King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, the intimate friend of Donne and Walton. There are such characteristic and pleasing passages in this dedication; it affords so many illustrations of the mind and life of the writer, and contains statements of so much interest, among which is the fact that the memoir of Donne had been honoured with the approbation of King Charles the First, that it is proper to insert it:—

"To my noble and honoured Friend, Sir Robert Holt, of Aston, in the county of Warwick, Bart.

"Sir, When this relation of the life of Dr. Donne was first made public, it had, besides the approbation of our late learned and eloquent King, a conjunction with the author's most excellent sermons to support it; and

[42] Biographia Britannica, edit. 1750, art. *Fuller*.

thus it lay some time fortified against prejudice, and those passions that are, by busy and malicious men, too freely vented against the dead. And yet, now, after almost twenty years, when though the memory of Dr. Donne himself, must not, cannot die, so long as men speak English; yet when I thought time had made this relation of him so like myself, as to become useless to the world, and content to be forgotten, I find that a retreat into a desired privacy will not be afforded; for the printers will again expose it and me to public exceptions, and without those supports, which we first had and needed, and in an age too in which truth and innocence have not been able to defend themselves from worse than severe censures. This I foresaw, and nature teaching me self-preservation, and my long experience of your abilities assuring me that in you it may be found, to you, Sir, do I make mine addresses for an umbrage and protection; and I make it with so much humble boldness, as to say 'twere degenerous in you not to afford it. For, Sir, Dr. Donne was so much a part of yourself, as to be incorporated into your family, by so noble a friendship, that I may say there was a marriage of souls betwixt him and your reverend grandfather, [John King, Bishop of London,] who in his life was an angel of our once glorious church, and now no common star in heaven. And Dr. Donne's love died not with him, but was doubled upon his heir, your beloved uncle, [Henry King,] the Bishop of Chichester, that lives in this froward generation, to be an ornament to his calling. And this affection to him was by Dr. Donne so testified in his life, that he then trusted him with the very secrets of his soul; and at his death, with what was dearest to him, even his fame, estate, and children. And you have yet a further title to what was Dr. Donne's, by that dear affection and friendship that was betwixt him and your parents, by which he entailed a love upon yourself, even in your infancy, which was increased by the early testimonies of your growing merits, and by them continued till Dr. Donne put on immortality; and so this mortal was turned into a love that cannot die. And, Sir, 'twas pity he was lost to you in your minority, before you had attained a judgment to put a true value upon the living beauties and elegancies of his conversation; and

pity too, that so much of them as were capable of such an expression, were not drawn by the pencil of a Titian or a Tintoret, by a pen equal and more lasting than their art; for his life ought to be the example of more than that age in which he died. And yet this copy, though very much, indeed too much, short of the original, will present you with some features not unlike your dead friend, and with fewer blemishes and more ornaments than when 'twas first made public; which creates a contentment to myself, because it is the more worthy of him, and because I may with more civility entitle you to it. And in this design of doing so I have not a thought of what is pretended in most dedications, a commutation for courtesies: no indeed, Sir, I put no such value upon this trifle; for your owning it will rather increase my obligations. But my desire is, that into whose hands soever this shall fall, it may to them be a testimony of my gratitude to yourself and family, who descended to such a degree of humility as to admit me into their friendship in the days of my youth; and notwithstanding my many infirmities, have continued me in it till I am become grey-headed; and as time has added to my years, have still increased and multiplied their favours. This, Sir, is the intent of this Dedication; and having made the declaration of it thus public, I shall conclude it with commending them and you to God's dear love.

"I remain, Sir, what your many merits have made me to be, the humblest of your servants,

"Isaac Walton."

From this time the memorials of Walton are again imperfect until after the Restoration, an event which afforded the highest gratification to his political and religious feelings, and tended materially to his personal happiness. Charles the Second's return was attended by the promotion of many of the eminent divines who had suffered in the royal cause, among whom were some of Walton's oldest and most intimate friends. Dr. Morley was made dean of Christ Church, and soon afterwards bishop of Worcester, Dr. Henchman was elected bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Sanderson bishop of Lincoln, and Dr. King was restored to his see of Chichester. In their episcopal palaces, as in distress and persecution, the

friendship of these eminent men for Walton was steady and sincere; and much of the remainder of his life was passed in their society. Long years of intimacy, congeniality of sentiments on secular and ecclesiastical matters, a similarity of taste in literature, and, more than all, a spirit of devout but rational piety, united them in the strongest bonds of attachment. The esteem of such men is conclusive evidence of Walton's virtues; and he often alluded to their kindness and good opinion in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Walton's joyful feelings at the Restoration are not merely presumed from his known devotion to the cause of monarchy and religion. They were expressed in the following "humble Eclogue" written on the 29th of May, 1660, addressed to his "ingenious friend, Mr. Brome,[43] on his various and excellent poems," which is prefixed to the first edition of Alexander Brome's Songs and other Poems, printed in the following year.

TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR. BROME, ON HIS VARIOUS AND EXCELLENT POEMS. AN HUMBLE EGLOG, Written on the 29th of May, 1660.

DAMON AND DORUS.

DAMON.

Hail, happy day! Dorus, sit down:
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's return'd! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing
We have our Laws, and have our King.

DORUS.

'Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!
These wars have shrunk my heart so low,
'Twill not be rais'd.

DAMON.

What, not this day?
Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May:

---

[43] "Alexander Brome, an attorney of the King's Bench, an ingenious poet, died 29th June, 1666." Smith's Obituary, Additional MS. 886 in the British Museum.

Let Rebels' spirits sink: let those
That, like the Goths and Vandals, rose
To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us, be sad;
But be not thou; let us be glad.
And, Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry-glee: [44]
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's anointed, and our laws:
Such songs as make not the least odds
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods:
Such songs as Virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave matron hear.
Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay,
As gardens in the month of May;
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and cheer thy heart.

DORUS.

Written by whom?

DAMON.

A Friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:
A civil swain, that knows his times
For businesses, and that done, makes rhymes,
But not till then: my Friend's a man
Lov'd by the Muses; dear to Pan;
He blest him with a cheerful heart,
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no swain
That's loyal, does or should complain.

DORUS.

I would fain see him:

DAMON.

Go with me,
Dorus, to yonder broad beech tree,
There we shall meet him and Phillis,
Perigot, and Amaryllis,

---

[44] The following variation occurs in the next edition of Brome's Poems, printed in 1668:—

"Have sung so oft and merrily."

Tityrus, and his dear Chlora,
Tom and Will, and their Pastora:
There we'll dance, shake hands, and sing
We have our Laws,
GOD BLESS THE KING.

IZ. WALTON.

The third edition of the "Complete Angler" appeared in 1661; but the variations between it and the impression of 1655 are not numerous or material. Although Mr. Offley, to whom it was dedicated, died in 1658, no notice is taken of the circumstance, which is rather extraordinary, because Walton pathetically alludes to the loss of his fishing companions, the two Roes. In the former editions he spoke of "the days and times when honest Nat and R. R. and I go a fishing together;" and in 1661 he thus noticed their deaths,—"in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away, and returns not." Considerable trouble has been taken to discover some particulars of those persons, who, as Walton's intimate friends, and his companions in the sport for which he is celebrated, have strong claims upon the regard of his disciples. Unfortunately, however, nothing has been found respecting them, except that they appear to have been distantly related to Walton, as he presented one of his books to his "cozen Roe;" but it may be conjectured that they were brothers, and shopkeepers in London, and it was probably the wife of one of them who was godmother to his son in September, 1651.

In the same year, 1661, Walton also wrote some verses on the publication of the fourth edition of a popular religious poem, called "the Synagogue," by the Rev. Christopher Harvie, who had paid a similar compliment to Walton in the second edition of the "Complete Angler," and whose poem on the book of Common Prayer is introduced into that work, as having been written by "a reverend and learned divine, who professed to imitate George Herbert." "The Synagogue" was first printed in 1640; and Walton says, in the following lines, that he admired that poem before he knew its author personally,

with whom he must, therefore, have become acquainted between the years 1640 and 1655.

"To my reverend Friend the Author of the Synagogue.

SIR,

I lov'd you for your Synagogue before
I knew your person; but now love you more,
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire
Where holy Herbert sits,
(Oh shame to profane wits!)
And sings his and your anthems, to the praise
Of him that is the first and last of days.

These holy hymns had an ethereal birth,
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the world's anxieties and fear:
Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: every hour
I read you, kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,
" W'are circumvested with a world of harms.
But I will watch and ward,
And stand upon my guard,
And still consult with you
And Herbert, and renew
My vows, and say, Well fare his and your heart,
The fountains of such sacred wit and art.

Iz. Wa."

On the 17th of April, 1662, Walton again became a widower, by the death of his second wife, Anne Ken. The event took place in her fifty-second year at Worcester, and is thus recorded by her husband in his Family Prayer Book: "Anne Walton dyed the 17th of April, about one o'clock in that night, and was buried in the Virgin Mary's Chapel, in the cathedral in Worcester, the 20th day." As no particulars respecting her decease are known, it is doubtful how far Walton was prepared for his misfortune by her previous illness. He was warmly attached to her,

and in the following pathetic epitaph, which he placed near her remains, he bears the strongest testimony to her talents and virtues:

EX TERRIS

M. S.

HERE LYETH BURIED SO MUCH AS
COULD DYE OF ANNE, THE WIFE OF
ISAAK WALTON;
WHO WAS
A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE PRUDENCE,
AND OF THE PRIMITIVE PIETY; HER GREAT
AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE BEING ADORNED
WITH SUCH TRUE HUMILITY, AND BLEST
WITH SO MUCH CHRISTIAN MEEKNESS, AS
MADE HER WORTHY OF A MORE MEMORABLE
MONUMENT.
SHE DYED! (ALAS, THAT SHE IS DEAD!)
THE 17TH OF APRIL, 1662, AGED 52.
STUDY TO BE LIKE HER.

A draught of this epitaph in Walton's own hand is written in his Prayer Book before mentioned, which tends to prove that it was composed by himself, but the alterations in the manuscript are rather curious. The words "Ex terris M. S." do not occur; the article "the" between "of" and "primitive piety" is an interlineation, upon which Mr. Bowles has remarked that the alteration seemed "designedly to imply that *her* piety was *that* primitive piety which the reformed Church of England professed; therefore the correction was important." 'Alas, that she is dead!" was originally "Alas! alas! that she dyed;" and though Walton substituted "is dead" for "died," he did not omit the second interjection.

It must not escape observation that Dr. Morley was Bishop of Worcester at the time when Mrs. Walton died in that city; and as neither Walton nor herself appear to have had any relations there, it is reasonable to suppose that they went to Worcester on a visit to him. If this conjecture be correct, it is easy to imagine the happiness which the meeting afforded to all the parties. Every wish of Morley's heart must, at that moment, have been realized. The Cause in which he had suffered was triumphant; the Monarch for whose sake he had undergone poverty and privation filled the throne of his ancestors; the Church

of England, which had been threatened with destruction, was again re-established; and he himself had reaped the reward of his virtues and consistency, by being raised to a situation of the highest dignity in her service. Dr. Morley was, however, regularly, and almost daily, in the House of Lords from December, 1661, to the middle of May, 1662;[45] but the Waltons probably continued at the palace whilst the bishop attended his parliamentary duties.

Dr. Morley was translated to the see of Winchester in April, 1662, and removed soon afterwards to his new diocese. Up to that period Walton seems to have lived at Clerkenwell; but not long after Morley's translation, he found a permanent asylum for his old age in the episcopal residence. The occupation attendant upon his removal, the change of scene, and his own practical piety, combined to alleviate his grief for the loss of his wife; and the evening of his days was happily passed in literary pursuits, in the society of his family and friends, and in the performance of his religious duties. He was in his sixty-ninth year when he became the guest of Dr. Morley, at which time his only surviving son, Isaak, was eleven, and his daughter, Anne, about fourteen years of age.

Dr. John Donne, the eldest son of the learned divine of that name, died in the winter of 1662.[46] Though not destitute of talents, he appears to have been a very eccentric character; and Anthony Wood speaks of him as an "atheistical buffoon, a banterer, and a person of over free thoughts;" adding, however, that he was valued by Charles the Second. The qualities which called forth the censure of the great biographer of the university of Oxford, pro-

[45] Lords' Journals, vol. xiv. passim.

[46] The following account of Dr. Donne's children is given in the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1835.

"John, eldest son of the Dean, is not so well known but that some account may be here given of him. He was born about the year 1604, and is mentioned in his father's will (dated 13th of December, 1630, and proved in the P. C. C. on the 5th of April in the following year), together with his brother and four sisters. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, and afterwards being LL.D. of Padua, was incorporated in the same degree at the former university, June 30, 1638.

"He wrote several poetical trifles, some of which are enumerated in the Fasti (edit. Bliss), I. 503. He died in the winter of 1662, and was

bably attracted the favour of that prince; and he seems to have lived on very cordial terms with many noblemen of the time. Dr. Donne made his will on the 21st of July, 1657, and as it is a very curious document, it was printed in February, 1662. A copy of it will be found in the notes to this memoir; and it is here noticed on account of the following bequests to Walton. "To Mr. Isaac Walton, I give all my writings under my father's hand, which may be of some use to his son if he makes him a scholar. To the Reverend [Henry King] Bishop of Chichester, I return that cabinet that was my father's, now in my dining-room, and all those papers which are of authors analysed by my father; many of which he hath already received with his Common Place-Book, which I desire may pass to Mr. Walton's son as being more likely to have use for such a help, when his age shall require it."

In December, 1662, Walton obtained from his friend, Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London, a lease of a newly-erected building, adjoining a house called the Cross Keys in Paternoster Row, for forty years, at the yearly rent of forty shillings, which premises were burnt in the fire of London.[48]

The first two years of Walton's residence with Bishop Morley were employed in writing the Life of Richard Hooker, the learned author of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. The memoir appeared in January, 1665, and in the dedication to the Bishop of Winchester, dated on the 28th of November, 1664, Walton says, "It was written by me under your roof, for which and more weighty reasons, you might (if it were worthy) justly claim a title to it: but indeed, my Lord, though this be a well

buried near the standing dial in the yard at the west end of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Whether he was married is not stated by any biographer; but it is not improbable he was the same John Donne who was married to Mary Staples at Camberwell Church, 27th March, 1627.

"George Donne, second son of the dean, was baptized May 9, 1605, at Camberwell, and is described in his father's funeral certificate (Coll. Arm. I. 23, p. 39.) as captain and serjeant-major of all the forces in the Isle of St. Christopher. He married and had a daughter, Margaret, baptized at Camberwell March 22, 1637-8." See also Gentleman's Magazine, Aug. 1835; Dr. Southey's Life of Cowper, vol. i. p. 4; and Letters respecting Dr. Donne's marriage, in the Loseley Papers, p. 321.

[48] Vide postea.

meant sacrifice to the memory of that venerable man, yet I have so little confidence in my performance, that I beg your pardon for subscribing your name to it; and desire all that know your Lordship to receive it, not as a dedication by which you receive any access of honour, but rather as a more humble and a more public acknowledgment of your long continued, and your now daily favours to

"Your most affectionate and most humble servant,
"Izaak Walton."

A very interesting letter from Dr. King Bishop of Chichester to Walton, commencing with the homely but emphatic address of "Honest Isaak,"[49] was prefixed to the memoir; and as that letter contains many illustrations of Walton's life, such parts of it as have not been already introduced will be inserted. Bishop King commences with this flattering testimony to Walton's worth: "Though a familiarity of more than forty years continuance, and the constant experience of your love, even in the worst of the late sad times, be sufficient to endear our friendship, yet, I must confess my affection much improved, not only by evidences of private respect to many that know and love you, but by your new demonstration of a public spirit, testified in a diligent, true, and useful collection of so many material passages as you have now afforded me in the life of venerable Mr. Hooker; of which, since desired by such a friend as yourself, I shall not deny to give the testimony of what I know concerning him and his learned books; but shall first here take a fair occasion to tell you, that you have been happy in choosing to write the lives of three such persons as posterity hath just cause to honour; which they will do the more for the true relation of them by your happy pen: of all which I shall give you my unfeigned censure."[50]

Bishop King then notices the lives of Donne and Wotton, the want of which would, he says, "have been a prejudice to all lovers of honour and ingenious learning," and proceeds to relate what he had heard respecting Hooker

[49] This address is omitted in the first edition of the Life of Hooker, but occurs in the second, and all subsequent editions.

[50] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, I, 21, 22.

and his works. He congratulated Walton on this undertaking, as being "more proper to you than any other person, by reason of your long knowledge and alliance to the worthy family of the Cranmers (my old friends also), who have been men of noted wisdom, especially Mr. George Cranmer, whose prudence added to that of Sir Edwin Sandys, proved very useful in the completing of Mr. Hooker's matchless books: one of their letters I herewith send you, to make use of, if you think fit. And let me say further; you merit much from many of Mr. Hooker's best friends then living; namely, from the ever-renowned Archbishop Whitgift, of whose incomparable worth, with the character of the times, you have given us a more short and significant account than I have received from any other pen. You have done much for the learned Sir Henry Savile, his contemporary and familiar friend.[1]" But he reminded Walton of two omissions in his account of Savile's works; and thus concludes, "Not to trouble you further; your reader (if according to your desire, my approbation of your work carries any weight) will here find many just reasons to thank you for it; and possibly for this circumstance here mentioned, (not known to many) may happily apprehend one to thank him, who heartily wishes your happiness, and is unfeignedly, Sir,

"Your ever faithful, and affectionate old friend,

"HENRY CHICHESTER."

Chichester, November 17, 1664.

It has been inferred[2] from Bishop King's allusion to Sir Henry Savile, that Walton intended to write the life of that learned person; but King evidently alluded only to what Walton says of Savile in the life of Hooker; and as there is nothing else to justify the opinion that he ever intended to be the biographer of Savile, it is most probably without foundation.[3]

[1] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, I, 31. [2] Athen. Oxon, by Bliss.

[3] Hawkins says that the supposition that Walton intended to write the Life of Savile, "does very well connect with what the late Mr. Des Maizeaux some years since related to a gentleman now deceased, (William Oldys, Norroy King of Arms,) from whom myself had it, viz. that there were then several Letters of Walton extant, in the Ashmolean Museum, relating to a Life of Sir Henry Savile, which Walton had entertained thoughts of writing." Upon inquiry it has, however, been found that there are no Letters of the kind in the Ashmolean Museum.

Several passages in the introduction to the memoir of Hooker, present information respecting many of Walton's early friends, and explain his motives for writing it: "I have," he says, "been persuaded by a friend, that I ought to obey, to write the life of Richard Hooker, the happy author of five (if not more) of the eight learned books of The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. And though I have undertaken it, yet it hath been with some unwillingness; foreseeing that it must prove to me, and especially at this time of my age, a work of much labour to inquire, consider, research, and determine what is needful to be known concerning him. For I knew him not in his life, and must therefore not only look back to his death, (now sixty-four years past) but almost fifty years beyond that, even to his childhood and youth, and gather thence such observations and prognostics, as may at least adorn, if not prove necessary for the completing of what I have undertaken."[4]

The friend there mentioned was, it is most likely, Bishop Morley. Walton then alludes to his connection with the Cranmers, which has been before noticed, and proceeds to say: "I had also a friendship with the Reverend Dr. Usher, the late learned Archbishop of Armagh; and with Dr. Morton, the late learned and charitable Bishop of Durham; as also with the learned John Hales of Eton College; and with them also (who loved the very name of Mr. Hooker) I have had many discourses concerning him: and from them and many others that have now put off mortality, I might have had more informations, if I could then have admitted a thought of any fitness for what by persuasion I have now undertaken. But though that full harvest be irrecoverably lost, yet my memory hath preserved some gleanings, and my diligence made such additions to them, as I hope will prove useful to the completing of what I intend."[5]

In a candid address to his readers, Walton deprecated censure, and solicited the correction of any errors in his work. He investigated at some length the authenticity of the last three books of the Ecclesiastical Polity; and though the garrulity of age may be detected in the digres-

[4] Life of Hooker, ed. 1665.
[5] Ibid. p. 5.

sions into which he has fallen, as well as in other parts of his work, it is nevertheless a very interesting piece of biography; and no one can read the concluding paragraph without being forcibly impressed with the religious spirit of the writer: "More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him, and after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And here, I draw his curtain, till with the most blessed Martyrs and Confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of; till which blessed time, Let Glory be to God on high, let peace be upon earth, and goodwill to mankind. Amen, Amen."[6]

This passage was however altered when the memoir was reprinted in 1670; and in the edition of 1675 it stands thus: "More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him, and after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And here I draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the Patriarchs and Apostles, the most noble army of Martyrs and Confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of. In the mean time, Bless, O Lord! Lord, bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with ardent desires, and effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation, for these are praiseworthy; these bring peace at the last! and let the labours of his life, his most excellent writings, be blessed with what he designed when he undertook them, which was, glory to thee, O God on high, peace in thy church, and goodwill to mankind. Amen, Amen."

The life of Hooker was reprinted and attached to the Ecclesiastical Polity in 1666; and material alterations have been made in the different editions of the memoir. In 1668 Walton is said to have written a Letter to a kinsman at Coventry on the rejection of the Bill of Com-

[6] Life of Hooker, ed. 1665, pp. 151, 152.

prehension, which, with another Letter on the same subject, was printed in 1680; but the authenticity of these Letters is by no means established, and some remarks on the point will be found in a subsequent page. The fourth edition of "The Complete Angler" appeared in 1668, and is stated in the title-page to have been "much corrected and enlarged. It was, however, merely a reprint of the preceding edition, except that the errata are corrected; but in the address to the reader, even the statement that "many enlargements had been made in this *third* impression," is retained.

Izaak Walton was at that time still the guest of Bishop Morley; and he appears to have been engaged upon the life of George Herbert, and in revising the memoirs of Donne, Wotton, and Hooker, for publication in one volume. The life of Herbert was published about May, 1670, the imprimatur being dated on the 21st of April in that year; and in the introduction Walton says that, "in a late retreat from the business of this world, and those many little cares with which I have too often cumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of some of those historical passages that are recorded in Sacred story," more particularly respecting Mary Magdalen: "upon occasion of which fair example, I did lately look back, and not without some content (at least to myself) that I have endeavoured to deserve the love, and preserve the memory of my two deceased friends, Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments and various accidents of their lives: and though Mr. George Herbert (whose life I now intend to write) were to me a stranger as to his person, for I have only seen him; yet since he was, and was worthy to be, their friend, and very many of his have been mine, I judge it may not be unacceptable to those that knew any of them in their lives, or do now know them by mine, or their own writings, to see this conjunction of them after their deaths; without which many things that concerned them, and some things that concerned the age in which they lived, would be less perfect and lost to posterity. For these reasons I have undertaken it; and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my reader."[7]

[7] Life of Herbert, ed. 1670, p. 10-12.

He says, in the memoir of Herbert, that if his life had been related by a pen like St. Chrysostom's, there would then "be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now: but it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity."[8]

For some of the facts respecting Herbert, Walton says he was indebted to Dr. Henchman, then bishop of London, and to Mr. Oley's preface to Herbert's "Country Parson," which is "a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that country parson that can spare 12*d*. and yet wants it, is scarce excusable: because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it."[9] The concluding lines of the memoir of Herbert show Walton's admiration of his piety in a more forcible manner than pages of laboured panegyric could have done, for he observes, "I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him."[10] Some complimentary verses, dated at Bensted in Hampshire, on the 3rd of April, 1670, were prefixed to it by Samuel Woodford, who had been ordained in the preceding year by Bishop Morley, and afterwards became a doctor of divinity and a prebendary of Winchester. They were addressed "To his very worthy and much honoured friend Mr. Izaak Walton, upon his excellent life of Mr. George Herbert," but they merit little praise; the only point in them being that the lives of Donne and Herbert occur in the same volume:—

> "Herbert and Donne again are join'd,
> Now here below, as they're above;

---

[8] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, ii. 73.
[9] Ibid. p. 82.
[10] Ibid. p. 126.

These friends are in their old embraces twin'd,
And since by you the interview's design'd,
Too weak, to part them, Death does prove;
For, in this book they meet again, as in one Heav'n they love."

About the time when the life of Herbert was published, that memoir, together with the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, and Richard Hooker, were collected and printed in one volume. The work was dedicated to the bishop of Winchester in very nearly the same words, *mutatis mutandis*, as occur in the dedication of the life of Hooker in 1664. The only material variation is, that Walton states that the life of Herbert, as well as that of Hooker, was written under the bishop's roof; and as the words "your now daily favours" are retained, it seems that he was then still living with Morley. In the address to the reader Walton gives the following modest account of his biographical labours:—

"Though the several introductions to these several lives, have partly declared the reasons how, and why I undertook them; yet, since they are come to be reviewed, and augmented, and reprinted, and the four are become one book, I desire leave to inform you that shall become my reader, that when I look back upon my mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself, that I am come to be publicly in print. And though I have in those introductions declared some of the accidental reasons: yet, let me add this to what is there said: that, by my undertaking to collect some notes for Sir Henry Wotton's writing the life of Dr. Donne, and Sir Henry's dying before he performed it, I became like those that enter easily into a law-suit, or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet when they desire it. And really after such a manner I became engaged into a necessity of writing the life of Dr. Donne, contrary to my first intentions. And that begot a like necessity of writing the life of his and my honoured friend, Sir Henry Wotton. And having writ these two lives, I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling myself or others, by any new engagement in this kind. But about that time, Doct. Ga. [uden] (then lord bishop of Exeter) published the life of Mr. Richard Hooker, (so he called it), with so many dangerous mistakes, both of him and

his books, that discoursing of them with his grace, Gilbert, that now is lord archbishop of Canterbury, he enjoined me to examine some circumstances, and then rectify the bishop's mistakes, by giving the world a truer account of Mr. Hooker and his books; and I know I have done so. And, indeed, till his grace hath laid this injunction upon me, I could not admit a thought of any fitness in me to undertake it; but when he twice enjoined me to it, I then trusted his judgment, and submitted to his commands; considering that if I did not, I could not forbear accusing myself of disobedience, and indeed of ingratitude for his many favours. Thus I became engaged into the third life.

"For the life of Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be a free-will offering, and writ chiefly to please myself; but not without some respect to posterity, for though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected, or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us: for I conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men's virtuous actions than tradition. I am to tell the reader that though this life of Mr. Herbert was not by me writ in haste, yet, I intended it a review, before it should be made public: but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when it was printing; so that the reader may find in it some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted, and some faults that are not justly chargeable upon me but the printer: and yet I hope none so great, as may not, by this confession, purchase pardon from a good-natured reader. "And now I wish, that as that learned Jew Josephus and others, so these men had also writ their own lives: but since it is not the fashion of these times, I wish their relations or friends would do it for them, before delays make it too difficult. And I desire this the more, because it is an honour due to the dead, and a generous debt due to those that shall live and succeed us, and would to them prove both a content and satisfaction. For when the next age shall (as this does) admire the learning and clear reason which that excellent casuist Dr. Sanderson (the late bishop of Lincoln) hath demonstrated in his sermons and other writings; who, if they

love virtue, would not rejoice to know that this good man was as remarkable for the meekness and innocence of his life, as for his great and useful learning; and indeed as remarkable for his fortitude, in his long and patient suffering (under them, that then called themselves the Godly party) for that doctrine, which he had preached and printed, in the happy days of the nation's and the church's peace? And who would not be content to have the like account of Dr. Field, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning? And though I cannot hope, that my example or reason can persuade to this undertaking, yet I please myself, that I shall conclude my preface, with wishing that it were so."

Dr. Woodford also wrote complimentary verses to Walton upon his life of Hooker, which are dated on the 10th of March, 1670, and were intended for the collected edition of the "Lives," published in that year. A line in those verses, renders it likely that Walton wrote the Life of Hooker, and possibly also that of Herbert, in Bishop Morley's house at Chelsea. After four verses in praise of Hooker, the following "Ritornata," in allusion to Walton, occurs:

"To *Chelsea*, song; there, tell thy patron's[11] friend
The Church is Hooker's debtor: Hooker his;
And strange 'twould be, if he should glory miss,
For whom two such most powerfully contend.
Bid him cheer up, the day's his own;
And, he shall never die,
Who, after sev'nty's past and gone,
Can all th' assaults of age defy;
Is master still, of so much youthful heat,
A child so perfect, and so sprightly to beget."

Soon after the publication of that volume, Walton presented a copy of it to Walter Lord Aston, which is preserved in the library at Tixall; and the following inscriptions prove that he was highly esteemed by that nobleman. Walton wrote on the first leaf,

"For my Lord Aston,
"Iz. Wa."

[11] Variation.] Master's, ed. 1675.

Beneath which his lordship added,

"Izake Walton gift to me, June y^e^ 14, 1670, w^ch^ I most thankfully for his memmory off mee acknowledge a greate kindnesse.

"WALTER ASTON."[12]

On the 1st of July, 1670, Walton presented a petition, in which he is described as "Isaac Walton, gentleman," to the "Court of Judicature for determination of differences touching houses burnt in London," stating that the premises in Paternoster Row[13] which he held by lease from Gilbert, late Bishop of London, were burnt in the late fire; and that he was willing to rebuild them "so as he may be encouraged thereto by an increase of years to his term in being, and abatement of rent, as to the court shall seem meet;" and he prayed that the then Bishop of London or his deputy should be summoned to attend the court, to the end that such order and decree might be made concerning the premises as to the court should seem meet. The bishop referred the matter wholly to the court; who decreed that the petitioner should rebuild the premises, having his lease extended to sixty years at the old rent, and paying the arrears then due.[14]

For nearly three years from this time nothing is known of Walton; and the next notice of him is in February, 1673, when he dedicated the third edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, son of Henry Lord Stanhope, by Katherine, daughter of Lady Wotton. The letter to that nobleman, like every thing he wrote, is very characteristic of his mind and feelings; and is of additional interest from the allusion which it contains to his friend, Charles Cotton.

"MY LORD,

"I HAVE conceived many reasons why I ought, in justice, to dedicate these Reliques of your great uncle, Sir Henry Wotton, to your lordship; some of which are, that both your grandmother and mother had a double right to

[12] Tixall Letters, or the Correspondence of the Aston Family. 12mo. London, 1815, vol. ii. p. 122.

[13] Vide antea.

[14] Additional MS. in the British Museum, No. 5088, f. 142.

them by a dedication when first made public; as also for their assisting me then, and since, with many material informations for the writing his life; and for giving me many of the letters that have fallen from his curious pen; so that they being now dead, these reliques descend to you, as heir to them, and the inheritor of the memorable Bocton Palace, the place of his birth, where so many of the ancient, and prudent, and valiant family of the Wottons lie now buried; whose remarkable monuments you have lately beautified, and to them added so many of so great worth, as hath made it appear that at the erecting and adorning them you were above the thought of charge, that they might, if possible, (for 'twas no easy undertaking), hold some proportion with the merits of your ancestors.

"My Lord, these are a part of many more reasons that have inclined me to this dedication; and these, with the example of a liberty that is not given, but now too usually taken by many scribblers, to make trifling dedications, might have begot a boldness in some men of as mean as my abilities to have undertaken this. But indeed, my lord, though I was ambitious enough of undertaking it; yet as Sir Henry Wotton hath said in a piece of his own character, that he was condemned by nature to a bashfulness in making requests, so I find myself (pardon the parallel) so like him in this, that if I had not more reasons than I have yet exprest, these alone had not been powerful enough to have created a confidence in me to have attempted it. Two of my unexprest reasons are (give me leave to tell them to your lordship and the world) that Sir Henry Wotton, whose many merits made him an ornament to your family, was yet so humble, as to acknowledge me to be his friend; and died in a belief that I was so: since which time, I have made him the best return of my gratitude for his condescension, that I have been able to express, or he capable of receiving: and am pleased with myself for so doing.

"My other reason of this boldness, is an encouragement (very like a command) from your worthy cousin, and my friend, Mr. Charles Cotton, who hath assured me, that you are such a lover of the memory of your generous uncle, Sir Henry Wotton, that if there were no other reason than my endeavours to preserve it, yet, that,

that alone would secure this dedication from being unacceptable.

"I wish that not he nor I be mistaken; and that I were able to make you a more worthy present.

"My Lord, I am and will be
"Your humble and most affectionate Servant,
"IZAAC WALTON."

Feb. 27, 1672.

Walton says, in the advertisement to the reader of that edition, "You may be pleased to take notice that in this last relation of Sir Henry Wotton's life, 'tis both enlarged, and some small errors rectified, so that I may now be confident, there is no material mistakes in it;" and adds that "there is in this impression an addition of many letters; in which the spirit with which they were writ will assure them to be Sir Henry Wotton's."

A very interesting letter from Walton to his publisher, Marriott, dated at Winchester on the 24th August, 1673, which is now for the first time printed, proves that the weight of eighty years had had slight effect upon his mental or bodily powers. He was then, it appears, employed in collecting particulars of the life of the celebrated John Hales, of Eton; and purposed visiting London in the ensuing October. The information about Hales was intended for William Fulman, the author of the "Notitia Oxoniensis Academiæ," who was one of Gale's assistants in the "Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores."

"MR. MARRIOTT,

"I HAVE received Bentevolio, and in it Mr. Her[s] life; I thank you for both. I have since I saw you received from Mr. Milington so much of Mr. Hales his life as Mr. Faringdon had writ; and have made many inquiries concerning him of many that knew him, namely of Mrs. Powny, of Windsor, (at whose house he died), and as I have heard, so have set them down, that my memory might not lose them. Mr. Mountague did at my being in Windsor promise me to summon his memory, and set down what he knew of him. This I desired him to do at his best leisure, and write it down, and he that knew him and all his affairs best of any man is like to do it very well, because I think he will do it affectionately,

so that if Mr. Fulman make his queries concerning that part of his life spent in Oxford, he will have many, and good, I mean true informations from Mr. Faringdon, till he came thither, and by me and my means since he came to Eton.

"This I write that you may inform Mr. Fulman of it, and I pray let him know I will not yet give over my queries; and let him know that I hope to meet him and the Parliament in health and in London in October, and then and there deliver up my collections to him. In the mean time I wish him and you health; and pray let him know it either by your writing to him, or sending him this of mine.

"God keep us all in his favour,
"his and your friend to serve you,
"IZAAK WALTON."[15]

Winchester, 24th August, 1673.

Walton's memoranda respecting Hales, which will be found in the notes, are dated on the 20th of October following, when, it may be inferred from his letter, he was in London. Some of the facts there stated are new and curious, especially the account of the portrait of Hales, painted after his death by Anne Lady Howe, who was the sister of Henry King, bishop of Chichester, and married, first, John Dutton, of Sherborne, Esq., and secondly, Sir Richard Howe, Bart. Walton describes her as "a most generous and ingenious lady;" he mentions her in his will; and she was probably one of his oldest friends.

The tenth edition of Herbert's poem entitled "The Temple," of which Walton stated in 1670 that more than twenty thousand copies had been sold,[16] was published in 1674; and his "Life of Herbert" was then, for the first time, prefixed to it. In the following year, the lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, were reprinted,[17] upon which occasion Charles Cotton wrote a poem dated on the 17th of January, 1672-3, addressed "To my old

[15] Fulman's MSS. Vol. XII. in Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
[16] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, ii. 119.
[17] The edition of 1675 is called, in the title-page, "the Fourth;" but it was only the *second collected* edition of the Lives; the intermediate editions being respectively prefixed to Donne's Sermons, Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and Herbert's Temple.

and most worthy friend, Mr. Izaak Walton, on his life of Dr. Donne, &c." which contains so many allusions to Walton, and is so pleasing a composition, that it could not, with propriety, be either omitted or abridged.

TO MY OLD AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND MR. IZAAK WALTON, ON HIS LIFE OF DR. DONNE, &c.

When, to a nation's loss, the virtuous die,
There's justly due, from every hand and eye,
That can or write, or weep, an elegy.

Which though it be the poorest, cheapest way,
The debt we owe, great merits to defray,
Yet it is almost all that most men pay.

And these are monuments of so short date,
That, with their birth, they oft receive their fate;
Dying with those whom they would celebrate.

And though to verse great reverence is due,
Yet, what most poets write, proves so untrue,
It renders truth in verse suspected too.

Something more sacred then, and more entire,
The memories of virtuous men require,
Than what may with their funeral torch expire:

This History can give; to which alone
The privilege to mate oblivion
Is granted, when denied to brass and stone.

Wherein, my friend, you have a hand so sure,
Your truths so candid are, your style so pure,
That what you write may envy's search endure.

Your pen, disdaining to be brib'd or prest,
Flows without vanity or interest;
A virtue with which few good pens are blest.

How happy was my father, then, to see
Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd, to be
Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit:
Those twins of virtue, eloquence, and wit,
He saw in fame's eternal annals writ;

Where one has fortunately found a place,
More faithful to him than his marble was:[18]
Which eating age, nor fire, shall e'er deface.

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[18] His monument in St. Paul's Church, before the late dreadful fire, 1665.

A monument, that, as it has, shall last,
And prove a monument to that defac'd ;
Itself, but with the world not to be raz'd.

And even, in their flowery characters,
My father's grave part of your friendship shares ;
For you have honour'd his in strewing theirs.

Thus, by an office, though particular,
Virtue's whole common weal obliged are ;
For in a virtuous act all good men share.

And by this act the world is taught to know.
That the true friendship we to merit owe
Is not discharg'd by compliment and show.

But your's is friendship of so pure a kind,
From all mean ends and interest so refin'd,
It ought to be a pattern to mankind :

For whereas most men's friendships here beneath,
Do perish with their friends' expiring breath,
Yours proves a friendship living after death ;

By which the generous Wotton, reverend Donne,
Soft Herbert, and the Church's champion,
Hooker, are rescued from oblivion.

For though they each of them his time so spent,
As rais'd unto himself a monument,
With which ambition might rest well content ;

Yet their great works, though they can never die,
And are in truth superlatively high,
Are no just scale to take their virtues by ;

Because they show not how the Almighty's grace,
By various and more admirable ways,
Brought them to be the organs of his praise.

But what their humble modesty would hide,
And was by any other means denied,
Is by your love and diligence supplied.

Wotton,—a nobler soul was never bred !—
You, by your narrative's most even thread,
Through all his labyrinths of life have led ;

Through his degrees of honour, and of arts,
Brought him secure from envy's venom'd darts,
Which are still levell'd at the greatest parts ;

Through all the employments of his wit and spirit,
Whose great effects these kingdoms still inherit ;
The trials then, now trophies of his merit.

Nay, through disgrace, which oft the worthiest have;
Through all state tempests, through each wind and wave,
And laid him in an honourable grave.

And yours, and the whole world's beloved Donne,
When he a long and wild career had run
To the meridian of his glorious sun;

And being then an object of much ruth,
Led on by vanities, error, and youth,
Was long ere he did find the way to truth:

By the same clue, after his youthful swing,
To serve at his God's altar here you bring,
Where a once wanton muse doth anthems sing.

And though by God's most powerful grace alone
His heart was settled in religion:
Yet 'tis by you we know how it was done;

And know, that having crucified vanities,
And fix'd his hope, he clos'd up his own eyes,
And then your friend a saint and preacher dies.

The meek and learned Hooker too, almost
In the Church's ruins overwhelm'd and lost,
Is, by your pen, recover'd from his dust.

And Herbert:—he whose education,
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
Was deeply tainted with ambition;

And fitted for a court, made that his aim;
At last, without regard to birth or name,
For a poor country cure does all disclaim;

Where, with a soul, compos'd of harmonies,
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies.

All this you tell us, with so good success,
That our oblig'd posterity shall profess
To have been your friend, was a great happiness.

And now, when many worthier would be proud
To appear before you, if they were allow'd,
I take up room enough to serve a crowd:

Where, to commend what you have choicely writ,
Both my poor testimony and my wit
Are equally invalid and unfit:

Yet this, and much more, is most justly due:
Were what I write as elegant as true,
To the best friend I now or ever knew.

But, my dear friend, 'tis so, that you and I,
By a condition of mortality,
With all this great, and more proud world, must die :

In which estate, I ask no more of fame,
Nor other monument of honour claim,
Than that of your true friend to advance my name.

And if your many merits shall have bred
An abler pen, to write your life when dead ;
I think an honester can not be read.

CHARLES COTTON.

Jan. 17, 1672.

One of these verses shows that Cotton's father was also a friend of Walton's ; and the feeling manner in which the author mentions his own friendship for him, by calling him "the best friend I now or ever knew," is the more striking, from his having afterwards used nearly the same words in the second part of "The Complete Angler," where he says, "I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him ; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had."

It is rather singular that Walton should no where allude to his only surviving son and daughter, during their childhood, for it might have been expected that he would have frequently spoken of their being with him, and of their education. His attachment to the Church of England, and the prospect of preferment which his intimacy with the bishop of Winchester and other prelates afforded, naturally induced him to destine his son for holy orders ; and his veneration for the sacred profession, added to the personal esteem which he felt for Dr. William Hawkins, one of the prebends of Winchester, made him yield a ready assent to the marriage of his daughter Anne to that gentleman, which took place some time before the year 1678. Young Izaak Walton is supposed to have been educated by his maternal uncle Thomas Ken,[18] who obtained a stall in Winchester Cathedral, probably through the interest of his brother-in-law with Bishop Morley, in April, 1669. At a proper age the young Izaak was removed to Christ

[18] Bowles's Life of Ken, I. 23.

Church, of which his father's friend, Dr. Fell, was master;[19] and in 1675, the year of the great Papal jubilee, Ken and his nephew visited Rome, Venice, and other parts of Italy; but the following passage in Cotton's treatise on fly-fishing shows that he returned early in the ensuing year. When asked by Venator, "if young Master Izaac Walton" had been at Beresford, Piscator replied, "Aye, marry has he, Sir! and that again and again too, and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can't tell where; but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month." In March, 1675-6, young Walton proceeded M.A. at Christ Church; and though the date of his ordination is not stated, it probably took place about that time; and the pleasure with which his aged father saw him enter upon his holy office may readily be conceived.

Some account of Walton's plans in the year 1676 occur in the fifth edition of the "Complete Angler," which appeared in that year. Eight years had elapsed since the former impression; and during that time he had ample leisure to give to his work the improvements of which he considered it susceptible. It is, however, questionable whether the additions which he then made to it have increased its interest. The garrulity and sentiments of an octogenarian are very apparent in some of the alterations; and the subdued colouring of religious feeling which prevails throughout the former editions, and forms one of the charms of the piece, is, in this impression, so much heightened, as to become almost obtrusive. For example, the interpolation in the last chapter, immediately after Venator's recipe for colouring rods[20] is, in fact, a religious essay, filled with trite reflections and scriptural quotations; whilst the digression on monsters,[21] and the introduction of the milkmaids' second song,[22] which contains the only objectionable allusion in the book, are not in Walton's usual good taste.

Thinking that the work was defective in one branch of the art, Walton applied to his friend Charles Cotton, whom he had known for a great many years, to furnish a treatise on fly-fishing. Cotton promised to comply with

[19] Bowles's Life of Ken, I. 23.
[20] Ibid. pp. 303—308.
[21] Ibid. p. 61.
[22] Ibid. p. 121.

his wishes; but he omitted to fulfil his engagement, until he was reminded, towards the end of February, 1676, that the treatise was wanted for the new edition of the "Complete Angler," which was then in the press. Little more than ten days were allowed him for the purpose, at the end of which he had completed his task. His letter to Walton, which accompanied the manuscript, was written at Beresford, on the 10th of March, 1676; and a printed copy of his treatise was returned to him, with an answer, dated at London, on the 29th of the following month. Cotton, who is the Piscator of his own dialogue, observes, that Walton had lately written to say that he doubted whether he could visit him in the ensuing summer; but he informed Cotton in the letter just mentioned, which was written some weeks afterwards, that although he was then more than one hundred miles from him, and in the eighty-third year of his age, yet he would forget both, and in the next month, May, begin a pilgrimage to see him. It is therefore likely that Walton spent some weeks at Beresford, in May and June, 1676; and he was possibly induced to change his mind by going there, in consequence of business having brought him to London, by which journey he was drawn much nearer to Derbyshire. The intimacy which existed between Walton and Cotton is well known to every reader of the Complete Angler. Their literary, no less than their piscatory pursuits, were alike; and it is easy to believe that the author of the beautiful "Stanzas Irregulier" must have possessed a disposition with which Walton's perfectly harmonized. At an early period of their intimacy, Cotton designated him his "father," and styled himself his "son," a practice which was then very common between parties whose pursuits were congenial, when the younger received instructions in them from the elder, and when it was desired to give the most affectionate character to their association.

Walton frequently visited Cotton at Beresford during the spring and summer months, sometimes alone, and at others accompanied by his son or by a friend. Not long before the year 1676 Cotton built a little fishing-house on the Staffordshire side of the banks of the Dove, where the windings of the river form a small peninsula.[23] In

[23] The state of the fishing-house was thus described by a visitor, in 1824.—"Just above the Pike, a small wooden foot-bridge leads

commemoration of their friendship Cotton caused a stone to be placed in the centre of the buildings, with the initials of his own and Walton's name conjoined in a cypher, a representation of which was introduced, agreeably to Cotton's request, in the title-page of his part of the "Complete Angler." This stone, which no true disciple of the venerable Piscator can contemplate with indifference, was erected between Walton's last visit to Beresford, and that which he is supposed to have paid Cotton in May, 1676; but he had seen and approved of it before it was deposited in its place. The fishing-house and stone are thus described by Cotton: "My house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for trouts and grayling in England; I have lately built a little fishing-house upon it, dedicated to Anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine twisted in cypher."[24] In one of Cotton's Poems the Fishing-House is also mentioned:—

> "My river still through the same channel glides
> Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides,
> And my poor FISHING-HOUSE, my seat's best grace,
> Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place."

Walton says of the beautiful scenery near the Fishing-House, that "the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and

over the stream towards Hartshorn, in Derbyshire; it bears the date of 1818, but is merely the successor of one more ancient, as is evident from Piscator's saying, "Cross the bridge, and go down the other side." Somewhat higher up on the Staffordshire bank, the windings of the river form a small peninsula, on which stands the far-famed Fishing-House; but alas! how changed since the time when, in the words of Venator, it was 'finely wainscoted, with a marble table in the middle, and all exceeding neat.' The stone slabs which composed the floor are partly broken up, the windows are entirely destroyed, the doors decaying, and without fastenings, the roof is dilapidated, and the vane which surmounts it is rusty, and nodding to its fall. The fire-place alone remains in good preservation. Hawkins tells us that the exterior was formerly adorned with paintings, in fresco, of Cotton, Walton, and the boy; but these are entirely gone, and nought now decorates the walls, save the names of various obscure individuals who have thought fit thus to record their having visited the spot. The steps at the entrance are covered with weeds, and the well known key-stone (which, however, appears to be in a sound state), is so overspread with moss, that the first word of the inscription is quite defaced." *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. XCIX. part ii. p. 31.

[24] Vide p. 336, postea.

meadows about it cannot be described, unless Sir Philip Sidney or Mr. Cotton's father were again alive to do it."[25]

The Viator of Cotton's dialogue is the Venator of the Complete Angler, and opportunities are thereby afforded for introducing eulogiums on Walton's character. For instance, when Viator asks Piscator his opinion of "The Complete Angler," he says, "My opinion of Mr. Walton's book is the same with every man's that understands any thing of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one; and that the fore-mentioned gentleman understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living. But I must tell you, further, that I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and truest friend any man ever had: nay, I shall yet acquaint you further that he gives me leave to call him Father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted Son." Venator replies, "In earnest, Sir, I am ravished to meet with a friend of Mr. Izaac Walton's, and one that does him so much right in so good and true a character: for I must boast to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same manner I do with you; that he was my master, who first taught me to love angling, and then to become an angler; and to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of Venator; for I was wholly addicted to the chase, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion." Piscator then observes, "Sir, I think myself happy in your acquaintance; and before we part, shall entreat leave to embrace you. You have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion: for my father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me." Viator rejoins, "You speak like a true friend, and in doing so render yourself worthy of his friendship."

To these flattering expressions Walton thus alluded in

[25] Vide postea.

his letter to Cotton:[26] "You now see, I have returned you your very pleasant and useful discourse of the Art of Fly-fishing, printed just as it was sent me: for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And when I have thanked you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love, then let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment."

The complimentary verses prefixed to the former editions of the Complete Angler were augmented in the fifth, by a Latin Iambic ode from the pen of Dr. James Duport, the Greek professor at Cambridge, who had contributed a similar testimony of his esteem on the publication of the Life of Herbert. Dr. Zouch has inserted a very elegant translation of these verses, in his Life of Walton, from the pen of the Rev. James Tate, one of the canon residentiaries of St. Paul's; and it is impossible to refrain from following his example:—

"Hail, Walton! honoured friend of mine,
Hail! mighty Master of the Line!
Whether down some valley's side
You walk to watch the smooth stream glide,
Or on the flow'ry margin stand
To cheat the fish with cunning hand,
Or on the green bank, seated still,
With quick eye guard the dancing quill.
Thrice happy sage! who, distant far
From the wrangling forum's war,
From the city's bustling train,
From the busy hum of men,
Haunt some gentle stream, and ply
Your honest crafts, to lure the fry:
And while the world around you set
The base decoy and treacherous net,
Man against man, th' insidious wile,
Or, the rich dotard to beguile,
Bait high with gifts the smiling hook
All gilt with Flattery's sweetest look;
Arm'd for the innocent deceit,
You love the scaly brood to cheat,

[26] Vide p. 325, postea.

And tempt that water-wolf, the pike,
With rav'ning tooth his prey to strike,
Or in the minnow's living head
Or in the writhed brandling red
Fix your well-charged hook, to gull
The greedy perch, bold biting fool,
Or with the tender moss-worm tried
Win the nice trout's speckled pride,
Or on the carp, whose wary eye
Admits no vulgar tackle nigh,
Essay your art's supreme address,
And beat the fox in sheer finesse:
The tench, physician of the brook,
Owns the magic of your hook,
The little gudgeon's thoughtless haste
Yields a brief yet sweet repast,
And the whisker'd barbel pays
His coarser bulk to swell your praise.
Such the amusement of your hours,
While the season aids your powers;
Nor shall my friend a single day
E'er pass without a line away.
Nor these alone your honours bound,
The tricks experience has found;
Sublimer theory lifts your name
Above the fisher's simple fame,
And in the practice you excel
Of what none else can teach as well,
Wielding at once with equal skill
The useful powers of either quill.
With all that winning grace of style,
What else were tedious, to beguile,
A second Oppian, you impart
The secrets of the Angling art,
Each fish's nature, and how best
To fit the bait to every taste,
Till in the scholar, that you train,
The accomplish'd master lives again.
And yet your pen aspires above
The maxims of the art you love;
Tho' virtues, faintly taught by rule,
Are better learnt in Angling's school,
Where Temperance, that drinks the rill,
And Patience, sovereign over ill,
By many an active lesson bought,
Refine the soul, and steel the thought.
Far higher truths you love to start,
To train us to a nobler art,
And in the lives of good men give
That chiefest lesson, how to live;
While Hooker, philosophic sage,
Becomes the wonder of your page,

Or while we see combin'd in one
The Wit and the Divine in Donne,
Or while the Poet and the Priest,
In Herbert's sainted form confest,
Unfold the temple's holy maze
That awes and yet invites our gaze:
Worthies these of pious name
From your portraying pencil claim
A second life, and strike anew
With fond delight the admiring view.
And thus at once the peopled brook
Submits its captives to your hook,
And we, the wiser sons of men,
Yield to the magic of your pen,
While angling on some streamlet's brink
The muse and you combine to think."

Besides the Contentation,[27] and the Retirement,[28] which, in natural pathos and moral feeling have perhaps never been excelled, Cotton addressed the following invitation to Walton to renew their piscatory sports in the ensuing May; but the year in which these verses were written is not mentioned:—

"Whilst in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature does now weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

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[27] Vide antea.

[28] Vide p. 327, postea.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing-day:

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try,
What the best Master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day without too bright a beam,
A warm but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, Master, half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait,
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treach'rous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves in such an hour
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flatt'ring dream."[28]

Notwithstanding Walton's very advanced age might, as he himself says, have procured him "a writ of ease," he continued to employ himself in literary pursuits; and at a period of life to which few men attain, and at which still fewer are capable of intellectual exertion, he commenced the life of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, a work requiring as much vigour of mind as any he had written, and which he completed with equal success. The volume was published about May, 1678,[29] and like the memoir of Hooker, and the collected edition of the Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, was inscribed to Dr. Morley, whose continued favours demanded a new testimony of his gratitude. As this was Walton's last work, and as whatever relates to him at so advanced a stage of his existence is of peculiar interest, every thing

[28] Cotton's Poems, ed. 1689, p. 114.
[29] The imprimatur is dated on the 7th of May, 1678.

which occurs in it illustrative of his own feelings or situation will be here introduced.

The dedication commences with an acknowledgment of Bishop Morley's kindness; and shews that through Morley he had become acquainted with Sanderson, Chillingworth, and Dr. Hammond.

"MY LORD,

"IF I should undertake to enumerate the many favours and advantages I have had by my very long acquaintance with your lordship, I should enter upon an employment that might prove as tedious as the collecting of the materials for this poor monument, which I have erected, and do dedicate to the memory of your beloved friend Dr. Sanderson. But though I will not venture to do that; yet I do remember with pleasure, and remonstrate with gratitude, that your lordship made me known to him, Mr. Chillingworth, and Dr. Hammond, men whose merits ought never to be forgotten. My friendship with the first was begun almost forty years past, when I was as far from a thought, as a desire to outlive him; and farther from an intention to write his life: but the wise Disposer of all men's lives and actions hath prolonged the first, and now permitted the last; which is here dedicated to your lordship (and as it ought to be) with all humility, and a desire that it may remain as a public testimony of my gratitude.

"My Lord,

"Your most affectionate old Friend,

"and most humble Servant,

"IZAAK WALTON."

In the preface, Walton says: "I confess" the Life of Dr. Sanderson "was worthy the employment of some person of more learning and greater abilities than I can pretend to; and I have not a little wondered that none have yet been so grateful to him and posterity as to undertake it: for as it may be noted, that our Saviour had a care, that for Mary Magdalen's kindness to him, her name should never be forgotten: so I conceive the great satisfaction many scholars have already had, and the unborn world is like to have by his exact, clear, and useful learning; and might have by a true narrative of his matchless meekness, his calm fortitude, and the innocence of

his whole life: doth justly challenge the like from this present age; that posterity may not be ignorant of them: and it is to me a wonder, that it has been already fifteen years neglected. But, in saying this, my meaning is not to upbraid others (I am far from that) but excuse myself, or beg pardon for daring to attempt it. This being premised, I desire to tell the reader, that in this relation I have been so bold, as to paraphrase and say what I think he (whom I had the happiness to know well) would have said upon the same occasions; and if I have been too bold in doing so, and cannot now beg pardon of him that loved me, yet I do of my reader, from whom I desire the same favour. And though my age might have procured me a writ of ease, and that secured me from all further trouble in this kind; yet I met with such persuasions to undertake it, and so many willing informers since, and from them and others, such helps and encouragements to proceed, that when I found myself faint, and weary of the burthen with which I had loaden myself, and sometime ready to lay it down; yet time and new strength hath at last brought it to be what it now is, and here presented to the reader.

"And lastly, the trouble being now past, I look back and am glad that I have collected these memoirs of this humble man, which lay scattered, and contracted them into a narrower compass; and, if I have, by the pleasant toil of doing so, either pleased or profited any man, I have attained what I designed when I first undertook it: but I seriously wish, both for the reader's, and Dr. Sanderson's sake, that posterity had known his great learning and virtue by a better pen; by such a pen, as could have made his life as immortal as his learning and merits ought to be."

Having stated that Sanderson had, during a period of distress, received a sum of money from the learned Boyle through the hands of Dr. Barlow, then Bishop of Lincoln, Walton solicited that prelate to relate the circumstance, and to give him any other information in his power respecting Sanderson, with which request he complied, in a letter to Walton, dated on the 10th of May, 1678, which is annexed to the memoir. Bishop Barlow, who addressed him as "My worthy friend Mr. Walton," expressed his satisfaction that he had undertaken to write Sanderson's life, "because," he said, "I know your ability to know,

and integrity to write truth," and he subscribed himself, "your affectionate friend."

When writing the account of Bishop Sanderson's death, Walton seems to have been very deeply impressed with the close approach of his own; and he concluded the memoir with this allusion to that event: "Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. 'Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and do as earnestly beg of every reader to say Amen. 'Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile.' Ps. xxxii. 2."

When the Life of Sanderson was reprinted and prefixed to the bishop's sermons,[32] Walton made those corrections which in the Postscript to the first edition he says he then wished to have done, but was prevented by the manuscript being hastened from him. To the edition of Sanderson's Life, which was printed in 1678, Walton added a letter which he had received from Dr. Pierce, dated at North Tidworth, 5th March, 1678, in which he addressed him as "Good Mr. Walton," on the subject of Sanderson's correspondence, and referred him to some materials for his life of that prelate.

A copy of Bishop Sanderson's Sermons which belonged to Walton is preserved,[33] and was probably the one which is mentioned in his will. In the title page its original owner has written "Izaak Walton, June 25°, 1658, price 15ˢ." Numerous passages of the celebrated preface to the "Fourteen Sermons" are marked by him, because they expressed opinions similar to his own. Several marginal notes occur, containing the names of the persons to whom Sanderson alluded, and he has copied at length all the

[32] On that occasion the above passage was slightly altered, as it there stands:

"Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life:—'tis now too late to wish that mine may be like his: for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; and God knows it hath not; but I most humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may: and I do as earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say *Amen*. I. W.

"Blessed is that man in whose spirit there is no guile. Ps. xxxii. 2."

[33] Ed. 1657, now in the possession of Mr. Pickering, of Chancery Lane.

texts which are referred to. At the end of the preface to the "Twenty Sermons," Walton has written, "This Preface is an humble and bold challenge to the dissenting brethren of the Clergy of England: And was writ by that humble and good man the author, in the times of persecution and danger;" and in his Life of Sanderson he alludes to it in very similar terms.[34]

About the year 1678, Walton determined on publishing a poem entitled "Thealma and Clearchus," a pastoral history "in smooth and easy verse," which had been written many years before by John Chalkhill, Esq. "an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spencer." Walton's preface is dated on the 7th of May, 1678, though the first edition of the poem which has been discovered, was not printed until 1683. The reprint of Thealma and Clearchus in 1820 exhibits an amusing specimen of critical sagacity, as it is therein gravely asserted that "Chalkhill is but a name unappropriated—a verbal phantom—a shadow of a shade," and the authorship of the poem is attributed to Walton himself;[35] whereas an elaborate pedigree, which has been recently compiled, proves not only the existence of numerous persons of that name, but shews that Thomas Ken, the father of Mrs. Walton, chose his second wife from the Chalkhill family. This connection may have been the cause of the manuscript of the poem having fallen into Walton's hands, and it is very probable that he knew the author, as he has described him with some care, and in-

[34] Ed. Zouch, vol. II. p. 250.

[35] This hypothesis has been adopted in the Retrospective Review (vol. IV. p. 231), in Major's edition of the Complete Angler, and was even exaggerated in a long note to an edition of Zouch's Life of Walton, published by Prowett in 1823. Its fallacy was first exposed by the late Archdeacon Nares, in the Gentleman's Magazine, upon the grounds of its extreme improbability, and that such a deception was utterly inconsistent with Walton's character. Mr. Nares noticed the monumental inscription to John Chalkhill, the fellow of Winchester College, mentioned above, but he was not aware of the connection between the families of Chalkhill and Ken. Of that person Mr. Nares observed:

"In the south cloister of Winchester Cathedral is, or was very lately, a monument to a *John Chalkhill* of that very period, a fellow of Winchester College, whose character, as given in the inscription, singularly accords with part of that given by Walton.

H. S. E.

Joan. Chalkhill, A. M. hujus Coll'ii Annos 46 Socius, Vir, quoad vixit, Solitudine et Silentio, Temperantia et Castitate, Orationibus et Elee-

troduced two of his songs into "The Complete Angler." There is, however, much difficulty in deciding which of the John or Jon Chalkhills mentioned in the pedigree was the poet. He may have been the father of Mrs. Ken, or more probably was the John Chalkhill, a M.A., whose filiation has not been ascertained, but who was for forty-six years fellow of Winchester College, and died on the 20th of May, 1679, at the age of eighty.[36] The following is Walton's preface to Thealma and Clearchus:—

"The reader will find in this book what the title declares, a Pastoral History in smooth and easy verse; and will in it find many hopes and fears finely painted and feelingly expressed. And he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation; and the latter so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly relieved by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement. And the reader will here also meet with passions heightened by easy and fit descriptions of joy and sorrow; and find also such various events and rewards of innocent truth and undissembled honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good-natured reader) more sympathizing and virtuous impressions, than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless disputes about religion: and I heartily wish it may do so.

"And I have also this truth to say of the author, that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour,

mosynis, Contemplatione et Sanctimonia, Ascetis vel primitivis par: qui cum a Parvulo in Regnum Cœlorum Viam fecit, Octogenarius rapuit, 20 die Maij, 1679.

"Now as Walton died at Winchester in the prebendal house of his son-in-law Dr. Hawkins, which probably he had always been accustomed to visit, so attached was he to his daughter and her husband, he doubtless personally knew and much esteemed this Mr. Chalkhill; and knew of him all that he has expressed in his eulogy.

"The only objection that I perceive, arises from the date (1678) subjoined to Walton's preface; that being the year previous to the death of Chalkhill, according to the monument. The probability is that this date has no reference to the preface, which was most likely to be written near the time of the publication in 1683. It might, therefore, only mark the time when the poem was put into Walton's hands by its author, being exactly a year before his death. Be this as it may, I think we have here a memorial of the real John Chalkhill." Vide Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. xciii. Part II. p. 419.

[36] Ibid.

a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent, and prudent: and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send the story may meet with, or make, all readers like him.

"I. W."

May 7, 1678.

But the most interesting part of the volume are the verses which the poet Flatman addressed "to his worthy friend, Mr. Isaac Walton, on the publication of this poem," because they describe the venerable Walton in the happiest manner, and are beyond comparison the most elegant compliment ever paid to his virtues:—

"Long had the bright Thealma lain obscure:
Her beauteous charms, that might the world allure,
Lay, like rough diamonds in the mine, unknown,
By all the sons of folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely face,
And gave her vigour to exert her rays.
Happy old man! whose worth all mankind knows,
Except himself;[37] who charitably shows
The ready road to virtue and to praise,
The road[38] to many long and happy days,
The noble art of generous piety,
And how to compass true felicity;[39]
Hence did he learn the art[40] of living well;
The bright Thealma was his oracle:
Inspired by her, he knows no anxious cares
Through[41] near a century of pleasant[42] years;
Easy he lives, and cheerful[43] shall he die,
Well spoken of by late posterity.[44]
As long as Spenser's noble flames shall burn,
And deep devotions throng about[45] his urn;
As long as Chalkhill's venerable name
With humble emulation shall inflame
Ages to come, and swell[46] the rolls of fame:
Your memory shall ever be secure,
And long beyond our short-liv'd praise endure;
As Phidias in Minerva's shield did live,
And shar'd that immortality he alone could give.

"Tho. Flatman."

June 5, 1683.

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[37] The following variations occur in the edition of Flatman's Poems and Songs, printed in 1686. Thyself.

[38] Way.

[39] An euthanasie.

[40] Skill.

[41] In.

[42] Happy.

[43] Easy.

[44] On the soft bosom of eternity.

[45] Shall attend.

[46] Posterity, and fill the.

It is not certain whether Walton resided entirely with Bishop Morley after 1670, or divided his time between his son Izaak, his daughter Mrs. Hawkins, and the Bishop of Winchester; but he appears to have spent the Christmas of 1678 at Farnham Castle in Surrey, one of the bishop's seats, as the following inscription in a copy of the fifth edition of the Complete Angler, which he gave to Mrs. Wallop, was dated there on the 19th of December in that year.

"For Mrs. Wallop,

"I think I did some years past, send you a booke of Angling: This is printed since, and I think better; and, because nothing that I can pretend a tytell too, can be too good for you: pray accept of this also, from me that am really,

Madam, yo^{r} most affectionate ffriend;
and most humble servant,
"Izaak Walton."

Farnham Castell,
Decem^{r}. 19^{o}. 1678.

The lady for whom Walton thus expressed so much esteem, and to whom he bequeathed a ring, was Dorothy, the youngest daughter and one of the co-heirs of John Bluet, of Holcomb Regis, in Devonshire, Esq. and widow of Henry Wallop, of Farley, in Hampshire, Esq. whose grandson, John Wallop, was created Viscount Lymington and Earl of Portsmouth. She died on the 1st of December, 1702, aged seventy-two; and in the monumental inscription to her memory it is said that, "To both which ancient families, by her extraordinary prudence, moderation, piety, and other eminent graces, she added great lustre," and "having had a considerable share in those troubles and difficulties which attend humanity, after a life of the wisest conduct with relation both to temporal and spiritual matters, died as much like a Christian as she lived; and into the hands of her God, to whom she had long paid a constant devotion, she meekly resigned her pious humble soul."[47]

It has been already observed that two letters on political

[47] Collins's Peerage, ed. 1779, Vol. v. p. 194.

affairs, the one written in 1678, and the other in 1679, have been attributed to Walton. But as the fact of their having been written by him is not fully established, it is desirable to examine the question with some attention.

In January, 1668, a plan was proposed by Sir Orlando Bridgeman, then Lord Keeper, for the compression of the more moderate of the Dissenters from the church, and allowing certain indulgences to such as could not be brought within the comprehension. A bill for that purpose was prepared by Sir Matthew Hale, but on being brought into the House of Commons, it resolved not to adopt any measure of that description. The rejection of the bill gave great offence to the Non-conformists; and Walton is said to have been the author of a Letter dated on the 18th of February in that year, which, with another on the same subject written in September, 1679, were printed in 1680 under the title of "Love and Truth, in two modest and peaceable Letters concerning the distempers of the present times, written from a quiet and comfortable citizen of London to two busy and factious shopkeepers in Coventry." These Letters are assigned to Walton upon the authority of the following memorandum in Archbishop Sancroft's handwriting, which occurs in a copy of the tract in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge. "Is. Walton's 2 letters conc. y^{e} Distemp's of y^{e} Times 1680;" and as the Archbishop was living and filled the see of Canterbury when they were published, he is likely to have known who was the author. Dr. Zouch, who reprinted the tract, considers that the internal proofs bring conviction with them, and that "the work is so like his temper of mind, and his other writings, that all readers may readily conclude it could flow only from his pen."

That there is a great resemblance to the style of Walton in these letters, especially in the conclusion of the first, and in the commencement as well as in great part of the second letter, and that they express the opinions which he entertained, is not denied; but there are some circumstances which render it very unlikely that they were written by him. There is a fictitious plan in the publication which is inconsistent with Walton's scrupulous regard for veracity, and straightforward adherence to fact. The editor of the tract, or as he calls himself "the publisher," appears to have been a distinct person from the

author of the Letters; but if any part of the work was written by Walton, the address from the publisher to the stationer may be attributed to him, because it bears as strong a resemblance to his style as the Letters themselves. In that address, which is dated on the 29th of May, 1680, the writer says—

"TO MR. HENRY BROME IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

"SIR,

"I HERE send you two letters (the first writ in the year 1667), both writ by a prudent and conformable quiet citizen of London, to two brothers, that now are, or were zealous, and busy shopkeepers in Coventry; to which place I came lately, and by accident met with a grave divine, who commended them to my reading: and having done what he desired, I thought them to speak so much real truth, and clear reason, and both so lovingly and so plainly, that I thought them worth my transcribing; and now, upon second thoughts, think them worth printing, in order to the unbeguiling many men that mean well, and yet have been too busy in meddling, and decrying things they understand not. Pray, get them to be read by some person of honesty and judgment: and if he shall think as I do, then let them be printed; for I hope they may turn somewhat to your own profit, but much more to the benefit of any reader that has been mistaken, and is willing to be unbeguiled.

"God keep you, Sir,
Your Friend,
"N. N."[1]

May 29, 1680.

If this address was written by Walton, it would seem that he was only the *editor*, and not the *author* of the Letters; and there is no other difficulty in considering this to be the case, than the circumstance of the tract not being printed by his friend Marriott, who was then living, and who printed all his other works. With respect to the authorship of the letters, it is to be observed that they are both signed "R. W." instead of "J. W." or with Walton's more usual abbreviation of his names, "Iz. Wa.;" that no other instance is known of his hav-

[1] This signature has been attributed to JOHN SELDEN.

ing used an imaginary signature; and that as the writer was personally acquainted with the parties addressed, and even alludes to a conversation which he had with one of them the evening before the date of his first letter, it would be absurd to suppose that he would affix to them any other initials than his own. On the other hand it may be contended that the two shopkeepers were supposititious persons; or that before the Letters were sent to press, the incongruities above mentioned were purposely made to conceal the author. These hypotheses are, however, opposed by the internal evidence which the Letters bear of having been really written under the circumstances described; by the fact that even the most trifling artifice[48] or simulation was repugnant to Walton's disposition; and that no reasonable cause can be assigned for his wishing to conceal that these letters proceeded from his pen, if he was the author of them. He was then nearly eighty-seven years of age, and must have been too indifferent to the world's praise or censure to have had recourse, for the first time in his life, to any thing which bore the appearance of deception. Against these reasons for disbelieving that Walton wrote the Letters, there is nothing except a similarity of style, and the memorandum of Archbishop Sancroft; but the former is always uncertain evidence; and the latter may be explained by Walton's having merely caused them to be printed, or by a rumour respecting the authorship which might be unfounded.

The question has however been sufficiently discussed; and it is only necessary to add, that if Walton was the author of these Letters, and they were actually written under the circumstances mentioned in them, it would appear that he was at Coventry in February, 1668; that the two factious shopkeepers were brothers, and his cousins; that the one to whom the first Letter was addressed died before the second was written; and that they and he were related to a "Mrs. B." whose uncle and father were active presbyterians.

[48] Archdeacon Nares well observed, in reference to the authorship of "Thealma and Clearchus," "Let him not be made answerable for what he did not write, and for artifices of fiction which he would surely have considered as nothing less than dishonest."—Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. xciii. part ii. p. 419.

In 1681 Walton had the satisfaction of seeing his son, who was then chaplain to Dr. Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, provided for by presentation to the living of Polshot in Wiltshire; and as his only daughter had long been happily married, the evening of his days was undisturbed by painful cares for his family.

Though extreme old age and the solemn reflections which ought to attend it, may have alienated Walton from his literary pursuits, he had not, even when verging on his ninetieth year, altogether abandoned them. Nor had bodily infirmities prevented him from travelling; for it appears that he was at Farnham Castle on the 26th of May, 1683, from which place he wrote to Anthony Wood in reply to an inquiry respecting the death of Doctor Aylmer.[49] He soon afterwards returned to Winchester; and it seems that he never again left that city.

On the 9th of August following Walton completed his ninetieth year, on which day he commenced his Will; and as it is a record of his religious sentiments, and contains the last testimony of his affection for his family, and esteem for his numerous friends, that document is far from being the least interesting production of his pen. He appears to have been seven days engaged on the subject; for though his will was commenced on the 9th, it was not finished until the 16th of August; and was not executed until the 24th of October following. It is written throughout in his own hand, with several erasures; and the following is, as nearly as possible, a literal copy of the original. The seal attached to it is the one which was given to him by Dr. Donne, containing the Saviour extended on an anchor.

August the 9°, 1683.

In the name of God Amen. I Izaak Walton the elder of Winchester being this present day in the neintyeth yeare of my age and in perfect memory for wich praysed be God: but Considering how sodainly I may be deprived of boeth doe therfore make this my last will and testament as followeth. And first I doe [declare] my beleife to be that their is only one God who hath made the whole world and me and all mankinde to whome I

[49] Athen. Oxon. by Bliss, III. 957.

shall give an acount of all my actions which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned for the merits of my saviour Jesus.—And because [the profession of][50] Cristianity does at this time, seime to be subdevided into papist and protestant, I take it to be at least convenient to declare my beleife to be in all poynts of faith, as the Church of England now professeth. And this I doe the rather, because of a very long and very trew friendship with some of the Roman Church.

And for my worldly estate, (which I have nether got by falshood or flattery or the extreme crewelty of the law of this nation,) I doe hereby give and bequeth it as followeth.—First I give my son-in-law Doc^{r} Hawkins and to his Wife, to them I give all my tytell and right of or in a part of a howse and shop in Pater-noster-rowe in London: which I hold by lease from the Lord Bishop of London for about 50 years to come. and I doe also give to them all my right and tytell of or to a howse in Chansery-lane, London; where in Mrs. Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about 16 years to come. I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. [[[51]And I doe also give to my saide dafter all my books this day at Winchester and Droxford: and what ever ells I can call mine their, except a trunk of linen w^{ch} I give my son Izaak Walton. but if he doe not marry, or use the saide linen himselfe, then I give the same to my grand-doughter Anne Hawkins [51]]]

And I give to my son Izaak, all my right and tytell to a lease of Norington farme, which I hold from the lord B^{p} of Winton. And I doe also give him all my right and tytell to a farme or land nere to Stafford: which I bought of Mr. Walter Noell: I say, I give it to him and [his] heares for ever. but upon the condition following. Namely—If my sone shall not marry before he shall be of the age of forty and one yeare; or being marryed shall dye before the saide age and leve noe son to inherit the saide farme or land: or if his son [or sonns] shall not live to ataine the age of twentie and one yeare, to dispose otherwayes of it, then I give the saide farme or land to the towne or corperation of Stafford (in which I was borne,) for the good and benifit of some

[50] The words within brackets are interlineations.
[51] This passage is erased in the original.

of the saide towne, as I shall direct and as followeth. but first note, that it is at this presant time rented for 21li 10s a yeare (and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keipe the barne and howsing in repaire) and I wood have and doe give ten pownd of the saide rent, to binde out yearely two boyes, the sons of honest and pore parents to be apprentises to som tradesmen or handy-craft-men, to the intent the saide boyes [may] the better afterward get their owne living.—And I doe also give five pownd yearly, out of the said rent to be given to some meade-servant, that hath atain'd the age of twenty and [one] yeare (not les), and dwelt long in one servis, or to som honest pore man's daughter, that hath atain'd to that age, to [be] paide her, at or on the day of her marriage —And this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remaine of the saide farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth.

First I doe give twenty shillings yearely, to be spent by the maior of Stafford and those that shall colect the said rent: and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct. And that what mony or rent shall remaine un-disposed offe shall be imployed to buie coles for some pore people, that shall most neide them in the said towne; the saide coles to be delivered the last weike in Janewary, or in every first weike in Febrewary: I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with pore people. And God reward those that shall doe this with out partialitie and with honestie and a good contience.

And if the saide maior and others of the saide towne of Stafford, shall prove so necligent or dishonest as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, (which God forbid,) then I give the saide rents and profits, of the saide farme or land, to the towne and chiefe magestrats or governers of Ecles-hall, to be disposed by them in such maner as I have ordered the disposall of it, by the towne of Stafford. the said Farme or land being nere the towne of Ecles-hall.

And I give to my son-in-law Doctor Hawkins, (whome I love as my owne son) and to my dafter his wife, and my son Izaak to each of them a ring with these words or motto;—love my memory, I. W. obiet = to the Lord Bp of Winton a ring with this motto—a mite for a million:

I. W. obiet=" And to the freinds hearafter named I give to each of them a ring with this motto A friends farewell. I. W. obiet" = And my will is, the said rings be deliverd within fortie dayes after my deth. and that the price or valew of all the saide rings shall be - 13^{s} 4^{d} a peice.

I give to Doctor Hawkins Docto^{r} Donns Sermons; which I have hear'd preacht, and read with much content. to my son Izaak I give Doc^{r} Sibbs his *Soules Conflict*, and to my doughter his *Brewsed Reide;* desiring them to reade them so, as to be well aquanted with them. and I also give to her all my bookes at Winchester and Droxford, and what ever in those two places are or I can call mine: except a trunk of linen, which I give to my son Izaak, but if he doe not live to [marry, or] make use of it, then I give the same to my grand-dafter, Anne Hawkins: And I give my dafter Doc^{r} Halls Works which be now at Farnham.

To my son Izaak I give all my books, (not yet given) at Farnham Castell and a deske of prints and pickters; also a cabinet nere my beds head, in w^{ch} are som littell things that he will valew, tho of noe greate worth.

And my will and desyre is, that he will be kinde to his Ante Beacham and his ant Rose Ken: by alowing the first about fiftie shilling a yeare in or for bacon and cheise (not more), and paying 4li a yeare toward the bordin of her son's dyut to Mr. John Whitehead. for his Ante Ken, I desyre him to be kinde to her acording to her necessitie and his owne abillitie. and I comend one of her children to breide up (as I have saide I intend to doe) if he shall be able to doe it. as I know he will; for, they be good folke.

I give to Mr. John Darbishire the Sermons of Mr. Antony Faringdon, or of do^{r} Sanderson, which my executor thinks fit. to my servant, Thomas Edghill I give five pownd in mony, and all my clothes linen and wollen (except one sute of clothes, which I give to Mr. Holinshed, and forty shiling) if the saide Thomas be my servant at my deth, if not my cloths only.

And I give my old friend Mr. Richard Marriot ten pownd in mony, to be paid him within .3. months after my deth. and I desyre my son to shew kindenes to him if he shall neide, and my son can spare it.

And I doe hereby will and declare my son Izaak to be my sole executo^{r} of this my last will and testament; and

Do[r] Hawkins, to see that he performs it, which I doubt not but he will.

I desyre my buriall may be nere the place of my deth; and free from any ostentation or charg, but privately: this I make to be my last will, (to which I shall only add the codicell for rings,) this 16. day of August, 1683.

Witnes to this will. IZAAK WALTON.

The rings I give are as on the other side.

To my brother Jon Ken.
to my sister his wife.
to my brother Doc[r] Ken.
to my sister Pye.
to Mr. Francis Morley.
to S[r] George Vernon.
to his wife.
to his 3 dafters.
to M[rs] Nelson.
to Mr. Rich. Walton.
to Mr. Palmer.
to Mr. Taylor.
to Mr. Tho. Garrard.
to the Lord B[p] of Sarum.
to Mr. Rede his servant.
to my Coz. Dorothy Kenrick.
to my Coz. Lewin.
to Mr. Walter Higgs.
to Mr. Cha. Cotton.
to Mr. Rich. Marryot.
22

to my brother Beacham.
to my sister his wife.
to the lady Anne How.
to Mrs. King Do[r] Philips wife.
to Mr. Valantine Harecourt.
to Mrs. Elyza Johnson.
to Mrs. Mary Rogers.
to Mrs. Elyza Milward.
to Mrs. Doro. Wallop.
to Mr. Will. Milward, of Christ-church, Oxford.
to Mr. John Darbeshire.
to Mrs. Vuedvill.
to Mrs. Rock.
to Mr. Peter White.
to Mr. John Lloyde.
to my cozen Greinsells widow.
16 Mrs. Dalbin must not be forgotten.

Note that severall lines are blotted out of this will for they were twice repeted: And, that this will is now signed and sealed, this twenty and fourth day of October 1683 in the presence of us—

IZAAK WALTON.

Witnes, ABRA: MARKLAND.
JOS: TAYLOR,
THOMAS CRAWLEY.

Probatum apud London &c. Coram veñli et egregio viro d'no Thoma Exton Milite Legum D'core surr̃o &c̃ quarto die

mensis Februarii Anno D'ni (stylo Angliæ) 1683 juramento Isaaci Walton jun^ris filii d'ci def'ti et Ex̃toris &c̃ cui &c̃ de bene &c. Jurat̃.

His will was thus indorsed by himself:

"Izaak Walton's last will octo^r 1683."

Walton's will was proved by his son on the 4th of February, 1683-4; and it contains so many statements illustrative of his character and situation, that some remarks upon it will not be considered misplaced. His profession of faith was strictly in accordance with the principles which he expressed in his writings; but the motive which made him give so particular an account of his belief, justifies the idea that the tolerant spirit which he manifested towards all who differed from him in religion, and the amicable terms on which he lived with some Roman Catholics, had exposed him to the suspicion that he was, himself, a member of the church of Rome. His property was not, he observes, got by "falsehood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation," an allusion which is not easily explained; for the suggestion that it referred to the maxim of law, "Summum jus est, summa injuria," does not appear to be correct; and it is more probable that he referred to the manner in which estates were acquired during the Commonwealth, and to the legal obstacles which prevented the original owners from recovering them. The shop in Paternoster Row has been before noticed; and the house in Chancery Lane was doubtless that in which he had himself lived. He held a lease under his friend Bishop Morley; and as his farm near Eccleshall, not far from Stafford, was not inherited from his ancestors, but was purchased by himself of a Mr. Walter Noell, it seems that he had little or no patrimony. The charitable purpose for which he destined that property, in the event of his son not leaving male issue who survived their minority, shews his regard for the place of his nativity, to which he had already been a benefactor by a gift of a small garden, (the rent of which was expended in coals for the poor about Christmas,) by contributing a sum towards the erection of the wall of the churchyard of St. Chads, in that town, and by apprenticing nine poor boys, and presenting each of them with five pounds.[1] The selec-

[1] Vide postea.

tion of objects for his bounty was extremely judicious. It may be, that he had himself experienced in childhood the benefit of a fostering hand to enable a boy to provide for his future subsistence, whilst his knowledge of the condition of the lower orders taught him the advantages of encouraging the long residence of female servants with the same mistress. Such have been the abuses of charitable bequests, that the striking admonition in Walton's will might, with advantage, be added to all local records of similar foundations, and be read aloud previous to the annual distributions:—"God reward those that shall do this without partiality, and with honesty, and a good conscience." That Walton did not consider such an admonition unnecessary is evident from his ordering, that in case the Mayor of Stafford proved so negligent or dishonest as not to fulfil his intentions, the charity should be entrusted to the Magistrates of Eccleshall. He paid a gratifying tribute to the worth of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, the husband of his only surviving daughter Anne, by saying, that he "loved him as his own son." The rings which he ordered to be given to his friends bore an appropriate motto. Through these silent but eloquent relics he bid his family, as it were from the tomb, to "love his memory," whilst his gratitude to Bishop Morley was quaintly but feelingly expressed by the legend, "a mite for a million." The rings of his other friends who were thus remembered, bore no other motto than the simple one, that they were "a Friend's farewell." His regard for the spiritual welfare of his children was evinced by his selecting for them the books from which he had himself derived the most religious knowledge and consolation. It appears that he had a house or rooms at Droxford, in Hampshire, as well as apartments in the episcopal residences at Winchester and Farnham Castle; that his books and other property were divided among those places; and that he was a collector of prints and pictures. His affection for his second wife's family is shewn by the request that his son would be kind to his aunts Beacham and Rose Ken, that he would contribute to the support of a son of the former, and that he would bring up a son of the latter, as he himself intended to have done, adding his conviction that he would do so if he were able, because "they be good folk." The bequest to his old friend and publisher, Richard Marriott, of ten

pounds and a ring, and his injunction to his son to "shew kindness" to him, if he happened to require it, is a pleasing proof of the good understanding which existed between them for nearly half a century. His desire to be buried "near the place of his death, free from any ostentation or charge, but privately," was consistent with the simplicity of his character. Among the three witnesses to his will was the Reverend Doctor Abraham Markland, a prebend of Winchester,[2] who was probably one of his friends; but nothing more is known of the other witnesses than their names. Some of the parties mentioned in Walton's will have been already described; and his descendants and immediate relatives, the Kens, and Beachams, will be particularly alluded to; but it is desirable to state, as far as has been ascertained, who were the other persons to whom he bequeathed tokens of his regard.

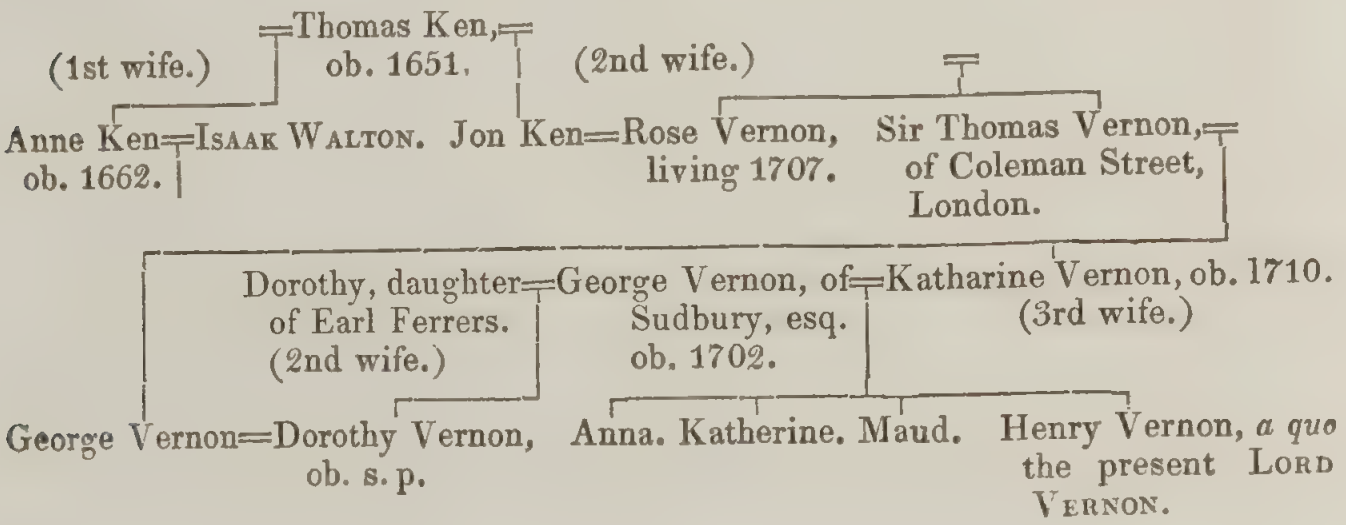
Mr. Francis Morley was a nephew of Bishop Morley. Sir George Vernon was a younger branch of the ancient and distinguished family of that name. He lived at Farnham, in Surrey; was knighted on the 6th of November, 1681;[3] and died in November, 1692. Of his three daughters, mentioned by Walton, Elizabeth died in August, 1699, aged thirty-three; and Katherine in December, 1725, both unmarried.[4]

Lady Anne Howe was the sister of Henry King, late Bishop of Chichester. Mrs. King is presumed to have been the daughter of Sir Richard Hobart, and widow of Dr. Philip King, the brother of the Bishop of Chi-

[2] Dr. Abraham Markland, fellow of St. John's College, Oxford: he was also prebendary of Winchester and master of the Hospital of St. Cross. Trollope's History of Christ's Hospital, p. 242.

[3] Harleian MS. 5801, f. 153.

[4] Manning and Bray's History of Surrey, vol. iii. p. 159. Walton was connected with other branches of the house of Vernon, through his wife Anne Ken, in the manner pointed out in the annexed table:



chester.[3] Mr. William Milward, of Christ Church, Oxford, and Mrs. Eliza Milward, were most likely distantly related to Walton, in the way before alluded to. His cousin Dorothy Kenrick was the daughter of Edward Kenrick, by Susan, sister and co-heiress of Sir William Cranmer.[4] Mr. Garrard seems to have been allied to the family of Walton's son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins.[5] Mrs. Nelson is supposed to have been of the family of the Reverend Henry Nelson, rector of Haugham, in Lincolnshire, "a man of noted worth and learning," whose daughter Anne married Bishop Sanderson.[6] The Lord Bishop of Sarum, was Doctor Seth Ward, who was one of Walton's particular friends, and to whom his son was then chaplain; and they had perhaps received civilities from Mr. Rede, "the bishop's servant," or probably, agent or land steward. Mrs. Eliza Johnson is mentioned in the will of Walton's son, in 1714, as "formerly of Worcester," where she may have resided in 1662, when Mrs. Walton died in that city; and it is not unreasonable to conjecture that her kindness to the Waltons on that occasion caused her to be thus remembered. Mr. Valentine Harcourt was doubtless a younger son of Humphrey Harcourt, who in the year 1614 was the son and heir apparent of John Harcourt, of Ranton Hall, in Staffordshire.[7] Mr. Richard Walton, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Taylor, who was perhaps one of the witnesses to his will, "his cousin Lewin,"[8] Mr. Walter Higgs,[9]

[3] Fasti Oxoniensis, vol. ii. p. 89. Vide also vol. i. pp. 361, 380; and Athenæ, vol. i. p. 761; ii. 294, 435; iii. 841; iv. 195.

[4] Harleian MS. 5801, and MS. in the College of Arms, K. 9, f. 335.

[5] An Edward Garrard was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, in March, 1712-13. His daughter Elizabeth, who was the wife of George Hawkins, died in 1702. Vide Price's Description of Salisbury Cathedral, 4to. 1774. A Thomas Garrard, who died on the 14th December, 1697, was buried near his father, the Reverend George Garrard, in Winchester Cathedral. See Gale's History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Winchester, 8vo. 1715, p. 70.

[6] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 183.

[7] Harleian MS. 1439, f. 57.

[8] A Dr. Lewin Floud was first cousin of Robert Floud, who is supposed to have been the father of Walton's first wife. A family of Lewin were seated at Oldingden, in Kent, in 1619.

[9] The ancestor (it is presumed) of William Simond Higgs, esq. of the Regent's Park, London, whose youngest son, John Higgs, esq. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, died at Hastings, on the 4th May, 1833. His library contained copies of the original editions, and numerous illustrations, of the Complete Angler. Gentleman's Magazine, ciii. pt. i. 477, & civ.

Mr. John Darbyshire, Mr. Holingshed, Mrs. Mary Rogers, Mrs. Vuedvill, Mrs. Rook, Mr. Peter White, Mr. John Lloyde, his cousin Greinsell's widow, and Mrs. Dalbin, have not been identified.

The execution of Walton's will on the 24th of October, 1683, was one of the latest acts of his life respecting his temporal affairs; and the completion of that instrument may have been hastened by symptoms of decay, warning him that the unusual period to which his existence had been prolonged, was not likely to be extended. Of his last hours nothing is known. Few men were so well prepared for the awful change, and had so little cause to view it with apprehension. His death took place in the house of his son-in-law Dr. Hawkins, at Winchester, on the 15th of December, 1683,[9] during a severe frost, which may have hastened the event, for the serious effect of extreme cold upon aged persons is well known. His dying hours were probably cheered by the tender regard of his family;[10] and it is not unlikely that he received the consolations of religion from his constant and venerable friend Bishop Morley, who died in the following year, aged eighty-seven, and being also buried in Winchester Cathedral,

> "In one hallowed pile at last their bones repose."[11]

Walton was buried in Winchester Cathedral, in a chapel in the south aisle, called Prior Silkstead's Chapel. A large black marble slab is placed over his remains, with the following inscription; and to use the poetical language of Mr. Bowles, "the morning sunshine falls directly on it, reminding the contemplative man of the mornings when he was for so many years up and abroad with his angle on the banks of the neighbouring stream:"[12]

9 This is the date on his tombstone, but the entry in the Prayer Book before mentioned, in the hand writing of his son, states that Walton died on the *sixteenth* of December, 1683.

10 His brother-in-law, Dr. Ken, was then abroad, having accepted the situation of Chaplain to Lord Dartmouth, who commanded the expedition to Tangiers, in that year. Bowles's Life of Ken, II. 62.

11 Bowles, ibid. I. p. 112.

12 Life of Ken. II. 271, Mr. Bowles conjectures that "the retired spot which contains Walton's remains was probably fixed on by himself, as suiting his humbler station of life."

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR. IZAAC WALTON,
WHO DIED THE 15th OF DECEMBER,
1683.

Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more!
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire;
Whose well spent life did last,
Full ninety yeares and past.
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done.
Crown'd with eternal blisse,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI.

The character of Izaak Walton has been described by so many able writers, that the hope of exhibiting him in a new light, or of increasing the number of his admirers, would be presumptuous. In the preceding pages all the incidents of his life have been stated; and by introducing his own words whenever he has alluded to himself, he has been made, in a great degree, his own biographer. Those statements present, however, little but a general outline of his career; and the idiosyncrasies of mind which distinguish one individual from another must be sought for in the passages of his works, where he has expressed his opinions and feelings.

The obscurity in which the early part of Walton's life is involved, has given rise to considerable doubts as to the nature and extent of his acquirements. It is not probable that he received a regular classical education; but although translations existed of nearly all the Latin works which he quotes, it is nevertheless certain that he had some knowledge of that language. His reading in English literature was various and extensive, particularly in divinity. On many occasions he alludes to his imperfect education and mean abilities; and though the latter may be attributed to modesty, the former was, doubtless, grounded upon fact. Thus, in his preface to the collected edition of the Lives of Donne, Wotton, Herbert, and Hooker, he says, "when I look back upon my education and mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself that I am come to be publicly in print;" and in his dedi-

cation of that work he resigns all claim "to acquired learning or study."

Walton's opinion of ancestry and honours, like his sentiments on most other subjects, was liberal and just. When alluding to the antiquity of Angling, he says, "As I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or wanting those virtues myself boast that these were in my ancestors (and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person); so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practice, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it." Nor is there less truth in the following reflection upon hereditary Titles: "Bare titles are noted to have in them nothing of reality; for titles not acquired, but derived only, do but shew us who of our ancestors have, and how they have achieved that honour which their descendants claim, and may not be worthy to enjoy. For if those titles descend to persons that degenerate into vice, and break off the continued line of learning, or valour, or that virtue that acquired them, they destroy the very foundation upon which that honour was built; and all the rubbish of their degenerousness ought to fall heavy on such dishonourable heads; ought to fall so heavy, as to degrade them of their titles, and blast their memories with reproach and shame."[13]

It was impossible for a man of Walton's talents and sensibility to live through the events, which distracted this country for nearly twenty years, without adopting very decided political opinions. It has been already observed, that he adhered with unshaken fidelity to the cause of royalty, which he considered was identified with that of religion. This has been partly attributed to his constant association with the most eminent divines of the Church of England; but it is probable that he would, under any circumstances, have followed that course, because the most striking characteristic of his mind was veneration, from which feeling

[13] Life of Sanderson, ed. Zouch, II. 157.

loyalty, and religion, a reverence for constituted authorities, as well as for all other institutions, springs and is inseparable. Walton could no more have been a republican than an atheist; but whilst his tolerant spirit and sound common sense preserved him from bigotry, his good taste made him abhor the cant and fanaticism which usurped the name of religion, and became the cloak for the most reckless ambition, and the basest hypocrisy. A close observer of the history of the reign of Charles the First will find that the outrages which were committed by the republicans upon the habits, tastes, and prejudices of the cavaliers, had as much influence in attaching them to the monarchy, as abstract sentiments of duty and loyalty.

Some extracts from Walton's remarks upon public affairs will best shew his political opinions, and they merit particular attention as specimens of his style, which is clear and nervous, and will bear a favourable comparison with that of the best writers of his time. Speaking of the religious dissensions which preceded the death of Charles the First, Walton says—"To heighten all these discontents and dangers, there was also sprung up a generation of godless men; men that had so long given way to their own lusts and delusions; and had so often and so highly opposed the blessed motions of the blessed Spirit, and the inward light of their own consciences, that they had thereby sinned themselves to a belief of what they would, but were not able to believe: into a belief which is repugnant even to human nature (for the heathens believe there are many Gods), but these have sinned themselves into a belief that there is no God; and so finding nothing in themselves, but what is worse than nothing, began to wish what they were not able to hope for, 'that they should be like the beasts that perish;' and in wicked company (which is the atheist's sanctuary) were so bold as to say so: though the worst of mankind, when he is left alone at midnight, may wish, but cannot then think it. Into this wretched, this reprobate condition, many had then sinned themselves. And now when the church was pestered with them, and with all these other irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn in pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin; when the common people seemed

ambitious of doing those very things which were attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied; when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution, because they wanted power to persecute others; when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority. In this extremity, fear, and danger of the church and state, when to suppress the growing evils of both, they needed a man of prudence and piety, and of a high and fearless fortitude, they were blessed in all by John Whitgift's being made Archbishop of Canterbury; of whom ingenious Sir Henry Wotton (that knew him well) hath left this true character; 'That he was a man of a reverend and sacred memory, and of the primitive temper; a man of such a temper, as when the church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in highest examples of virtue.'"[14]

Of the Restoration he says, "Towards the beginning of the year 1660, when the many mixed sects, and their creators, and merciless protectors, had led, or driven each other into a whirlpool of confusion both in Church and State; when amazement and fear had seized most of them by foreseeing they must now not only vomit up the Church's and the King's land, but their accusing consciences did also give them an inward and fearful intelligence, that the God of opposition, disobedience, and confusion, which they had so long and so diligently feared, was now ready to reward them with such wages as he always pays to witches for their obeying him; when these wretches (that had said to themselves 'we shall see no sorrow,') were come to foresee an end of their cruel reign, by our King's return, and such sufferers as Dr. Sanderson (and with him many of the oppressed clergy and others) could foresee the cloud of their afflictions would be dispersed by it; then the 29th of May following, the King was by our good God restored to us, and we to our known laws and liberties, and then a general joy and peace seemed to breathe through the three nations; the suffering and sequestered clergy (who had, like the chil-

[14] Life of Hooker, ed. Zouch, I. 362—364.

dren of Israel, sat long lamenting their sad condition, and hanged their neglected harps on the willows that grow by the rivers of Babylon) were, after many thoughtful days and restless nights, now freed from their sequestration, restored to their revenues, and to a liberty to adore, praise, and pray to Almighty God publicly, in such order as their consciences and oaths had formerly obliged them."[15]

Speaking of the non-conformists, after admitting that "some might be sincere, well meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity, as thereby to cover a multitude of errors," Walton observes, "of this party there were many that were possessed of an high degree of spiritual wickedness; I mean with an innate, restless, radical pride and malice; I mean not those lesser sins which are more visible and more properly carnal, and sins against a man's self, as gluttony, drunkenness, and the like, (from which good Lord deliver us,) but sins of a higher nature, because more unlike to the nature of God, which is love, and mercy, and peace, and more like the devil (who is no glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil); those wickednesses of malice and revenge, and opposition, and a complacence in working and beholding confusion (which are more properly his work, who is the enemy and disturber of mankind; and greater sins, though many will not believe it; men whom a furious zeal and prejudice hath blinded, and made incapable of hearing reason, or adhering to the ways of peace; men whom pride and self-conceit had made to over-value their own wisdom and become pertinacious, and to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men which they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey; men that laboured and joyed to speak evil of government, and then to be the authors of confusion (of confusion as it is confusion); whom company and conversation, and custom had blinded, and made insensible that these were errors; and at last became so restless and so hardened in their opinions, that like those who perished in the gainsaying of Korah, so these died without repenting these spiritual wickednesses, of which Coppinger and Hacket, and their adherents, are too sad testimonies."[16]

Perhaps one of the soundest criticisms ever pronounced

[15] Life of Sanderson, ed. Zouch, II. 267—269.
[16] Life of Hooker, ed. Zouch, I. 355, 356.

upon the merits of sermons, is contained in his description of those of Hooker: "The design of his sermons (as indeed of all his discourses) was to shew reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade, than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter (which he never wanted), as for apt illustrations to inform and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never labouring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions and subdistinctions to amuse his hearers and get glory to himself, but glory only to God, 'which intention,' he would often say, 'was as discernible in a preacher, as an artificial from a natural beauty.'" [17]

Walton's belief in the tenets of the Church of England is indisputable; and his writings overflow with allusions to a future state, in which friends will meet again, purified from the drossness of mortality.[18] He firmly believed that they were cognizant of what was passing here, and often represents them as singing hymns and anthems in conjunction with the angels in heaven.[19] To works of benevolence he attributed much effect in propitiating the Almighty, and all must admire the spirit of Christian charity which dictated the following sentence:

"How acceptable it is to Almighty God, when we do as we are advised by St. Paul, 'Help to bear one another's burden,' either of sorrow or want; and what a comfort it will be when the searcher of all hearts shall call us to a strict account as well for that evil we have done, as the good we have omitted, to remember we have comforted and been helpful to a dejected or distressed family."[20]

Great as was his esteem for the clergy of the established church, he was not blind to their faults; for when contrasting the conduct of those of his time with that of George Herbert, he says, "I profess myself amazed when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now: but it becomes not me to censure."[21] The following passage in his life of Hooker

[17] Life of Hooker, ed. Zouch, I. 424.
[18] Walton's Lives, ed. Zouch, II. 178.
[19] Ibid. II. 31, 122.
[20] Life of Sanderson, ed. Zouch, II. 185.
[21] Life of Herbert, ed. Zouch, II. 73.

shews that he did not altogether approve of clergymen marrying: "The good man (Hooker) was drawn from the tranquillity of his college, from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest, and a country parsonage."[22] His perfect idea of a priest may be found in his description of Bishop Sanderson; and he was doubtless fully impressed with the justice of Herbert's remark, that "The virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him."[23] He says of Sanderson, that "His looks and motion manifested an endearing affability and mildness, and yet he had with these a calm and so matchless a fortitude, as secured him from complying with any of those many Parliamentary injunctions that interfered with a doubtful conscience. His learning was methodical and exact, his wisdom useful, his integrity visible, and his whole life so unspotted, so like the primitive Christians, that all ought to be preserved as copies for posterity to write after, the clergy especially, who with impure hands ought not to offer sacrifice to that God whose pure eyes abhor iniquity, and especially in them."[24]

No feeling is more manifested in Walton's works, than that of discontent with the age in which he lived;[25] and he seems to have fallen into the common error, of supposing that the standard of morality and virtue was lower in his own time, than in earlier ages, a complaint which is almost as old as the world itself. This is the more remarkable with respect to Walton, because it is almost the only instance of querulousness which can be found in his writings. There can be little doubt that he believed in supernatural agency, and Dr. Zouch not only states that he had been subjected to severe animadversions for the narrative which occurs in the later impressions of his life of Dr. Donne, respecting the vision of Donne's wife, who is said to have appeared to her husband on the day on which

[22] Ed. Zouch, I. 348. [23] Life of Herbert, ed. Zouch, II. 74.
[24] Life of Sanderson, ed. Zouch, II. 259.
[25] In the introduction to his Life of Hooker, ed. Zouch, I. 304; Life of Hooker, ibid. p. 313, 428; Life of Sanderson, ibid. II. 185, 204; Dedication of the Life of Donne, ed. 168; see p. antea. Complete Angler, p. 163.

she was delivered of a dead child.[26] It is equally likely, from a passage in his life of Wotton, that he placed faith in the revelations of dreams, as well as in the predictions of judicial astrology; but these facts prove no more than that Walton's mind was imbued with the prejudices and superstition of his age, to which few, if any, of his contemporaries were superior. Dr. Zouch defends his credulity, by citing Plutarch and Doddridge; but since Walton lived, and indeed since Zouch wrote, science has advanced with gigantic strides; and, in proportion to the present extent of knowledge, is the spirit of indulgence for the weaknesses and errors of our ancestors.

He appears to have been fond of poetry and music, and there is evidence that he cultivated both with some success. Several of his verses have been introduced into this memoir; and though they do not evince much imagination or skill, they are at least equal to the productions of many writers who have attained reputation as poets. As, however, he admits in the "Complete Angler" that he was "not excellent at poetry," it would be uncandid to criticise his productions with rigour. He describes music as a heavenly art;[27] and in his contemplations of celestial happiness, he always represents the saints and angels as being employed in singing hymns to the praise of the Almighty. He could himself sing well;[28] he speaks of the delight which it afforded him to hear his wife sing his favourite songs;[29] and he was intimate with Basse, an eminent composer, in whose science he took great interest, and says that Basse had made a song at his request in praise of Angling.[30] In no part of Walton's writings, however, are the charms of music so beautifully described as in the following exquisite passages on the singing of birds: "I will not pass by those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art. As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad,

[26] Ed. Zouch, I. 74, 75, II. 326.
[27] Life of Herbert, ed. Zouch, II. 96.
[28] Vide p. liii. antea.
[29] Complete Angler, p. 159. [30] Ibid. p. 124.

to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity. How do the Blackbird and Thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to! Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely, the Laverock, the Tit-lark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin that loves mankind both alive and dead. "But the Nightingale,[31] another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"[32]

Of the sister art, Design, Walton seems to have had some knowledge, as he often alludes to painters; and one of his best metaphors is founded upon the particular style of ancient masters. He formed a small collection of prints and pictures, which he bequeathed to his son, who excelled in the use of the pencil; and it is not improbable that he derived his taste for drawing from his father.

Superior as Walton's intellectual powers undoubtedly were, they sink into nothing when compared with the qualities of his heart; and it is the man, rather than the author, whom his admirers most love to contemplate. No one can read his writings without being impressed with

[31] Upon this passage Dr. Drake has remarked, "It is somewhat singular, however, that the noblest and sweetest description of the song of this plaintive warbler should be the production of a prose writer. Who can adduce on the subject a morsel of such impressive beauty as the following? 'But the nightingale,' &c.—*Literary Hours*, II. 318. Bishop Horne has quoted it in his Commentary on the 104th Psalm, v. 12. Vol. ii. p. 223; and Headley, in the Notes to his Select Beauties of the Ancient English Poetry, says: "But above all the panegyrics that have been deservedly passed upon this universal favourite, I have seen nothing yet, that in any degree approaches the notice of one who was certainly no poet: my reader will be surprised perhaps when I name Honest Isaak Walton, but let him read this and judge." Vol. ii. p. 167.

[32] Complete Angler, p. 38.

the fervent and unaffected piety, the simplicity of taste, the benevolence of mind, and contentedness of spirit, which are apparent in every thought and expression. In the works of the creation he finds a boundless theme for praise and admiration. Though his wit is rarely brilliant, it never springs from envy or ill-nature; and when truth prevented him from praising the persons of whom he speaks, he is silent, mildly observing, that "it becomes not him to censure." Walton repeatedly speaks of his love of "harmless innocent mirth unmixed with scurrility;" and his scrupulous veracity, and the care with which he selected his society, are noticed by Cotton, who says, "He never retracted any promise when made in favour even of his meanest friends;" and that his "father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men."

Though brought up to trade he every where expresses his contempt for riches; and one of his highest eulogiums on Sir Henry Wotton was, that he was an "undervaluer of money." His views on the subject, as expressed in the concluding passage of the Complete Angler, were extremely rational: "In my discourse my meaning is to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares; and therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, the other in a meek and thankful

heart, which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar."

Izaak Walton left only two children, Izaak and Anne. Of the former the greater part of what is known has been already stated. He was thirty-two years of age, and rector of Polshot near Devizes, when his father died; and was afterwards elected a canon of Salisbury Cathedral. In this station he passed the remainder of his days; and unless the inscription on his tomb be more than usually mendacious, he performed the duties of a parish priest with great zeal and propriety, and was distinguished for his genuine piety, sound doctrines, benevolence, and charity. His skill as an artist has been alluded to; and an interesting specimen is still preserved by his relation, Dr. Hawes, who possesses a portrait of the venerable Piscator by his son,[33] in crayons; and Cotton states that he had made drawings of Beresford Hall and the adjacent scenery. He is said to have contributed largely to Dr. Walker's "History of the Sufferings of the Clergy,"[34] for which work the conversation of his father was likely to have furnished him with abundance of materials. The most pleasing fact in the life of Canon Walton is, however, his having repaid the kindness of his uncle, Dr. Ken, by unremitting attention to him after he was deprived of the bishoprick of Bath and Wells. Bishop Ken passed much of his time at the rectory of Polshot, and at the canonry house, in the Close at Salisbury; and his correspondence shews that he considered the residence of his nephew as his home,[35] until he found a permanent asylum at Longleat. His father having ordered by his will that certain lands should become the property of the corporation of Stafford, in case his son did not marry before he was forty-one years old, Canon Walton wrote to the Mayor of Stafford as soon as he attained that age, to acquaint him that the estate was improved to almost double its former value, and that on his decease the corporation would be entitled to it.[36] Canon Walton is said to have obtained the confidence and friendship of Dr. Burnet, who succeeded Bishop Ward in the see of Salisbury in 1689, and "from being a

[33] Bowles's Life of Ken, I. 7. [34] Zouch's Life of Walton, II. 368.
[35] Bowles's Life of Ken, II. 192, 231.
[36] Hawkins's Life of Walton, p. 55.

man of great temper and discretion, and from his candour and sincerity much respected by all the clergy of the diocese, he became very useful to him in conducting the affairs of the chapter."[37] In 1711 Bishop Ken bequeathed part of his books to him, together with the sum of fifty pounds. Towards the end of 1719, when in his sixty-ninth year, Canon Walton went to London as proctor in convocation for the chapter of Salisbury, and having caught the small pox,[38] died on the 29th of December following, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, at the foot of his friend and patron, Bishop Ward. A plain stone of black marble with the following inscription covers his remains:

H. S. E.
ISAACUS WALTON, HUJUS ECCLESIÆ
CANONICUS RESIDENTIARIUS,
PIETATIS NON JUCATÆ,
DOCTRINÆ SANÆ,
MUNIFICENTIÆ, BENEVOLENTIÆ,
EXEMPLAR DESIDERANDUM.
PASTORIS BONI ET FIDELIS FUNCTUS OFFICIO
PER ANNOS
XXXVIII IN PAROCHIA DE POLSHOT WILTS
OBIIT VICESIMO NONO DECEMBRIS,
ANNO DOMINI 1719,
ÆTATIS 69.

It appears from Canon Walton's will, that he was a liberal benefactor to the library of Salisbury Cathedral, which may account for its containing several books, with the autograph of his father.[39] He died unmarried. His will, which is now for the first time printed, is not dated, but appears from an endorsement in his own hand to have been made on the 14th of July, 1714; and was proved by his nephew, William Hawkins, on the 18th of November, 1720.

In the name of God. Amen. I Isaac Walton, Rector of Polshot, & Canon Residentiary of the Church of Sarum, being at this Time, thanks to God, as sound &

[37] Hawkins's Life of Walton, p. 56.
[38] Bowles's Life of Ken, II. 267.
[39] Vide postea.

perfect in understanding & memory, as at any other time I ever used to be, do hereby make This my Last Will and Testament.

First, I bequeath & Resign my soul into the hands of Almighty God, its Faithful Creator: with the utmost thanks y^t^ it can render for the Comfortable Hope w^ch^ I have, that my many & greivous sins will be graciously pardond me, through his great & free mercys in Christ Jesus my Dear Lord & only Saviour.

I live at present, & intend, thro' God's Grace, to dye in the communion of the Church of England as it is at present by Law Establishd. Being, according to the best measure of my understanding, fully satisfyd, y^t^ she has reformed herself with That sound judgement & Godly sincerity, as to be the soundest & Purest part of the Church Catholic at this time Existent. Most humbly asking Forgivenesse of Her & of all Christian People for the manifold scandals w^ch^ a very irregular, negligent, & most unprofitable course of life has, too surely, administred. And most heartily praying unto God to preserve her against all attempts, w^ch^ are, at this Time Especially, made against her True Interest & wellfare.

My Body I bequeath to the Earth, to be buried at the Discretion of my Executrix, hereafter named. But, with as Little Pomp, charge, or Ceremony, as well may be.

And, as for the worldly Estate, of w^ch^, by God's bounty, I stand possessd at present, I dispose & bequeath of it as followeth.

First, I desire & order all my Just Debts to be satisfyd.—& that being don,—I do give and bequeath—Imprimis,—To my Dear & Loving only Sister Anne Hawkins the Elder, all the Gold, whether Rings or broad Peices w^ch^ I have. Item, to my Dear & Good Niece Anne Hawkins the Younger one Hundred pounds. Item, to my Dear & Good Nephew William Hawkins one hundred pounds, & to my Good Neice his wife fifty pounds. —Item to my Three cousins, Elizabeth, William, and Susan Hoskins, children of Matthew Hoskins, I do give & bequeath thirty pounds to each of Them. &, in case any one or two of the said three cousins shoud dye before me, His or her part or parts here bequeathed I do will & order to remain to the surviver, or survivers of

Them.—Item to my Aunt Mrs. Rose Kenne I give Ten pounds, To my Cousin her Daughter Mrs. Martha Krienberg Ten pounds, to her Husband Mr. Frederic Krienberg Ten pounds. To my Cousin Mr. Jon Beacham Twenty Guinneys. To my Cousin Mrs. Elizabeth Farwell Ten pounds. To my Cousin Mrs. Mary Ireland Five pounds. To my Cousin, Mrs. Anne Farwell Five pounds. To Mrs. Bridget Lowe, Five pounds. To Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, formerly of Worcester, Five pounds. To all These last mentioned Persons, I say, I do give & bequeath the Legacys of—Twenty Guiñeys, of Ten, & of Five pounds respectively, if they shall be alive at the Time of my Death, & not otherwise. & I do also remitt, & forgive to all & Each of the forementioned Persons, all or any Sum̃s of money w^{ch} they or any of them shall appear to be indebted unto me. Item,—I give & bequeath unto my Godson Isaac Walton Twenty pounds to be paid to his Father or Mother if alive at my Death, otherwise to himself, when he shall attain the age of one & twenty years. Item,—I give & bequeath to the Fabric for the use of the Library of the Church of Sarum the sum̃e of one Hundred pounds to be layd out in an Annuity, or rent Charge, in corn if it may be, for some Person, to be named yearly by the Dean & Chapter, to give such attendance there, as they shall appoint, or can agree upon. Item,—I give & bequeath to the said Dean & Chapter of Sarum the sum̃e of Fifty & Five pounds to augment that sum̃e w^{ch} is, in our accounts, called The Sors Com̃unaris. Item,—I do give & bequeath to the Poor of the Parish of Polshot Five Pounds. & to the Poor of the Close of Sarum the like sum̃e of Five pounds.

All w^{ch} Legacys I will & order to be paid in good & lawfull money of This Realm within a year & half after my Decease.

And, of This my last Will & Testament, written all with my own hand, I do make my Dear & only Sister Mrs. Anne Hawkins sole Executrix, giving & bequeathing also unto Her whatsoever of mine remains unbequeathed herein. And, in case it should so happen that this my Executrix should dye before me—I do then appoint my forementiond nephew & niece (William Hawkins & Anne Hawkins) jointly my executors, giving & bequeathing unto them the Remainder of my Estate unbequeathed, to be

divided between them into Three parts, whereof my nephew is to have two Thirds, & my neice one Third part.

ISAAC WALTON.

Signed, sealed, published & declared as the last Will & Testament of the within named Isaac Walton, in the presence of us who have subscribed our names as witnesses to the same on the request of the said Isaac Walton & in his presence and in presence of each other.

EDWARD SEALE.
STEPHEN GAISFORD.
GEO: FROME.

In the hand writing of the testator,

"Last Will & Testam^{t} of J: W:
July 14. 1714."

Probaẽ Londini &c decimo quarto die mensis Nov^{ris} Anno D'ni 1720 coram Veñli viro Humphredo Henchman Legum D'core Surr̃o &c Juŕto Gulĩmi Hawkins aŕi uñ Exẽtoŕ substituẽ &cẽ cui &cẽ. De bene &cẽ juraẽ Reservatâ potestate sĩlem coñnem faciendi Annæ Hawkins juñ alteŕ Execuẽ substituẽ &cẽ. cum venerit eandem petitura Annâ Hawkins señ Exẽtrice in dc̃o Teŝto nominaẽ in vitâ Testatoris mortem obeunte.

14^{o} Nov^{ris} 1720.

Guilielmus Hawkins Arm̃ unus Executoŕ substituẽ juraẽ reservaẽ, potestate Anne Hawkins juñ alteri Execuẽ Anna Hawkins sen. Executriẽ in Vita Testatoris mortem obiunte.

Coram me

HUM. HENCHMAN,
Surr.

Testator fuit unus Canonicorum Residentiarium Ecclesiæ Cathedralis S^{te} Beatæ Mariæ Virginis Sarum et obijt mense Decembris ult.

The strong allusion which Canon Walton makes to his "many and grievous sins," and to the "manifold scandals which his very irregular, negligent, and most unprofitable course of life had too surely administered," probably originated in extreme humility, and ought not to be construed literally. Like his father, he professed his ardent attachment to the Church of England, as she had then

reformed herself; and he also imitated his example, by desiring to be interred in the most unostentatious manner.

Anne Walton, the only daughter of Izaak Walton who attained womanhood, married about the year 1676 Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester, and rector of Droxford in Hampshire, who died on the 17th of July, 1691. She died on the 18th of August, 1715, aged sixty-seven, and was buried, with her husband, in Winchester Cathedral. The following inscriptions, with the crest and arms of Hawkins, without an impalement, are placed on their tomb:

H. S. E.
GULIELMUS HAWKINS
S. T. P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ PRÆBENDARIUS
QUI OBIIT JUL. 17°
ANNO DOMINI 1691
ÆTATIS SUÆ 58.

H. S. E.
ANNA ETIAM ISAACI WALTON FILIA
QUÆ OBIIT SUPER MEMORATI GULIELMI VIDUA
AUG. 18°. A. D. 1715
ÆTATIS SUÆ 67.

They left only two surviving children; viz. William and Anne Hawkins. The latter lived for many years with her uncle, Canon Walton, and superintended his domestic affairs; and after his decease she continued to reside at Salisbury.[40] Her uncle, Bishop Ken, left her £50 in 1711: and dying unmarried on the 27th of November, 1728, was buried in Salisbury Cathedral, where the following inscription is placed to her memory:

HERE LIETH THE BODY
OF
ANN HAWKINS
ONLY DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM HAWKINS D. D.
SOMETIME PREBENDARY OF WINTON
AND OF ANNE HIS WIFE SISTER OF
ISAAC WALTON LATE CANON RESIDENTIARY
OF THIS CHURCH.
MORE I AM FORBID.
SHE DYED NOV. 27,
1728.

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[40] Hawkins's Life of Walton, p. 56.

William Hawkins was born about 1678, entered of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. He was the executor of Bishop Ken, whose will he proved on the 11th of April, 1711; and in 1713 he published a short account of that prelate. Some time before his death he unfortunately became blind,[8] and died on the 29th of November, 1748, aged seventy. He married Jane, the beautiful[9] daughter of John Merewether, M.D. who survived him until the 11th of June, 1761. She was buried with her husband in Salisbury Cathedral, beneath a stone which is thus inscribed:

HERE LIES BURIED WILLIAM HAWKINS, ESQ.
BARRISTER AT LAW
WHO DIED NOV. 29, 1748
AGED 70.

ALSO LIETH JANE THE RELICT OF
WILLIAM HAWKINS
AND DAUGHTER OF JOHN MEREWETHER, M.D.
DIED JUNE 11, 1761.

Their issue were one son, William Hawkins; and four daughters, Jane, Anne, Henrietta-Rebecca, and Mary. Jane, the eldest daughter, died on the 11th of April, 1728, to whose memory her parents caused the following inscription to be placed over her grave:

HERE LYE THE DEAR REMAINS OF
JANE
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF
WILLIAM AND JANE HAWKINS
WHOSE CAPACITY AND DISPOSITION
EXCEEDING EVEN PARENTS' HOPES
SHE BECAME AN UNCOMMON LOSS
ON THE 11TH DAY OF APRIL 1728
IN THE 12TH YEAR OF HER INNOCENCE.
GOD'S WILL BE DONE!

Why should we grieve for what we must approve
The joys of Heaven surpass our fondest love.

Her sisters, Henrietta-Rebecca, and Mary Hawkins, also died unmarried. Anne married the Reverend John Hawes, rector of Wilton and Fugglestone St. Peter's, in Wiltshire.

[8] Hawkins's Life of Walton, p. 56.
[9] See Bowles's Life of Ken, II. 267.

William Hawkins, the only son of William Hawkins by Jane Merewether, left an only child, Frances, who married in 1790 the late Mr. Thomas Knapp Blagden, a bookseller at Winchester, to whom she was the second wife. She is now living, but has no issue.

The Reverend John Hawes died in December, 1787, having had issue by his wife, Anne Hawkins, who died in June, 1797, four children, viz. Margaret-Jane, and Anne, who both died unmarried; the Reverend Henry Hawes, minister of Clifton, who married Miss Brown, and died without issue in March, 1809; and the present Reverend Doctor Herbert Hawes, prebendary of Salisbury, who is the great-great-grandson, and, except Mrs. Blagden, the only living descendant of Izaak Walton.

Of some of the relations mentioned in the wills of the Waltons it is difficult to speak with certainty. It is most probable that their affinity was produced by Izaak Walton's marriage with Anne Ken; and as nothing is known of his wife's half sisters, Margaret and Elizabeth Ken, it may be conjectured, from the position of the name of his "sister Pye," in Izaak Walton's will, where it occurs immediately after the Kens, that she was one of the bishop's sisters. His "brother Beacham" was James Beacham, the husband of Martha Ken: he was living in July, 1714, and had two sons, Jon and William Beacham, the latter of whom was a fellow of New College, but appears to have died before 1713, as his cousin Mr. Hawkins does not mention him among Bishop Ken's relations, in his account of that prelate,[10] though he particularly notices

[10] Mr. Hawkins says that Bishop Ken "left behind him but few relations: Martha, the daughter of his brother, Mr. Jon Ken, by Rose, his wife, which Martha married to the Honourable Christopher Frederic Kreinberg, resident of his Electoral Highness of Hanover in London. Jon Beacham, at this time fellow of Trinity College, and William Beacham, sometime fellow of New College, Oxon, and since deceased, who were the sons of his sister Martha, by her husband, Mr. James Beacham. Izaac Walton, residentiary of the cathedral church of Sarum, and Anne, son and daughter of his sister Anne, by her husband, Mr. Isaac Walton, of London, which Anne having married to William Hawkins, D.D. sometime prebendary of the cathedral church of Winton, had issue by him, William and Anne, both living; which William being, by will proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, April 24, 1711, appointed executor, and having had opportunities of knowledge and enquiry of him, submits this impartial, and he hopes not unacceptable account to the public." Short Account of the Life of Bishop Ken, by William Hawkins, of the Middle Temple, Esq. 8vo. 1713, p. 46.

his brother Jon Ken, who proceeded M.A. in November, 1683, and B.D. on the 23rd of March, 1693. The said Jon Beacham obtained the vicarage of East Brent in March, 1688, and the prebendary of Wanstrow in October, 1689, from his uncle Bishop Ken, who bequeathed part of his books, and £50 to him by his will. He was a fellow of Trinity College in 1713, after which year nothing has been found respecting him.

Jon Ken, the elder brother of Bishop Ken, who married Rose, the sister of Sir Thomas Vernon, was some time treasurer of the East India Company. He was living in 1683, and had issue by his wife, who is mentioned in Canon Walton's will in 1714, a son, who was at Cyprus about the year 1707,[11] and two daughters, Rose,[11] who died in 1700, unmarried, when administration of her effects was granted to her mother; and Martha, who married Christopher Frederic Kreinberg, resident for the Elector of Hanover in London. She was bequeathed a legacy of £50 by Bishop Ken; and Canon Walton left her, and her husband, £10 each, in 1714, after which time they have not been traced.

Canon Walton also bequeathed legacies to his three cousins, Elizabeth, William, and Susan Hoskins, children of Matthew Hoskins; but it has not been discovered in what way they were related to him. It is, however, most likely that they were the children of one of Bishop Ken's sisters, as the bishop bequeathed £20 to his niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoskins,[12] to be paid her on the day of her marriage. Matthew Hoskins was perhaps the father of the "Little Matthew," whom Bishop Ken thus mentions in one of his letters from Winchester: "Little Matthew is very well, and the schoolmaster, at whose house I lodge, tells me is very regular and minds his book."[13] Mrs. Mary Ireland, and Mrs. Anne Farwell, the two other cousins mentioned by Canon Walton, have not been identified; nor does any clue exist by which to ascertain the parentage of his "godson Isaac Walton." A Mr. Richard Walton is mentioned in Izaak Walton's will in 1683; but neither

[11] Pedigree compiled by Mr. Dale, one of the Heralds, about the year 1707, and obligingly communicated by Charles George Young, Esq. York Herald.

[12] Erroneously printed *Hawkins* in the copy of Bishop Ken's will, in Mr. Bowles's Life of that prelate.

[13] Bowles's Life of Ken, II. 229.

he nor the godson are called relations. As there is cause to believe that branches of the Walton family continued for several generations in Staffordshire, it is extraordinary that none of them should be mentioned in the will of Izaak Walton, or of his son.

It is not by his literary reputation alone that the memory of Izaak Walton is preserved from oblivion. His benefactions to his native town still exist, and are recorded on a tablet in St. Mary's Church at Stafford.[15]

This memoir must not be concluded without alluding to the tributes which some of the most distinguished writers of the present age have paid to Izaak Walton's memory; and it is gratifying to perceive that time has had no injurious effect upon his fame, that men of the highest attainments, with minds of kindred goodness to his own, have generously paid homage to his worth, and that, in his case at least, it may be truly said, that virtue can never die. In the wide range of British literature, from the sage to the poet, from the profound philosopher to the frivolous antiquary, and imaginative novelist, writers of every class, and of every degree of fame, have expressed their admiration of "honest Izaak Walton."

The giant of English literature, Dr. Johnson, ranks foremost among the modern admirers of Walton. It is said that he, at one time, intended to write his life; and it is a subject of regret, that his virtues and talents were not immortalized by his pen. It was at Johnson's suggestion that "The Complete Angler" was reprinted by the Rev. Moses Browne in 1772,[16] the last preceding edition being that of 1676. Dr. Johnson, moreover, once thought of editing Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, which was one of his favourite books.[17] The work was originally contemplated by Dr. Horne, President of Magdalene College, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich, who requested Johnson to contribute to it; but he declined, under the idea that Lord Hailes intended to reprint it.[18] In April, 1777, however, he desired Boswell

15 For a copy of that inscription, and an account of Walton's charities, see the Appendix.

16 Preface to Moses Browne's edition of the Complete Angler, p. 14—16.

17 Boswell's Life of Johnson, ed. 1811, vol. III. 74.

18 Ibid. II. 401, 405; III. 162, 163.

to get him all the editions of Walton's lives, as he says, "I have a notion that the republication of them with notes will fall upon me, between Dr. Horne and Lord Hailes.[19] He preferred the memoir of Donne to any of the others;[20] and it is characteristic of him, that he complained of the omission of Donne's vision in a recent edition, which he said should be restored; adding that "there ought to be a critical catalogue given of the works of the different persons whose lives were written by Walton, and therefore their works must be carefully read by the editor."[21]

Sir Walter Scott's admiration of Walton is known to all the world, because his works contain several allusions to him, and always in terms of praise.

Wordsworth's exquisite sonnet on Walton's biographical labours cannot be too often reprinted:

> There are no colours in the fairest sky
> So fair as these; the feather whence the pen
> Was shaped that traced the lives of these good Men,
> Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye,
> We read of faith and purest charity,
> In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.
> Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then
> What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
> Methinks their very Names shine still and bright,
> Apart—like glow-worms in the woods of spring,
> Or lonely tapers shooting far a light
> That guides and cheers—or seen like stars on high,
> Satellites burning in a lucid ring,
> Around meek WALTON's heavenly memory.[22]

A critic in the Quarterly Review[23] has thus spoken of the same work:

"Izaak Walton, in the enjoyment of a green and cheerful old age, the reward of a tranquil life, produced without art or study, his inimitable pieces of biography, not unconscious how rich a treasure he was preserving for posterity, but not dreaming of the honour in which his own name would lastingly be held for those labours of love."

Nor have the fair sex withheld their admiration from Walton; and the following graceful verses were written in a copy of the Complete Angler, which belonged to Sir

[19] Boswell's Life of Johnson, III. 303.
[20] Ibid. III. 74.
[21] Ibid. III. 163.
[22] Ecclesiastical Sketches, London, 1822.
[23] Vol. xxix. p. 212.

Humphrey Davy, "by a noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms," who is supposed to be the present Lady Charlotte Bury, then Lady Charlotte Campbell:

Albeit, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade;
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mind
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear
With things that seem'd most vile before;
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear;
And, with a grace,
That doth efface
More labour'd works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*
More than the scaly brood *confines*.

Our hearts and senses too, we see
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And, ready to be caught by thee,
Are lured to virtue willingly;
Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side; at thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream;
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherish'd long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth,
Because that time, upon its stream,
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.

C. C. 1812.

There is much that the admirers of Walton will read with pleasure, in a criticism which appeared in another quarter of the globe in "The American Review" of the Diary of Wilson, the ornithologist. Wilson says:

"1810. April 25. Breakfasted at Walton's, thirteen miles from Nashville. The hospitable landlord, Isaac Walton, upon setting out early the next morning, refused to take any thing for my fare; saying, 'You seem to be travelling for the good of the world, and I cannot, I will not charge you any thing; whenever you come this way, call and stay with me, you shall be welcome.' This is the first instance of such hospitality which I have met with in the United States."

On this passage the American Reviewer observes:

"Upon reading this note, our faith in the doctrine of Pythagoras grew strong. Can it be that the soul of that gentle parent of the angle, old Izaac Walton, in winging its terrestrial flight from the margin of the sea, found a kindred tenement in mine excellent host of Tennessee? We fear poor Wilson never luxuriated over the verdant pages of that golden book, 'The Complete Angler,' or he would have anticipated our passing tribute to its author. We too had, peradventure, died in ignorance, had it not been pointed out to us by the venerable author of the Man of Feeling, himself a brother of the gentle craft. We recall the era of the event as one of the greenest spots both in our literary and piscatory existence, and have ever since held it a settled maxim of our belief, in defiance of which we are ready to do battle, that no brother of the angle can by any possibility prove a recreant."[24]

The following beautiful sonnet on Walton, by Mr. Moxon, would do credit to a veteran poet:

Walton! when weary of the world, I turn
My pensive soul to thee, and soothing find
The meekness of thy plain contented mind
Act like some healing charm. From thee I learn
To sympathize with Nature, nor repine
At Fortune, who, though lavish of her store,
Too often leaves her favourites richly poor;
Wanting both health and energy divine,
Life's blessings to enjoy. Methinks, ev'n now
I hear thee 'neath the milk-white scented thorn
Communing with thy pupil, as the morn
Her rosy cheek displays; while streams that flow,
And all that gambol near their rippling source,
Enchanted listen to thy sweet discourse.

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[24] American Review, No. xvi. December, 1830, p. 376.

Two scholars, of some celebrity for their accomplishments and taste, have combined to do honour to Walton in the annexed verses. The original was written by James Park, Esq. late professor of law, of King's College, London ;[25] and the translation is by Archdeacon Wrangham :

At nobis rigui fontes et flumina cordi ;
Nos potius tua, Sancta Senex, veneranda per ævum
Auguria, et grato exequimur præcepta labore ;
Omnia quæ quondam Leæ labentis ad undam
Cantasti : neque enim mihi fas, WALTONE, tacere
Mentem in te facilem, et nullis pallentia culpis
Pectora, et antiquâ sanctam pietate senectam.
Felix, cui placidæ fraudes atque otia curæ,
Piscator ! tibi enim tranquillo in corde severum
Subsidet desiderium, tibi sedulus angor :
Dum tremula undarum facies, et mobilis umbra,
Dum puræ grave murmur aquæ, virtute quietâ
Composuêre animum, et blandis affectibus implent.

Mine be the brook's green side, the river stream,
Whilst still, obedient to the instructive theme,
Sport of thy simple muse by gliding *Lea*,
I strive with grateful toil, to follow thee.
For, WALTON, crime it were to leave unsung
Thy gentle mind, thy breast unblanch'd by wrong ;
And, vivid glowing on the graphic page,
Thy guileless manners, and thy hallowed age.
Happy Piscator ! with the viewless line
Tranquil to dupe the finny tribe was thine.
Fled from thy tranquil bosom gnawing care,
No tumult throbb'd, no malice darken'd there ;
The stream light quivering to the summer breeze,
The quickly shifting shade of clouds or trees,
The ripple's murmur breathed a holy rest,
And to complacent calmness lull'd thy breast.

There is truth in the remark of the first of the modern editors of the Complete Angler, the Reverend Moses Browne, that "it was chiefly by Walton's pleasing sweetness of nature and conversation, innate simplicity of manners, and, above all, his religious integrity and undissembled honesty of heart, for which he was so remarked and endeared to the affections of all that ever knew him. They sat so naturally on him, you may trace them in every thing he writ ; he drew his own picture in almost every

[25] Printed in the Cambridge Triposes of 1802.

line; I think there are hardly any writings ever shewed more the features and limbs, the very spirit and heart, of an author."

Dr. Zouch has almost exhausted panegyric in his praises of Walton; and has thus commented upon his personal appearance in the conclusion of his memoir. The engraving to which he alludes gives a very imperfect idea of the original; but his description is still more applicable to the perfect copy of Walton's portrait, which is prefixed to this volume. "The features of the countenance," he says, "often enable us to form a judgment, not very fallible, of the disposition of the mind. In few portraits can this discovery be more successfully pursued than in that of Izaak Walton. Lavater, the acute master of physiognomy, would, I think, instantly acknowledge in it the decisive traits of the original,—mild complacency, forbearance, mature consideration, calm activity, peace, sound understanding, power of thought, discerning attention, and secretly active friendship. Happy in his unblemished integrity, happy in the approbation and esteem of others, he inwraps himself in his own virtue. The exultation of a good conscience eminently shines forth in this venerable person—

——————'Candida semper
Gaudia, et in vultu curarum ignara voluptas.'"

The cento of Walton's praises would not be complete, without an allusion to the glowing descriptions of his merits, which occur in the edition of Pope's Works, as well as in the Life of Bishop Ken, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, whose genius and goodness alike give value to his eulogy. If the gentle spirit of "honest Izaak" is permitted to know by whom his memory is cherished, it has derived the highest gratification from the tributes paid to his virtues by the Rector of Bremhill, the friend of his descendant, and from congenial feelings, the warm admirer of the talents, piety, and moral excellence, for which Izaak Walton was distinguished.

THE FISHING-HOUSE OF SIR HENRY WOTTON.

The following description of the spot where Sir Henry Wotton and Izaak Walton used to angle, by that excellent troller and amiable disciple of Walton, Edward Jesse, of Hampton Court, Esq. author of "Gleanings in Natural History" and "An Angler's Rambles," forms an appropriate illustration of the preceding Memoir.

The life, conversation, and pursuits of the revered Izaak Walton, the purity of his moral character, and his tender sentiments of benevolence, peculiarly fitted him to be the friend and companion of the learned, witty, and cheerful Sir Henry Wotton, "one of the delights of mankind." We accordingly find that they often "fished and conversed" together, both of them being "most dear lovers and frequent practisers of the art of angling."

It is well known that when Sir Henry became Provost of Eton College, Master Izaak Walton frequently went to see him, giving him "his own ever welcome company at the time of the *Fly* and the *Cork*." A spot is still pointed out, about half a mile from the venerable college of Eton, where these loving friends and companions pursued their innocent pleasures of the angle. Here we can fancy them seated quietly in a summer's evening "on a bank a-fishing," while the beauteous Thames glided calmly, and softly, and sweetly by them. Here also Sir Henry might have composed his pretty description of the Spring, beginning

"This day Dame Nature seem'd in love"—

and in which he apostrophized his companion "our honest father:"

"There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending to his trembling quill."

The whole scenery of the spot in question appears suited to a lover of angling. A little green lawn slopes gently down to the river, and on the top of it a modest fishing-house is seen, just such a one as we may suppose the Provost and his friend would retire to, either for shelter, or to partake of a fisherman's fare. It might have had Piscatoribus Sacrum inscribed over its door. It stands on an ayte, round which the "delicate clear river" finds its way. To the left, the turrets of Windsor Castle are seen through a vista of magnificent elms; and to the right, the chapel and college of Eton, with their venerable and beautiful architecture, add to the charm of the scenery. A stand of eel krails, which is let down to catch those wandering fish when the river is swollen by rains, is not without its interest, placed as it is between two clusters of graceful willows, amongst which the sedge-bird and the willow-wren sing in concert day and night.

Such is the spot which we have endeavoured to delineate in the annexed engravings, and which will always be viewed with interest by every admirer of Izaak Walton. The ayte is still the property of the Provost and fellows of Eton College, and is rented of them by Mr. Bacheldor of Windsor, a worthy and expert brother of the angle, who has done much to improve the spot, and to keep up the interest which is attached to it.

It is, indeed, almost impossible for an honest disciple of Izaak Walton to visit it, without his imagination wandering to the times when the excellent Provost of Eton and his friend were seated together on that identical bank, holding sweet discourse, and thanking God for the very many blessings he had bestowed on them, and for the quiet and peaceable amusement they were enjoying. He will fancy that he sees them sometimes walking on the banks of their favorite river; and at others seated quietly on its side "trying to catch the other brace of trout." He may also picture to himself the "ever memorable" Sir Henry Wotton, reclining with his head resting on his hand, and

with his "curious pencil" addressing some such lines as the following to his companion:

Good Izaak, let us stay, and rest us here;
Old friends when near
Should talk together oft, and not lose time
In silly rhyme,
That only addles men's good brains to write,
While those who read, bless God they don't indite.

There is a tree close by the river's side:
There let's abide,
And only hear far off the world's loud din,
Where all is sin:
While we our peaceful rods shall busy ply
When fish spring upward to the dancing fly.

Our sports and life full oft contemned are
By men that spare
No cost of time, wealth, life, to gain their end,
And often spend
Them all in hopes some happiness to see
In what they are not, but they mean to be.

We will not search for that we may not find,
But dearly bind
Our hearts, Friend Izaak, in a tighter knot,
And this our lot
Here long to live together in repose,
Till death for us the peaceful scene shall close.

APPENDIX TO THE MEMOIR

OF WALTON.

I. PEDIGREES OF WALTON, HAWKINS, AND HAWES.

[Compiled from Vincent's Stafford, No. 113, in the College of Arms, Wills, and other Authorities.]

RICHARD WALTON, of Marchington Woodlands, in the parish of Hanbury, co. Stafford. Will dated 31st October, 1557. Proved by ROBERT MILWARD and THOMAS BOOBYE in 1566.

- HENRY WALTON, of Dovebridge, co. Derby. Query if the HENRY WALTON, son of RICHARD WALTON, who is mentioned in his will, dated 31st October, 1557? = MARGARET, dau. of HENRY MILWARD, of Dovebridge, co. Stafford, third son of ROBERT MILWARD, of Catton, co. Derby.
  - MARGERY. JAMES. WILLIAM. MARY. ELIZABETH. ELLEN. — All living October 1557.
  - JAMES WALTON, of Dovebridge. Presumed to have been the JAMES WALTON mentioned in the will of GEORGE WALTON, of Yoxhall, as his brother, in Feb. 1570-71.
    - JAMES WALTON, of Dovebridge. Query, if the JAMES WALTON, alias HARRISON, of Dovebridge, whose Will was proved by CONSTANCE, his widow, April 20, 1615. = WILLIAM WALTON of Dovebridge. = ISABEL, dau. of LAWRENCE SHRIGLEY, of Sinfin, co. Derby, widow of .... CRISPES.
      - WILLIAM WALTON: living 1619.
      - RICHARD WALTON, bapt. at St. Mary's, Stafford, 23rd Dec. 1603.
      - ELIZABETH, bapt. at St. Mary's, Stafford, 4th June, 1606.
      - ELEANOR, bapt. at St. Mary's, Stafford, 10th Feb. 1613-14.
    - WILLIAM WALTON, living Feb. 1570-1. Query, if the WILLIAM WALTON, of St. Mary's, Stafford, who was bur. there April 28, 1604, and whose Will was proved Nov. 9, 1604. = KATHERINE, m. FRANCIS BURTON, esq. May 5, 1622.
      - ANNA.
      - RICHARD.
      - GEORGE.
      - All minors April 1615.
    - WILLIAM WALTON, a minor 9th Nov. 1604.
    - JOHN WALTON: living Feb. 1570-1.
    - ELIZABETH.
  - HENRY WALTON.
  - WILLIAM WALTON.
  - GEORGE WALTON, bailiff of Yoxall, co. Stafford. Will dated 10th February, 1570-1. Proved 7th April following. = ISABEL. Proved her husband's will, 7th April, 1571.
    - JERVIS WALTON, living Feb. 1570-1. Presumed to have been the JERVIS WALTON, of Stafford, who was buried at St. Mary's, Stafford, 11th February, 1596-7. =
      - AMBROSE WALTON, buried at St. Mary's Stafford, 3rd March, 1595-6.
      - RACHEL, dau. of .. FLOUD, born about 1605. Marr. at St. Mildred's, Canterbury, Dec. 27, 1626. Died 22nd, & bur. at St. Dunstan's in the West, London, 25th August, 1640. —First wife.
      - IZAAK WALTON, born at Stafford, 9th Aug. and baptized at St. Mary's, in that town, 21st Sept. 1593. Will dated Aug. 9, 1683. Proved Feb. 4, 1683-4. Died Dec. 15, and buried at Winchester, Dec. 1683. = ANNE, dau. of THOMAS KEN, Attorney of the Court of Com. Pleas. Born 1610. Mar. about 1646. Died 17th April, 1662, æt. 52. Buried in Worcester Cathedral 20th of same month. M.I.
        - IZAAK WALTON, bapt. at Clerkenwell, 10th February, 1649-50. Buried there 10th June following.
        - IZAAK WALTON, baptized at Clerkenwell 7th September, 1651. Proceeded M. A. 13th March, 1675. Obtained the rectory of Polshot, co. Wilts, about 1681, and afterwards was a Canon of Salisbury Cathedral. Will dated 14th July, 1714. Proved 18th Nov. 1720. Died in London, unmarried, 29th December, 1719. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I.
        - ANNE WALTON, born 11th March 1647-8. Married about 1676. Died 18th August, 1715, æt. 67. Buried in Winchester Cathedral, M. I. = DR. WILLIAM HAWKINS, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, Rector of Droxford, co. Hants. Born 1633. Died 17th July, 1691, æt. 58. Buried in Winchester Cathedral, M. I.
          - WILLIAM HAWKINS, only son, born about 1678. Called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple. Died 29th November, 1748, æt. 70. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I. = JANE, dau. of JOHN MERKWETHER, of Devizes, M.D. Married before July 1714. Died 11th June, 1761. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I.
            - REV. WILLIAM HAWKINS, only son, Vicar of Boldre, co. Hants. Died ab. 1776 or 1777. = ... widow of .... TREHERNE.
              - FRANCES HAWKINS, only child. Married at St. Thomas', Winchester, 9th May, 1790. Living at St. Maloes, in France, without issue, April 1836. = MR. THOMAS KNAPP BLAGDEN, of Winchester, deceased. Second wife.
            - JANE HAWKINS, eldest dau. born 1716. Died 12th April, 1728, æt. 12. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I.
            - HENRIETTA-REBECCA. } Died unm.
            - MARY. }
            - REV. HENRY HAWES, of Clifton, born 27th Oct. 1756. Died 17th March, 1809, without issue. = ELIZABETH, daughter of WILLIAM BROWN, esq. Married January 1786. Living June 1836.
            - REV. HERBERT HAWES, D.D. Prebendary of Salisbury. Living unmarried at Salisbury, June 1836.
            - MARGARET-JANE, born 14th May, 1755. Died unmarr. 31st July, 1820. Buried at Bemerton, M. I.
            - ANNE, born 7th May, 1761. Died June 7 following.
          - ANNE HAWKINS, only dau. Died unmarried, 27th November, 1728. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral, M. I.
        - ANNE HAWKINS, born 1719. Died 2nd June, 1797, æt. 78. Buried at Bemerton, co. Wilts, M. I. = REV. JOHN HAWES, M.A. Rector of Wilton & Fugglestone St. Peter, co. Wilts. Died 16th Dec. 1787, æt. 68. Bur. at Bemerton, M.I.
    - DENSTELL WALTON.
    - ANNE WALTON. ALICE, m. .... HASLAM. All living Feb. 1570-1.
    - GEORGE WALTON, of St. Mary's, Stafford. Buried there March 24, 1597-8.
    - ELIZABETH. Administered to her husband's effects Sept. 25, 1598.

II. PEDIGREE OF CRANMER.

[*Compiled from Herald's Visitations, Le Neve's Pedigrees of Knights in Harleian MS.* 5802, *and other Authorities.*]

THOMAS CRANMER, of Aslacton, co. Notts, Esq. = AGNES, dau. of LAURENCE HATFIELD, of Willoughby, co. Notts.

- JOHN CRANMER, of Aslacton, co. Notts, Esq. son and heir.
- JOAN. First wife. = THOMAS CRANMER, second son, born 1489. Consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, March 30, 1533. Martyred 21st March, 1555. = ANNE, niece to the wife of OZIANDER. — Second wife.
  - THOMAS CRANMER, of Kirkstall, co. York. Living 1582.
  - ANNE.
  - MARGARET.
- EDMOND CRANMER, third son. Collated Archdeacon of Canterbury 9th March, 1533. Deprived 1554. Died 1571. = ANNE, dau. of ..... SAUNDE, of Kent.
  - THOMAS CRANMER, of St. Mildred's, Canterbury, Gent. Died 1604, æt. 69. M. I. = ANNE. She is presumed to have been a daughter of JOHN CARPENTER, of Rye, co. Sussex, and sister of JOHN CARPENTER, who married ANNE, sister of WILLIAM DAVISON, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. Died 1617.
    - GEORGE CRANMER, son and heir. Admitted scholar of Christ Ch. Oxford, 1577 or 1579, then æt. 14. Slain in Ireland, 13th Nov. 1600. Died unmarr.
    - THOMAS CRANMER, living 1617, a lunatic.
    - WILLIAM CRANMER, of London, merchant, Deputy Governor of the Hamburgh Company at Rotterdam, died 1650, at Rotterdam. = SUSANNAH, dau. of .... POWELL; sister and co-heir of SIR EDWARD POWELL, of Pengethly, co. Hereford, and of Fulham, Bart.
      - GEORGE CRANMER, 1650, died unmarried. SIR WILLIAM CRANMER, of London, knighted 14th Dec. 1689, Governor of the Hamburg Company, and of the Merchants Adventurers of London. Died unmarr. Sept. 20, 1697, æt. 67. Bur. at Bromley, co. Middx. M. I. in St. Mildred's, Canterbury.
      - SUSAN, eldest daughter, born before Apr. 1635, marr. EDWARD KENRICK, of London, merchant, and third son of JOHN KENRICK, of Shropshire.— First husband. =
        - JOHN KENRICK, of London, merchant, executor to his uncle, SIR WILLIAM CRANMER, in 1697.
        - MATTHEW.
        - SUSAN.
        - DOROTHY.
        - REBECCA.
        - MARY.
        - Other children.
      - THOMAS TOMLINS, of London, merchant, and of Bromley, co. Middlesex.— 2nd husband. =
        - THOMAS TOMLINS, died young.
        - SARAH TOMLINS, dau. and eventually sole heir. = SIR ROBERT JENKINSON, of Oxfordshire, Bart.

        A quo the Earl of Liverpool.
      - MARY, marr. THOMAS HARTLEY, of London, merchant. —1st husband. Both living 1650.
    - DOROTHY, baptized 1575, married .... FIELD. (*Vide* Memoir of WALTON, p. vii. note.) Living 1635.
    - RACHEL, baptized 1577, married 1597, JOHN BLOWFIELD, Gent. Died 24th August, 1600.
    - ELIZABETH, bapt. 1574, married 1592, ALEXANDER NORWOOD: both living 1617.
    - JANE, bapt. 1580.
    - SUSANNAH, bap. 2nd August, 1579. Will dated 20th April, & proved 27th Nov. 1635. = ... FLOUD, of Canterbury, living 1617, died before 1635. (*Vide* Memoir of WALTON, p. vi.)
      - ROBERT FLOUD, eld. son. Proceeded B.A. at St. John's College, Camb. 1627. Executor to his mother, 1635, liv. 1655. JOHN FLOUD, not 28 in 1635. M. A. and liv. in 1655.
      - RACHEL FLOUD, born about 1605, marr. at St. Mildred's, Canterbury, Dec. 27, 1626. Bur. at St. Dunstan's in the East, Aug. 25, 1640.— 1st wife. = IZAAK WALTON. See Pedigree No. I.
    - ANNE, bapt. 1581, living 1617, marr. JOHN SELLAR, B. D.
    - MARGARET, baptized 1585, living 1604.
  - ANNE, wife of EDMUND CARTWRIGHT, of Ossington, co. Notts. DOROTHY, wife of HARROLD ROSSELL.
  - JANE, married JOHN MONINGS, lieutenant of Dover Castle. ISABEL, Lady Sheppy.
  - ALICE, wife of THOMAS NORTON, of Wiltshire.
    - ELIZABETH, born before April 1635, marr. JOHN WEBB or WEBBURIE, of Rotterdam, merchant.
    - ANNE CRANMER. She marr. first, ... SLANE, of ....., & secondly, NATHANIEL SOUTH, President of India.
    - THOMAS JANES, or EYANS, or EVANS, of Bow, co. Middlesex. —2nd husband.
      - SUSAN JANES, or EYANS, dau. & heir.— 2nd wife. = WILLIAM MAYNARD, 2nd son of WILLIAM LORD MAYNARD, executor to SIR WILLIAM CRANMER in 1697.
    - SIR JOHN CLEOBURY, of Bradstone, co. Devon, Bart.— Third husband. Ob. 1687.
      - ANNE, married SIR JOHN HOLT, Bart.
      - KATHERINE, married WILLIAM BROMLEY, son of SIR WILLIAM BROMLEY, K.B.
      - SUSAN, married SIR THOMAS TROLLOPE, Bart.
      - MARY, married SIR JOHN NOEL, of Kirby, co. Leicester, Bart.

Note.—One of the daughters of THOMAS CRANMER and ANNE CARPENTER married DR. JOHN SPENCER, the pupil and friend of Hooker; and two of his other daughters are supposed to have been the wives of .... BOOTE and .... PARRY.

III. PEDIGREE OF KEN.

[Compiled from the Herald's Visitation of London, in 1634, marked C 24, in the College of Arms; Parish Registers, Wills, and other Authorities.]

WILLIAM KEN, of Somersetshire.

MATTHEW KEN, of London = ELIZABETH, daughter of RICHARD BARRET, of London.

- JANE, daughter of ROWLAND HUGHES, of Essenden, co. Herts.* She died before 1626.—First wife.
- THOMAS KEN, of London, attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, Gentleman, citizen and barber-surgeon. Died 12th June, 1651. Will dated 12th April, 1651. Proved 18th May, 1653.
- MARTHA, dau. of JON CHALKHILL, of Kingsbury, co. Middlesex. Buried at St. Giles' Cripplegate, 19th March, 1640-1. Administration of her effects granted to her husband 12th July, 1641.—Second wife.

THOMAS KEN, son and heir in 1634. Buried at St. Giles' Cripplegate Feb. 1636.

JANE KEN, married JOHN SYMONDS. Both living April 1651.

ANNE, born 1610, married about 1446 IZAAK WALTON, and died April 17, 1622.

JOHN KEN, second son and eldest son by the second wife. Baptized at St. Giles' Cripplegate 1st January, 1626-7. Will dated 26th Apr. and proved by his brother and sole executor, JON KEN, 31st May, 1651. Died unm.

JON KEN, third son, bapt. at St. Giles' Cripplegate, 10th July, 1632. Sometime Treasurer of the East India Comp. living Aug. 1683.

ROSE, sister of SIR THOMAS VERNON, of Coleman street, London: living July 1714.

MARTHA KEN, baptized at St. Giles' Cripplegate 28th June, 1628: living August, 1683.

JAMES BEACHAM, of London, goldsmith: living July 1714.

MARY KEN, bapt. at St. Giles' aforesaid 23rd Feb. 1629-30. Presumed to have died before 1634.

MARGARET KEN, bapt. at St. Giles' aforesaid 26th Mar. 1631. Presumed to have died before 1634.

ELIZABETH KEN, bapt. at St. Giles' aforesaid 14th April, 1635.

MARY KEN, bapt. at St. Giles' aforesaid 17th Aug. 1638: bur. there, 7th Dec. 1639.

MARTIN KEN, bapt. at St. Giles' aforesaid 16th March, 1640-1.

THOMAS KEN, youngest son, born at Little Berkhampstead, co. Herts, in July 1637. Proceeded B.A. at New College, Oxon. M.A. 31st Jan. 1664. B.D. 1678. D.D. June 30, 1679. Installed Prebendary of Winchester, 12th April, 1669. Consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells, 25th Jan. 1684. Deprived 1st Feb. 1690-1. Died 21st March, 1710-11, æt. 73.

.... KEN, a son. At Cyprus about 1707.

MARTHA KEN: living 1714.

CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK KREINBERG, Resident for the Elector of Hanover in London: living 1714.

ROSE KEN, of Marylebone, co. Middlesex. Died unm. and Administration of her effects granted to her mother in March 1700-1.

JON BEACHAM, of Trinity College, Oxford. Proceeded M.A. 6th Nov. 1683, and B.D. 22nd March, 1693, Fellow of the said College in 1713.

WILLIAM BEACHAM, Fellow of New College, Oxford. Died before 1713.

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* He was probably the person who is thus mentioned in Smith's Catalogue of Persons deceased: (Addit. MS. 886, in Brit. Mus.) "April 30, 1642, the wife of ROWLAND HUGHES, Attorney, died."

IV. PEDIGREE OF CHALKHILL.

[Compiled from Wills and other Authorities.]

.... Chalkhill=

.... Chalkhill=

Richard Chalkhill, died before Dec. 1606.

John Chalkhill, living Dec. 1606.

William Chalkhill, of Fulham, co. of Middlesex, yeoman. Will dated 14th Dec. 1606. Proved 10th January, 1606-7.=Cecily, dau. of ... ..., wid. of Dixon.

William Chalkhill, of Hammersmith, in Fulham, co. Middx. husbandman. Under age in Dec. 1606. Will dated 15th Nov. 1651. Proved 21st Nov. 1654.=Judith, dau. of ... Tanner, and sister of John & Joseph Tanner.

Elizabeth, widow of .... Barker, living Nov. 1651.

Anne, wife of .... Nichols.

John Chalkhill, not 25 in 1615. Executor to his mother in 1620.

Jon Chalkhill, under 25 in 1615; and was then abroad.

Mary Chalkhill, living 1620, *m.* Edward Wakefield, of London, ob. s. p.

Margaret Chalkhill, under 21 in 1615.=Martin Browne, surgeon, alderman of London.

Rebecca, dau. and heiress.=Sir Humphrey Winch, of Hannes, co. Bedford, Bart. Ob. circa 1703, s. p. m.

William Chalkhill, of Starchgreen, in Fulham, yeoman. Will dated 19th Dec. 1672. Proved 17th October, 1676.=Mary, executrix of her husband's will, in Oct. 1676. (Query, if she was not a daughter of .... Eaursbe.)

Mary, wife of Joseph Rollinson, of London, druggist.

Judith Chalkhill. Hannah. Rebecca. All under 20 in December 1672.

John Chalkhill, under age in Nov. 1651.

Judith. Bethia. Mary. Rose. All living in 1651 and 1672.

.... Chalkhill,=..... living 1615.

Jon Chalkhill, of Kingsbury, co. Middlesex, 1606, and of Northall, in that county, Gent. in 1615. Will dated 17th August, 1615, and proved 28th of the same month.*=Martha, dau. of .. Browne, and sister of John and Thomas Browne. Will dated 13th July, and proved 8th Dec. 1620.

Susannah, wife of ... Martyn, 1626.

Martha Chalkhill, under 21 in 1615.=Thomas Ken.

See Pedigree, No. III.

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* He obtained a grant of the following Arms from Cooke, Clarenceux King of Arms, viz. Chevronny of six, gules and argent. Crest, out of a ducal coronet or, a horse's head ermines, maned or.

NOTE A. [Referred to in p. i.]

EXTRACTS FROM WILLS, &c. OF PERSONS OF THE NAME OF WALTON,

IN THE BISHOP'S REGISTRY AT LICHFIELD.

RALPH WALTON of the parish of the Holy Trinity, in Coventry. Proved at Lichfield on the 29th July, 1551, by his widow, relict and executrix.

JOHN WALTON of the parish of Worfield. Proved at that place 26th September, 1552, by William Walton, his son and executor.

JOHN WALTON of Radford. Proved at Coventry on the 17th April, 1553, by Thomas Walton, his son and executor.

JOHN WALTON of Granborow. Proved at Coventry on the 17th April, 1553, by Alexander Walton, his son and executor.

RICHARD WALTON of Burton upon Trent. Proved by Nicolas Walton, his son and executor, at Lichfield, on the 6th September, 1555.

Letters of administration of the goods of NICOLAS WALTON of Burton upon Trent, were granted on the 21st of January, 1556, at Lichfield, to Edith Walton.

WILLIAM WALTON of the parish of Muccleston. Proved at Lichfield on the last day of August, 1557, by Thomas Walton, his son and executor.

Letters of administration of the goods of THOMAS WALTON of Alfreton, were granted to Isabella, his widow, on the 16th of September, 1557.

JOHN WALTON of the parish of Long Frith. Proved at Ashbourn 17th September, 1558, by Margaret Walton, his relict, and Prudence Walton, his daughter, the executrixes.

Letters of administration of the goods of ROGER WALTON of the parish of Muccleston, were granted to William Walton, his son, at Stafford, 11th April, 1559.

HENRY WALTON of Bridgenorth. Proved at Lichfield on the 20th August, 1559, by Dorothy ...., and Henry ...., the executors.

RICHARD WALTON of the parish of Muccleston. Proved by ..... and William Adams, the executors, at Stafford, on the 5th day of May, 1561.

Letters of administration of the goods of WILLIAM WALTON of the parish of Muccleston, were granted to Alice, his widow, at Stafford, on the 19th day of April, 1564.

EDYTH WALTON of Burton upon Trent, dated 8th March, 1557, proved at Lichfield 17th July, 1559, by Joanna and Agnes, her daughters and executrixes. This will is very short; no persons of the name of Walton are mentioned, nor is any one designated a relation in it.

RICHARD WALTON of Marchington Woodlands, in the parish of Hanbury, in the county of Stafford, dated the last day of October, 1557, proved by Robert Millwood [query Milward] and Thomas Boobye at Uttoxeter, 1566. The testator mentions his having seven children, viz. Henry, Margery, James, William, Mary, Elizabeth, and Ellen, to each of whom he left a legacy.

Alice Walton of Marchington Woodlands, dated 22nd March, 1561. proved at Uttoxeter, 1562, by Richard Walton. She mentions her daughters, Margaret, Joan, and Agnes, Thomas Boobye her son in law, and Richard Walton.

George Walton of Yoxall, dated 10th February, 1570. Proved by Isabella, his widow, 7th April, 1571. He mentions his children, Denstell Walton, Jervis Walton, Anne Walton, and William Walton. John Walton, son of William Walton, Alice Haslam, his daughter, and James Walton, his brother. He is described in the signature to the will, as "late Baylie of Yoxall."

Agnes Walton of the parish of Madeley, in the county of Stafford, dated 28th November, 1572. Proved 22nd April, 1573, by John Offley. No person is described as a relation in this will; but a John Walton is mentioned.

Thomas Walton of Swinnerton, dated 7th January, 1582. Proved in 1584, by Margaret, his widow. He mentions his wife, Margaret, and his children, Richard, Thomas, Robert, John, and Margery.

William Walton of Stafford, dated 22nd April, 1604. Proved by William Clarke in November following. He left the whole of his property, except a few trifling legacies, to his son, William Walton, who is the only person of the name of Walton mentioned.

Nicolas Walton of Kettleston. Proved at Ashbourn on the 27th April, 1574, by Ellen, his widow.

William Walton of Bowleborough, was proved by .... Walton and Thomas ...., at Chesterfield, the 12th April, 1575.

Lawrence Walton of the parish of Beighton. Proved at Lichfield the 13th of October, 1585, by Isabella, his widow.

John Walton of the parish of Radford, proved at Coventry, 20th June, 1597, by Francis Walton, his executor.

Alexander Walton of the parish of Granborowe, proved at Coventry 20th June, 1597, by John Walton, his son and executor.

Letters of administration of the goods of Robert Walton, alias Callowe, of Birmingham, were granted to Johanna, his widow, at Lichfield, the 9th February, 1597.

Letters of administration of the goods of Nicolas Walton of the parish of Granborowe, were granted to Elizabeth, his widow, at Coventry, 27th April, 1598.

Letters of administration of the goods of Thomas Walton of the parish of Swinnerton, were granted to Richard Walton the elder, his brother, at Lichfield, the 25th of August, 1598.

Letters of administration of the goods of George Walton of the parish of St. Mary, Stafford, were granted to Elizabeth Walton, his widow, at Lichfield, the 25th day of September, 1598.

Letters of administration of the goods of Richard Walton of the parish of Fellongley were granted to Johanna Walton, his widow, at Lichfield, 26th May, 1599.

William Walton of the parish of St. Mary, Stafford, Proved at Lichfield, the 9th day of November, 1604, by William Starkie, his executor.

On the same day, the guardianship of William Walton, the son of the said William Walton deceased, was assigned to the said William Starkie during his minority, &c.

Jane Walton of the town of Derby, proved at Lichfield 29th January, 1605, by Raymond Firman, one of the executors.

JOHN WALTON of the parish of Willington. Proved by Richard his son and executor, at Salop, 12th May, 1605.

Letters of administration of the goods of ELIZABETH WALTON of the parish of Willington, were granted to Richard Walton her son, at Lichfield, 3rd of June, 1607.

Letters of administration of the goods of JOHN WALTON of the parish of Drayton Bassett, were granted to Richard Walton and Margery Wilcox, his brother and sister, the 9th of September, 1607.

Letters of administration of the goods of ROBERT WALTON of Seighford, were granted to Elizabeth Walton, his widow, at Lichfield, the 15th of December, 1607.

At the same time letters of administration of the goods of the said deceased, bequeathed by his will to his son, John Walton, a minor, were granted to the said Elizabeth Walton, his mother, during his minority.

JOHN WALTON of Grindon. Proved at Lichfield 31st May, 1609, by Alice, his widow, and William, his son, the executors.

JAMES HARRISON, alias WALTON, of Doveridge. Proved at Lichfield, the 20th April, 1615, by Constance, his widow and executrix.

At the same time letters of administration of the goods of the said James Harrison, alias Walton, deceased, given by his will to his children, Katherine, Anna, Richard, and George, (minors,) were granted to their mother, the said Constance Harrison, alias Walton, during their minority.

HUMFREY WALTON of Aston juxta Birmingham. Proved at Lichfield 16th day of June, 1615, by Margery, his widow.

Letters of administration of the goods of THOMAS WALTON, alias CALLOWE, of the parish of Aston juxta Birmingham, were granted to Maria, his relict, at Lichfield, October 25th, 1615. Also the guardianship, &c. of his children, Maria, John, Dorothy, Margaret, Margery, and Elizabeth Walton, alias Callowe, during their minority.

ROBERT WALTON of Sandon. Dated 22nd December, 1616, and proved in 1617, by William Poker, George Pulston, and Francis Smith, the executors. At the same time the guardianship and letters of administration of the goods given by the said deceased to his children, George, Elizabeth, and John Walton, minors, were granted to the said executors during the minority of the said children.

AGNES WALTON of the parish of Pinckeston. Proved by William her son and executor, at Lichfield, the 20th February, 1616.

JOHN WALTON of the parish of Pinckeston. Proved 14th February, 1616, by Agnes Walton, his mother and executor.

JAMES WALTON of the parish of Leighe, proved at Lichfield, 12th November, 1616, by Katherine Walton, his relict, one of the executors, power being reserved for William Walton, another executor. Also the guardianship of the deceased's children, Katherine Walton, and James Walton, minors, being granted to the said widow during their minority.

ISABELLA WALTON exhibited an inventory of the goods of her deceased husband, William Walton, of Bentley, on the 1st July, 1617.

JOHN WALTON of Leamington Hastings. Proved on the 30th July, 1618, by Henry Walton, his son and executor.

Note B. [Referred to in pp. xxxi and lxv.]

The following entries occur in Izaak Walton's copy of the Book of Common Prayer, printed by Barker, London, 1639, small folio, in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Hawes.

In the hand-writing of Izaak Walton the elder:

My dafter Ann borne the eleventh of March, 1647.

My last son Izaak borne the 7° of Sept. 1651, at halfe an houre after 2 a Clock in the afternoone, being Sunday, and he was baptized in the evening by Mr. Thrustros, in my howse in Clarkenwell. Mr. Henry Davison, and brother Beacham were his god fathers, and Mrs. Roe his godmother.

Rachell Walton dyed the 22° of August, about 12 on that day, 1640, buried the 25° day.

Her dafter Ann borne the 10° of July, 1640, dyed the 11° of May, 1642.

Ann Walton senyer dyed the 17° of Aprill about one a Clock in that night, and was buried in the Virgin Mary Chappell in the Cathedrall in Worcester, the 20th day.

A grave stone their laid over her, in which this written:

Here lyeth buried so much as could dye of Ann, the wife of Izaak Walton.

A woman who was of remarkable prudence
And
of the primitive pietie
Her greate and generall knowledg
Being adorned with such trew humillitie
And blest with soe much Christian
Meeknes as made her worthy
Of a more memorable monument. She dyed
Alas! Alas! that she is ded.
Aprill. 17. 1662.

In the hand-writing of Izaak Walton the younger:

My father, Izaak Walton, dyed Dec. 15, 1683.

Thomas Ken, Bp. of Bath and Wells, deprived, dyed March 19, 1710-1.

In the hand-writing of William Hawkins, the biographer of Ken:

Dr. William Hawkins my Father dyed July 17, 1691. W. H.
My sister Anne Hawkins dyed Aug. 18, 1715. I. W.
My uncle, Mr. Isaac Walton Jun. dyed December 29, 1719. W. H.
My sister, Anne Hawkins, died Nov. 1728. W. H.

Note C. [Referred to in p. lxvii.]

Dr. DONNE'S (THE YOUNGER'S) LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT. JULY 21, 1657.

Video meliora proboque. A Dieu mon droit. Dieu est mon droit.

In the name of God, Amen. I, John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, being at this time in good and perfect understanding, do hereby make my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following: First, I give my good and gracious God an intire sacrifice of body and soul with my most humble thanks, for that his blessed spirit imprints in me now an assuredness of salvation of one, and the resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution which the same spirit established in me, to live and dye in the same religion established in England by the known law. In expectation of the resurrection, I desire that my body may be buried in the most private manner that may be, in the church-yard of the parish where I now live, without the ceremony of calling any officers. And I desire to be carried to my grave by the ordinary bearers of the dead, without troubling any of my friends, or letting them know of my death by any means but by being put into the earth. And I desire my executor to interpret my meaning in this request by my word, and not by his own discretion; who, peradventure, for fashion sake, and apprehending we shall never meet, may think to order things better for my credit; (God be thanked,) I have not lived by juggling, therefore I desire to dye and be buried without any: and not having (as I hope,) been burdensome to my friends in my life, I would not load their shoulders being dead. I desire and appoint the Right Honourable Jerome, Earl of Portland, to be my executor, hoping that for all his cares of me, and kindnesses to me, he will undertake to see this my Will punctually performed, especially concerning my burial. To the most excellent, good, kind, virtuous, honourable Lady Portland, I give all the rest that I have in this Will unbequeathed: and I do not this foolishly (as may at the first sight appear,) because my lord is my executor, but because I know it will please the gaiety of her humour, which ought to be preserved for all their sakes that have the honour and happiness to be known unto her. To the Right Honourable the Lord Newport, I bequeath the picture of St. Anthony, in a round frame. To my very good friend, Mr. John Harvy, the picture of the Samaritan, by whose kindness I have been often refreshed. To my good friend, Mr. Chr. Gise, Sir Thomas Moor's head, which upon my conscience I think was not more ingenious than his own. And I write this rather as a commemoration than a legacy, for I have always made a difference between kindnesses and courtesies. To Mr. George Pitt, I give the picture of my Dutch Fair, which is full of business, but where there is always room for a kindness. And I brag of the favours I received from him, because they came not by chance. To my cousin, Henry Stafford, son to my kind friend, Mr. William Stafford, I give all my printed books, which although they are of no great value,

yet they may seem proportionable to his youth, and may serve as a memorial to incline him to be as indulgent to poor scholars as his father and grandfather have been before him. And by this means I give not only a legacy, but entail it upon other men that deserve their kindness. To my honourable friend, Sir Allen Broderick, I give my cedar table, to add a fragour to his excellent writing. To my kind friend, Mr. Tho. Killigrew, I give all my doves, that something may descend upon a courtier that is an emblem of kindness and truth. To my servant, Mary Web, if she be with me at the time of my death, I give all my linen that belongs to my personal use, and forty shillings above her wages, if it does not appear that she hath occasioned my death; which I have often lived in fear of, but being alone could never help, although I have often complained of my sad condition to my nearest relations, 'twas not fit to trouble others. To Mr. Isaac Walton, I give all my writings under my father's hand, which may be of some use to his son, if he makes him a scholar. To the Reverend Bishop of Chichester, I return that cabinet that was my father's, now in my dining room, and all those papers which are of authors analysed by my father; many of which he hath already received with his Common Place Book, which I desire may pass to Mr. Walton's son, as being more likely to have use for such a help, when his age shall require it. These four sides of this small paper being written by my own hand, I hope will be a sufficient testimony that this is my last Will. And such trivial things were not fit for a greater ceremony than my own hand and seal, for I have lived alwaies without all other witnesses but my own conscience, and I hope I have honestly discharged that. I have in a paper annexed something at this present; and may do some things hereafter, which I presume my most honourable good Lord of Portland will see performed.

JOHN DONNE.

Witnesses:
Marleburgh.
Will. Glascocke.

When I made this Will I was alone; afterwards I desired my good friends, the Earl of Marleburgh, and Mr. Glascocke to witness it. Which was in Novemb. the 2^{d}, 1661.

JOHN DONNE.

Non curo quid de me Judicet hæres. Hor.
Printed February 23, 1662.

Note D. [Referred to in p. lxxx.]

(From Fulman's MSS. C.C.C. Oxon. Vol. XIJ.)

WALTON'S MEMORANDA RESPECTING JOHN HALES.

*John Hales, the fourth sonne of John Hales of High Church, neer Bath, in Somersetshire, by Brigide his wife, one of the Goldsburghs of Knahill, in Wiltshire, was born in the City of Bath, where his Father

* This intelligence I had from a sister of his, being a widow, antient, and in want, named Brigide Gulliford, who came to Oxford to desire reliefe, Jan. 20, 1663. But the Register of C.C.C. Oxf. diff. 1597, Ap. 16: Johannem Hales natum

then dwelt, (his Grandfather yet living at Highchurch.) His parents being of Gentile quality, kept him to school at Wells and Killmaston in that countrey, till he was fit for the universitie which was about the thirteenth yeare of his age.

He was admitted Scholar of Corpus Christi in Oxford, 1597, Ap. 16.

But being under age, not then sworn, till Aug. 17, 1599.

There he continued till he was Bachelor of Arts. Admitt. Jul. 9, 1603. Determ. Lent following.

1605. But then by the perswasion of Sir Henry Saville much taken with his excellent parts, he removed to Merton College, where he was chosen Prob. Sept. 2. Admitted Oct. 9. Admitted Fellow, Oct. 13, 1606.

He proceeded to his Master's Degree. Admitted Jun. 20, 1609. At the Act 1609, July 10.

Regius Professor of Greek, 1612, (potius 1613 or 15.) Left it 1619.

He left his Fellowship at Merton College. Admitted Fellow of Eton College, May 24, 1613. 4?

Chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, Ambassador to the States; and by that meanes present at the Synod of Dort. Perhaps for that end.

Came to Dort, Nov. 13, 1618. Went away about Feb. 8. V. Lett. pp. 93, 100, 97.

In his being there appeares no ground for the story of Episcopius urging Joh. 3, 16.

Qu. Whether it were not rather Martinius. V. Lett. pp. 87, 92.

Insignia. Johannes Halesius Hujus Coll. Socius et Canonicus de Windsor.

Vide Heyl. Life of A.B. Laud, p. 362, and Parker's Reproof, p. 135. etc.

Prob. of Windsor, May (end) 1639.

Turned out of his Fellowship upon the engagement, 1649.

Musarum et Charitum Amor
Johannes Halesius
(Nomen non tam Hominis quam Scientiæ)
Hic non jacet
At Lutum quod assumsit optimum
Infra ponitur
Nam certe supra mortales emicuit
Moribus Suavissimis
Ingenio subtilissimo pectore pleno sapuit
Mundo sublimior
Adeoque aptior Angelorum choro
Ætatis suæ 72.
Impensis Pet. Curweni olim hujus Coll.
Alumni 72.

Hales was born, 1584. Bapt. in St. James' Church, Bath, 5 May. King's Professor of Greek, by grant dated 15 Sept. 1612, which took effect shortly after Doctor Perin dying May 3, 1615.

in villa vocat. Highchurch in com. Somerset. Bathon et Wellens. Dioces. ætatis suæ annum agentem decimum tertium circiter festum sive[1] diem Paschalis ult. præterit. (uti asseruit) in Discip. dict. Coll. admis.

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[1] Easter Day, April 19, 1584.

The following is an original Letter of Walton's, inserted in the Collections about John Hales.

" I have told you that he satisfied many scruples, and in order to what followes, I must tell you that a yeare or two after the beginning of the long parliament, the citisens and many yong lecturers (scollers of their zeale and pich for Learning, and precedence) had got Mr. Brightman's booke or Coment on the Revelations to be reprinted and greatly magnified: in which was so many gros Errors and absurd conclusions about government by Bishops, and other explications to the humors and the present ringleaders of the then Parliament (all whereof Brightman is now proved false, and that party not yet ashamed) with which the lecturers and their followers were so transported with Brightman's opinions, that they swallowed them without chawing, and all thought simple that approved him not.

" About this time comes a friend to Mr. Hales (being a neighbour gentleman,) and requests that a kinsman of his that was trobled with some sad thoughts and scruples might obtain a conference with him, in order to the quieting of his minde: which was redyly granted by Mr. Hales. When the perplext partie came to him at the howre apoynted, Mr. Ha. having taken him into his study, and shut the dore in order to a private and larg discourse with him, the perplext partie being set down takes out of his pocket a bible, turnes to the profit Daniell, reades a part of one of the chapters, askes the meaning of that, and how it was to be reconciled with a part of the revelation of St. John. When Mr. Ha. had heard him reade, and heard him make his queries or scruples, he told him, he was mistaken in taking him for a fit man to satisfie his conscience, and that if he wood be satisfied he must goe to some of the young devines now about London, and not come to so old a devine as he was, but they wood doe it readily.

" About the time he was forc't from the Lady Saltrs, that family or collage broke up, or desolv'd, a little before which time, they were resolv'd to have Mr. Ha. picture taken, and to that end, a picture maker had promis'd to atend at Ricking to take it, but fail'd of his time, and Mr. Ha. being gone thence, dyed not long after. The not having his picture was lamented very much by the societie, in w^{ch} number the Bish^{s} sister (once M^{ris} Anne King, now the Lady How) undertooke boeth for theirs and her owne satisfaction to draw it, and did so, in black and white, boeth excellently well as to the curiousness and as well as to the likenes. But before she wood shew it to any that knew either him or herselfe, she writ underneth it, this which she ment to be an Apologie for her undertaking it.

Though by a sudden and unfeard surprize,
Thou lately taken wast from thy friends' eies:
Even in that instant, when they had design'd
To keipe thee by thy picture still in minde:
Least thou like others lost in deth's dark night
Shouldst stealing hence vanish quite out of sight;
I did contend with greater zeale then art,
This shadow of my phansie to impart:
Which all shood pardon, when they understand
The lines were figur'd by a woman's hand,

Who had noe copy to be guided by
But Hales imprinted in her memory.
Thus ill cut Brasses serve uppon a grave,
Which less resemblance of the persons have.

You may take notice that she is a most generous and ingenious Lady. Greater friendship 'twixt her and Mr. Ha. she has told me he told her he had liv'd 14 days with bere and bred and tosts, in order to try how litell would keepe him if he were sequestered. She told me he would eate very fully at a diner, and of the strongest or coarsest of the mete rather than the finest.

She told me he was never out of Humour but always even, and humble, and quiet, never disturbed by any news, or any losse or any thing that concerned the world, but much affected if his friends were in want or sick.

At his being at Rickkings towards his later end when he was alone he was usually reading Tho. à Kempis, which of a small print he read without specktacels.

He kept his opinions to himself especially towards his later part of his life: and would often say there was plainness in all necessary trewths.

He was Bowser about that time when in the contest began betwixt the King and Parliament (and) boeth armies had sequestered the College rents: so that he could not get money to pay wages to the servants, or for victuals for the schollers. But after 9 weekes hiding himselfe to preserve the college writings and keyes, he was forc'd to appere, at the end of which time, the old woman that conceal'd him demanded but 6*d*. a weeke for his browne bread and bere, which was all his meate, and he wood give her 12*d*. His concealment was so nere the Cottage or Highway, that he said after, pleasantly, those that searched for him might have smelt him if he had eaten garlick.

This was told me by Mrs. Powny from whome Mr. Montague it may be, had (it?) more perfectly.

He lived 5 yeares after he was sequestered. He dyed the 19th of May, Anno --q-, Mrs Powny, and was by his owne comand buried next day in the Church yeard. He had a monument made for him (by some friend) w^{ch} is now in Eaton church yard.

He was not good at any continuance to get or save money for himselfe; yet he undertook to do it for Sir H. Wotton, who was a neglector of mony, and Mr. Ha. told me he had got £300 together at the time of his deth, a some to which Sir H. had long been a stranger, and would ever have been if he had managed his owne money-business. It was happily got together to bury him, and inable him to doe some offices of honor, and justice, and gratitude, and charitie.

Mrs. Powny told me Sir Fra. Bacon and the Lord Falkland came one day purposely from London to sup and discourse with him, and return'd early next morning.

Mr. Ha. like Paule at Damascus, eate not in 3 dayes.

I thinke he bought and gave the howse in which he dyed to Mrs. Pownye's husband, who had beine his honest servant of which —q—

I have heard that Mr. Ha. being suppos'd to hold some hethrodox opinions, he, to testifie the contrary, did in his sickness (which was not long,) declare his beleife to his pupell, the Lady Salter's son, which he tooke in his writing from his owne mouth. This, Mr. Salter (who is now dead,) told me long since, and promised me a Copie of it.

Mr. Mountague, formerly the scolem[r] of that college and now fellow 'tis like has it, and he hath promis'd me to write and give me what materiall passages he can rem[r] concerning him, and he will give them to Mr. Marryot if the be cal'd for.

He or Mrs. Powny will answere all the q as to the yeare of his deth, and who was at the charge of his monument, how long he lay sick, his behaviour then, and what ells is defective in theise collections gathered by me. Mrs. Powny dwells nere the college, and Mr. Montague is constantly in it being now sickly.

As you reade this make y[r] que. and let them be given to me or Mr. Marryot who may get a resolution for you. J. W. Octo. 20, 73.

I think the Lady Salter did many yeares since tell me she had the profession of the beliefe taken by her son, Salter, from Mr. Hales' mouth. If she have it, I will endeavour to get it of her. Her Husband's name was Sir William, her son's name, Emund. (? William, see Will.)

Then was told this by Mr. Anthony Faringdon, and have heard it discourst by others, that Mr. Thomas Cary, a poet of note, and a great libertine in his life and talke, and one that had in his youth bein acquainted with Mr. Ha. sent for Mr. Hales to come to him in a dangerous fit of sickness, and desired his advice and absolution, which Mr. Hales, uppon a promise of amendment, gave him, (this was I think in the country.) But Mr. Cary came to London, fell to his old company, and into a more visable scandalous life, and especially in his Discourse, and be (being ?) taken very sick, that which proved his last, and being much trowbled in mind procured Mr. Ha. to come to him in this his sickness and agony of minde, desyring earnestly, after a confession of many of his sins to have his Prayers and his absolution. Mr. Ha. told him he shood have his Prayers, but wood by noe meanes give him then either the sacrament or absolution."

The following was communicated by N. Ingelo, dated, Eton Coll. Oct. 29, (1675 ?) to Mr. Marriot. The writer begs his hearty respects to Mr. Isaac Walton.

" Mr. Montague says, that he (Hales) gave an Explication of his belief concerning the Trinity to Mr. Salter, according to the Doctrine of the Church of England.

" Abp. Laud gave him the Preb. of Windsor at a publike Dinner.

" Abp. Laud also sent for him, and told him he might have what preferment he would; and he answered, if it please your grace I have all I desire.

" He was made prebendary of Windsor about two years before the Wars, and enjoyed it but two years.

" He was not long sick; about a fortnight, and then not very ill, but discoursed with all his friends as freely as in his Health, till within half an hour before his death, for Mr. Montague was then talking with him, and left him for half an Hour, and before he returned he was dead, and had his perfect senses to the last minute.

" After he came to Eton, for thirty years together he was never hindered by any sickness from studying constantly from 5 o'clock in the morning till night, seldom eating any Dinner.

" About the time of Archb. Laud's Death, he retired from his Lodgings in the College into a private chamber in Eton, where he remained for a

quarter of a yeare unknown to any body, and spent in that time only 6*d.* p week, living only upon Bread & Beere, and as he had formerly fasted from Tuesday night to Thursday night, so in that time of his retirement he absteined from his Bread & Beer, and when he heard that Abp. Laud was murdered, he wished his head had been cut off for him."

Then follows the Will: with two letters of Hales on Cases of Conscience; and one or two tracts.

Note E. [Referred to in p. cxxiv.]

BOOKS IN THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, SALISBURY, FORMERLY BELONGING TO IZAAK WALTON.

1. King James' Works, fol. Lond. 1616. '*Iz. Walton.*'
2. Charon of Wisdom, 4to. Lond. n. d. '*Izaak Walton, price* 4*s.* 6*d. Nov.* 17, 1652.'
3. Heylin's Microcosmus, 4to. 1621. '*Izaak Walton.*'
4. Heylin's Parable of the Tares, 4to. 1659. '*Izaak Walton, given me May* 28, 1659, *by Mr. Richard Marryot.*'
5. Shute's Divine Cordials in X Sermons, 4to. 1644. '*Izaak Walton.*'
6. Bishop Reynolds' Treatise of the Passions, 4to. 1640. '*Izaak Walton.*'
7. Dr. Thomas Fuller, Abel Redivivus, 4to. 1651. '*Izaak Walton.*'
8. Hammond's, The Christian's Obligations to Peace and Charity, X Sermons, 4to. 1649. '*Izaak Walton.*'
9. Camerarius', Living Library, fol. Lond. 1621. '*Izaak Walton, given mee by my very good friend, Ma*^{r} *henry ffield, July* 29, 1634.'
10. R. Sibb's, The Saint's Cordiall, fol. 1658. '*Izaak Walton,* 1682.'
11. Pat. Symson's Historie of the Church, 4to. Lond. 1624. '*Izaak Walton*'
12. Dr. Donne's Letters, 4to. Lond. 1651. '*Izaak Walton.*'
13. Mornay, of the Christian Religion, 4to. 1617. '*Izaak Walton, July* 5, 1621.'
14. Cowper's Heaven opened, 4to. 1613. '*Liber Izak Walton.*'
15. Cowley's Works, fol. 1674. '*Izaak Walton,* 1682.'
16. Donne's 80 Sermons, fol. 1640. '*Izaak Walton.*'
17. Hooker's Eccles. Politie, fol. 1666. '*Izaak Walton.*'
18. Ovid's Metamorphoses, by G. S[andys]. fol. 1626. '*Izaak Walton, pr.* 5*s.*'
19. Sibb's Returning Backslider, 4to. Lond. 1650. On the title,

    '*Of this blest man let this just praise be given,*
    '*Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.*
    '*Izaak Walton.*'

20. Eusebius, Socrates, and Evagrius, Ecclesiastical Histories, fol. Lond. 1636.

    On the fly leaf, erased, '*Francis Garrard his booke.*'
    On the title page, '*Izaak Walton.*'

On the inside of the cover, in Walton's writing:

'At his conversion take out of Jeremy the ways of man are not in his owne power.[1]

Loke doc^{r} dones letter to Tilman.[2]

And on S^{r} Philip Sidneys Salms.[3]

On this booke folyo 28 of himns and psalms w^{ch} was his holy recreation the latter part of his life and is now his imployment in heven where he makes new ditties in the praise of that god in 3 persons to whome be glorie. And his better part is now doing that in heaven which was most of his imployment on earth magnyfying the mercies and making himns and singing them, to that god to whome be glory and honor.

Vew Hookers preface; and hooker 226 & 229

Vew the verses before Sands psalms and Sir Tho. Haukins his Horrace doc dons letters and the elegies on him

In heaven wher his imployment is to sing such himns as he made on erth in prase of that god to whome be glory and honor

His deth was the prolog to joye and the end of troble

Vew Chudleys elegies and godolphins on doc^{r} done where they are scratcht and vew the elegies on Cartwrite.[4]

Vew Doc. Cozens devotions

Vew the complete woman of a good grace. Vew the penygerick on M^{r} Harvie

Make his description that he was 1^{o} for his complexion, then his behaviour, then his stature, then his discourse in my lord grace to the honor that he was like the dove without gall.

doc^{r} taylor, living and dying

doc^{r} Pridiex

M^{r} Gouldsmithes poem. Vossius then.'

Note F. [Referred to in p. cxxxii.]

ACCOUNT OF WALTON'S CHARITIES.

The following statement occurs in the parish church of St. Mary, at Stafford:

"The Gift of M^{r} Isaac Walton, borne in y^{e} Burrough of Stafford, A worthy & generous benefactor to this Burrough as followeth.

First y^{e} said M^{r} Walton in his life tyme gave a garden of eight shillings a yeare in y^{e} possession of widdow Tildesley to buy coales for y^{e} poore yearely about Christmas

Alsoe y^{e} said M^{r} Walton in his life tyme gave 22 pounds to build a stone wall about St. Chad's church yard in this Burrough, and alsoe set forth 9 boys apprentices and gave to each 5 pounds, viz.

Samuel Henshaw	Francis Battey	Richard Lees
Richard Hanson	John Boulton	George Sutton
Daniel Bullock	James Eaton	Adam Hubball

The said M^{r} Walton at his death gave by his Will to this Burrough one Messuage or Tenement in Shalford in this county wth all the lands thereto belonging of the yearly value of £20. 10. 6. besides Taxes and Repairs to the use hereafter as in & by his Will is mentioned, viz. "I

[1] See Donne's Poems, p. 372, ed. 1635.
[2] See p. 369, ib.
[3] See p. 366.
[4] See ib. p.

would have & doe give 10 pounds of the said rent to bind out yearley 2 boys y^e^ sonns of honest & poore parents to be apprentices to some tradesmen or handicraft men to y^e^ intent y^e^ said boys may y^e^ better afterwards gett their owne living. And I doe also give 5 pounds yearley out of y^e^ said rent to be given to some maid servant y^t^ hath attained y^e^ age of 21 yeares not less & dwelt long in one service or to some honest poore Man's daughter y^t^ hath attained to y^t^ age to bee paid her at or on y^e^ day of her marriage. And this being done my will is, that what rent shall remaine of y^e^ said farme or land shall be disposed of as followeth. First I doe give yearley 20 shillings to bee by the Major of Stafford and those that shall collect the said rent and dispose of it as I have or shall hereafter direct And that what money or rent shall remain undisposed of shall bee employed to buy coles for some poore people that shall most need them in the said town: the said coales to bee delivered in the last weeke in January or every first weeke in February I say then because I take that tyme to bee the hardest and most pincheinge tyme with poore people."

Before inserting the following account of the present state of those Charities, from a pamphlet which was published about twenty-seven years ago,* it must be observed, that the farm there mentioned did not become the property of the Corporation of Stafford until the death of Canon Walton in 1719.

"This farm is now [1808] let at the yearly rent of £80, and, excepting the application of the money directed to be given to some maid servant or poor man's daughter, I believe that the trusts of the will have for some years past been complied with. With respect to that sum, it has been the practice almost invariably for the mayor to give it to his own servant, without even considering, in some instances, the time she may have continued in her service.

" Upon St. Thomas's day last, the only application made was by the mayor's servant, so useless is it supposed to be to oppose the pretensions of a person claiming the money under such authority.

" It seems to have been the intention of Mr. Walton, that whether the money be given to a servant or poor man's daughter, it should be paid on the day of her marriage; but, admitting that construction of his words to be wrong, to bestow it upon a servant who has not 'dwelt long in one service' is certainly incorrect. That the mayor's servant may sometimes be as well entitled to it as any other person is not to be disputed, but that it should so happen nine years out of ten, is somewhat too improbable to obtain belief; and such a disposition of this charity must unquestionably create a suspicion as to the motives of the gift which, it is to be presumed, the chief magistrate of a town would be desirous of avoiding."—P. 41, 42.

The author of the pamphlet next proceeds to describe Startin's charity, and Mr. Walton's gift in his lifetime.

" Richard Startin, who was a baker in Stafford, gave £60 to the corporation to be put out at interest, and to be applied and given weekly in bread for ever, in the parish church of St. Mary. By the advice, and with the assistance of Mr. Isaac Walton, the money was laid out in the year 1671 in the purchase of a fee-farm rent of £3. 6*s.* 8*d.* payable to the crown from the borough. In a deed made in the following year,

* A Letter to the Inhabitants of Stafford.

to which Mr. Walton and the corporation were parties, it is stated that by the will of Mr. Startin £2. 12*s.* only were to be paid to the poor, and that the corporation had, at Mr. Walton's request, agreed to apply the surplus of the fee-farm rent (being 14*s.*) in the purchase of coals for the poor. By that deed, and, it should seem, in order to induce the corporation to accede to his wishes, Mr. Walton granted to them a garden near the gaol (as it then stood), in trust that the rent should be disposed of by the mayor with the alderman and church-wardens of the parish of St. Mary's, 'towards the buying of coals for the poor of the borough of Stafford, according to the discretion of the mayor, &c. at two days in the year; viz. one half of the coals to be given at or before St. Thomas's day, and the other half at the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.' It was also provided, that in case the coals were not disposed of as directed, the rent of the garden should be paid to the churchwardens of the parish of St. Chad, either to keep in repair the wall of St. Chad's church, or to buy coals for the poor of the parish, at their discretion. Mr. Walton's suspicions that the trusts, which he had reposed in the corporation, might in after times be disregarded, appear as well by this deed as by his will, and even the members of that body must admit that they were but too well founded. In the gift of both charities he prudently endeavoured to guard against their abuse; but neither his exhortations to his trustees to a faithful discharge of their duty, nor the condition which he annexed to the non-conformance of it, seem to have had any effect. Of part of the garden, upon which four cottages have been erected, two leases, each for ninety-nine years, have been made, and none of the rent has been laid out in the purchase of coals; neither has the surplus of the fee-farm rent been applied for that purpose. For the amount of those sums, the corporation will therefore have to account; of the money appropriated to the purchase of bread, 1*s.* is laid out weekly; and the bread is given away in St. Mary's church on a Sunday."

Since that statement was written, the following remarks on the subject have been communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine by an intelligent correspondent:

"The estate has not hitherto been forfeited, although as appears from the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Public Charities, (wherein it is particularly described,) complaints have occasionally been made that the money was not distributed with perfect impartiality. The subjoined accounts of the manner in which the receipts have been expended in one or two recent instances, are from the Stafford Newspaper. 'This week has been dispensed to the poor of the Borough of Stafford the bounty of the celebrated and ingenious Izaak Walton, a native of the place, who bequeathed a portion of the 'rents and profits of a farme' for the purchase of coals 'for some poor people,' to be delivered in January or February. 'I say *then*,' run the words of the humane testator, 'because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching time with poor people.' The farm in question is now of considerable value, bringing in, we believe, about 80*l.* a year, and after deducting a moiety of the profits directed to be applied to the apprenticing of two boys, and in a gift to a maid servant, or some honest poor man's daughter, a sufficient sum has this year remained for the purchase of a small allowance of coal to almost every poor family, which has this week been distributed.'—*Staffordshire Advertizer*, 27 January, 1827.

"'On Monday last (Sunday being St. Thomas's Day) the Corporation of this borough, in pursuance of the will of 'good old Izaak Walton,' gave 5*l.* each with the son of Charles Smith's widow, and the son of William Pilsbury, on their being bound apprentices; also 5*l.* to Martha Smith, for long servitude in one place and general good conduct, and 40*s.* each to ten burgesses of this borough.'—*Ibid.* 27 Dec. 1828." —*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcix, pt. ii, p. 111.

Note G.

LIST OF PORTRAITS OF WALTON'S FAMILY,

IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DESCENDANT, THE REV. DR. HAWES, AT SALISBURY, JUNE 1836.

Izaak Walton, by Housman, æt. 79.
———— a crayon drawing, æt. 82.
Izaak Walton, Jun. by A. Bega.
Dr. Hawkins, by ——
Mrs. Hawkins, Daughter of Izaak Walton, by Housman.
Anne Hawkins, Daughter of the above.
William Hawkins, Esq.
His Wife.
Bishop Ken, by F. Skiffer.

Note H.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH BOOKS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST, AND FROM THE REGISTERS OF THAT PARISH.

In 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, and 1640, Isaak Walton resided in Chancery Lane about the seventh or eighth house from Fleet Street, and paid 2*s.* 8*d.* to the scavenger's rate. His house was never described as a shop.

He was nominated on the petty jury on St. Thomas's Day, 1628.

He was presented for the office of scavenger for the parish of St. Dunstan's, 21st December, 1632.

He was on the grand jury in 1633, and 21st December, 1638.

He was on the wardmote inquest of the parish of St. Dunstan's on the 20th December, 1636, and was then appointed a constable.

On the 18th April, 1639, Isaak Walton and Daniel Holtenby were elected overseers of the poor and sidemen to serve for the year ensuing.

He and others were elected vestrymen in February 1639-40, and he was appointed examiner of St. Dunstan's on the 27th August, 1641.

He was also on the vestry in February 1643-4.

At a vestry holden 20th August, 1644, divers persons were chosen vestrymen in the room of Thomas Taglis, &c. and "Isaak Walton, lately departed out of this parish, and dwelling elsewhere."

EXTRACTS FROM THE REGISTERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST.

1627. Dec. 19. Izacke, the sonne of Isack Walton, was baptized out of Chancery Lane.
1629. July 23. John, the sonn of Isaack Walton, was baptized.
1630[1]. Jan. 20. Thomas, sonne of Isaack Walton, baptized.
1630[1]. Mar. 6. Thomas, sonne of Isaack Walton, was buried out of Chancery Lane.
1631. Mar. 28. Isaac Walton, sonne of Isaac Walton, was buried out of Chancery Lane.
1632. Oct. 12. Henry, sonne of Isaac Walton, was baptized.
1632. Oct. 17. Henry, sonne of Mr. Isacke Walton, was buried out of Chancery Lane.
1633[4]. Mar. 21. Henry, sonne of Isaac Walton, was baptized out of Fleet Street.
1634. Dec. 4. Henry, sonne of Isacke Walton, buried.
1637. Aug. 19. William, sonn of Izack Walton, was buried.
1640. Aug. 25. Rachell, wife of Isaack Walton, was buried.
1642. May 13. Anne, daughter of Isaac Walton, was buried.

OTHER ENTRIES OF THE NAME OF WALTON.

1607. June 3. Ellin Walton, from Fewter Lane buried.
1620. June 27. Jeffrey Walton, Gent. was buried.
1622. Nov. 19. Mary, daughter of Thomas Walton and Mary his wife, baptized.
1623. Dec. 14. Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Walton and Mary his wife, baptized.
1625. Sept. 4. Alice, daughter of Thomas Walton, was buried out of Fetter Lane.
1625. Sept. 28. Thomas Walton buried out of Fetter Lane.
1630. Nov. 28. Sara, the daughter of John Walton, was baptized.
1630. Dec. 11. Sara, daughter of John Walton, was buried out of Fleet Street.
1630. Feb. 20. William Walton and Alice Chapman married by banns.
1632. Aug. 8. Margaret, daughter of John Walton, baptized.
1632. Oct. 2. Margaret, daughter of John Walton, buried out of Fleet Street.
1641. Sept. 14. William Walton was buried.

It appears from these extracts, which were not discovered until very recently, that Izaak Walton had four children besides those mentioned in the pedigree in the Appendix, No. I.; namely, Izaak, born in December, 1627, who died in March, 1631; John, born in July, 1629, of whom nothing more is known, and who probably died very young; Thomas, who was born in January, and died in March, 1630-1; and William, who died in August, 1637.

The register of St. Dunstan's contains also notices of the following persons, who were probably related to those of the same names mentioned by Walton.

1610. April 22. Jane Marriott, widow, Fewter Lane, buried.
1622. April 9. John, the sonne of John Marriot, stationer, buried.
1628. March 25. John, son of John Marriott, was buried out of the Gardens in Fetter Lane.
1628. August 29. Edward, son of John Marriott, (buried) out of the Gardens.
1626. May 15. Mary, the daughter of John Marriott, baptized.
1629[30]. March 2. Elizabeth, daughter of John Marriott, was baptized.
1634. April 17. Valentine and Sarah, sonne and daughter of John Marriott, baptized.
1635. April 17. Elizabeth, daughter of John Marriott, buried.
1638. September 7. Ann, daughter of Richard Marriott, was buried.
1649. January 23. Elizabeth, wife of John Marriott, bookseller.
1656. July 15. Richard Marriott, infant, buried out of Crane Court in the churchyard.
1613. April 17. John Grinsells, son of Thomas Grinsells, buried.
1609. July 8. Thomas, a chrizom child of Thomas Grinsells, buried.
1609. October 24. Walter, sonne of Thomas Grinsell, buried.
1644. March 5. Mr. Thomas Grensells was buried.
1647. October 2. Mrs. Ann Grinsell, widow, buried in the body of the church.
1621. July 15. Francis, son of John Cranmer, buried.
1621. December 8. Humphry Cranmer buried.
1631. November 8. Samuel, son of Mr. Francis Underhill, buried out of White's Alley.
1635. January 23. Francis Underhill buried.

Note I.

Extracts from the Registers of St. Mary, Stafford.

Jun. 1564. Baptizatus fuit Edwardus Walton filius Willielmi Walton, et Agnetis uxoris ejus primo die mensis et anni prædictorum.

Jan. 1579. Baptizata fuit Elizabetha filia illegitima Margaretæ Phillippes ex fornicario concubitu cum quodam Francisco Waltone ut dicit, sexto die mensis Januarii.

Sept. 1593. Baptizatus fuit Isack filius Jervis Walton xxj die mensis et anni prædictorum.

Oct. 1593. Sepultus fuit Ricardus Walton lethaliter vulneratus decimo quarto die Octobris.

Mar. 1595. Sepultus fuit Ambrosius filius Jervis Walton tertio die mensis et anni prædictorum.

Feb. 1596. Sepultus fuit Jarvicius Walton xj° die mensis prædicti.

Mar. 1597. Sepultus fuit Georgius Walton xxiiij° die mensis et anni prædictorum.

Sept. 1605. Matrimonium solemnizatum fuit inter Johannem Forde et Elizabetham Walton quarto die Septembris anno 1605.

Jun. 1606. Baptizata fuit Elizabetha filia Johannis Walton et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus quarto die Junii an. 1606.

Feb. 1613. Baptizata fuit Helena filia Johannis Walton et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus decimo die Februarii, 1613.

Note K.

With reference to the early part of the Walton pedigree, it may be observed that it is extremely probable that George Walton was a younger son of Henry Walton of Dovebridge, by Margaret, daughter of Henry, and sister of John Milward of that place, whose descendants are mentioned in Izaak Walton's will. George Walton, of Yoxhall above mentioned, died in 1571; and it appears from his will, which was dated on the 10th of February, and proved by Isabella his widow on the 7th of April in the same year, that he had three sons, Denstell, Jervis, and William; and two daughters, Anne and Alice, the latter of whom was then the wife of a person of the name of Haslam. Extracts from the wills of several persons of the name of Walton will be found in Note A.

Note L.

The following is a full abstract of the will of "Samuel Walton, of St. Mary's Cray, in Kent, gentleman," dated on the 2nd of April, 1631, and proved at Doctors' Commons on the 9th of the same month. He bequeathed to his uncle John Walton, of Mathfield, in the county of Stafford, yeoman, an annuity of five pounds; to his brothers-in-law, Henry King, of Foster Lane, London, gentleman, and John King, of Fleet Street, London, gentleman; to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Long, of Bury St. Edmunds; to his "kinsman," George Rowell, citizen and upholder of London; to his cousin, Anne Brookhouse, of Bubton, in the county of Derby, sister of the said George Rowell, and wife of Robert Brookhouse, husbandman; to his cousin, Thomas Kerobyn, of Burton, in the county of Stafford, chirurgeon; to his cousin, Anne Aldridge, sister of the said Thomas Kerobyn, and wife of Robert Aldridge, gentleman, of Burton, a gift of thirty shillings each: to his cousin and late servant, William Walton, of Bromley, in Kent, yeoman, a house and garden in Bromley, which was purchased by the testator's late father, Henry Walton, citizen and clothworker, of London: to his cousin, Margaret Burrows, of Ashbourn, in the county of Derby, widow, and to his cousin, Matthew Andrews, of Mathfield, a gift of thirty shillings each; to Elizabeth Chatfield, of Bermondsey Street, in Southwark, wife of William Chatfield, twenty shillings; to his tenant, Ellen Hobson, of Bromley, widow, thirty shillings; and he appointed his cousin, Henry Walton, of Whitechapel, citizen and haberdasher, his residuary legatee and sole executor.

The other reasons for supposing that Izaak Walton was apprenticed to Henry Walton of Whitechapel, besides those already mentioned, are his friendship with the family of King; his having become connected with the county of Kent, in which Samuel Walton resided and had property; and his having called two of his children by the baptismal name of *Henry*, a mark of respect which he is very likely to have shewn to his master and kinsman.

Note M.

Since the Memoir of Walton was printed, the following Deed, to which he was a party, has been obligingly communicated by Thomas B. Chinn, of Lichfield, Esq. It appears from it, that in December, 1658, Walton was at Worson Farm, in the parish of St. Mary's, in Stafford.

This Indenture Tripertite made the second day of December in the year of our Lord God accordinge to the Englishe accompt one thousand six hundred fifty and eight between Mary Fitzwilliams of Malpas in the County of Chester Widdowe Walter Heveningham of Aston neare Stone in the county of Stafford Esquire and Isaacke Walton of Worson Farme in the parish of St. Marye's in Stafforde in the county of Stafforde Gent. and Raphe Smith of Stone aforesaid Gent. of the first part. Francis Bagshawe of the Middle Temple London Esq. and Richard Bold servant to the said Francis Bagshawe of the second part and William Chetwinde of Rugeley in the said county of Stafford Esquire and Edward Arblaster of Longston in the said county of Stafforde Esquire of the third part. Witnesseth that for and in consideracion of the summe of tenne pounds of lawfull English money by the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold to the said Mary Fitzwilliams Walter Heveningham Isaacke Walton and Raphe Smith in hand paid whereof they and every of them doe hereby confesse the Receipt and thereof acquitt the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold their heires executors and administrators for ever by theise presents. They the said Mary Fitzwilliams Walter Heveningham Isaacke Walton and Raphe Smith have granted bargained and sold and by theise presents doe grant bargain and sell to the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold and theire Heires all and every the Messuages Cottages Lands Tenements Meadowes Leasowes Pastures Rents Reversions Remainders Services and Hereditaments whatsoever with theire and every of theire Appurtenants of them the said Mary Fitzwilliams Walter Heveningham Isaacke Walton and Raphe Smithe and every of them situate lyinge and beinge at Blyminhall otherwise Blimhill and Brynton in the said County of Stafforde or either of them And also all that the moity of the Mannor Lordship or Farme of Creswell situate lyinge and beinge or reputed to be situate lyinge and beinge in the parish of St. Marye's in Stafforde aforesaid and the moity of all and every the Messuages Houses Buildings Lands Tenements Meadowes Leasowes Pastures Rents Revertions Remainders Fishinges Services and Hereditaments whatsoever with theire and every of theire Appurtenants to the said Mannor Lordship or Farme of Creswell aforesaid belonginge or in anywise apperteyninge or to or with the same usually used demised occupied or enjoyed or reputed taken or knowne as part parcell or member thereof To have and to holde the said Messuages Lands Meadowes Pastures Moity of the said Mannor Lordshippe or Farme and all and singular the premises with theire and every of theire Appurtenants to the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold and theire Heires to the use of the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold and theire Heires. Nevertheless upon this speciall trust and confidence and to the intent and purpose that they the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard

Bold may become perfect Tenants of the Freehold to the intent a good and perfect common Recovery may be had and suffered of all and singular the said Messuages Lands and premises in which said Recovery the said William Chetwinde and Edward Arblaster shall be demandants the said Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold shall be the Tenants who shall appeare and enter into warrantie and vouch over the said Mary Fitzwilliams who shall also appeare and enter into warrantie and vouch over the common vouchee who shall also appeare enter into warrantie imparte and make default and thereuppon a good and perfect common Recovery may be had and suffered of the said manor and premises accordinge to the usuall course of sufferinge of common Recoveryes in the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster. And it is declared by theise presents and all the parties to the same and the said Mary Fitzwilliams for her and her heires doth declare that the said Recovery shall be and inure and the said William Chetwinde and Edward Arblaster and theire heires shall stand and be seized of the said messuages lands and premises to the use of them the said William Chetwind and Edward Arblaster their heires and assignes for ever. In witness whereof the said parties to theise presents have interchangeably putt to theire hands and seals 1658.

Mary Ffitzwilliam. Wa. Heveningham.
Izaak Walton. Ralph Smythe.

Sealed and delivered by the within-named Mary Fitzwilliams and Walter Heveningham in the presence of Mary Flunkett, Oswald Eynes, The × mark of John Curtis. Sealed and delivered by the within-named Isaacke Walton in the presence of Rt. Milward, Wa. Higges. Sealed and delivered by the within-named Raphe Smith in the presence of Cr. Heveningham, William Cartwright.

Indorsed.—A Deed inrolled between Mary Fitzwilliam Walter Heveningham Isaac Walton and Ralph Smith of the 1st part Francis Bagshawe and Richard Bold of the 2nd part and William Chetwynde and Edward Arblaster of the 3rd part in order to suffer a Common Recovery 2nd Dec. 1658. Inrolled in the Close Rolls in Chancery the six-and-twentieth day of January in the year of our Lord 1658 by Humfrey Jaggard.

There was no impression on the wax of Walton's seal, and judging from its perfect state, none could ever have been made on it.

CORRIGENDA.

P. xxxii. line 2, for *thrice* read *frequently*.
P. xxxii. lines 10 and 14, for *Mr. Thornton* read *Thrustros*. See Note B.
P. cxi. The connection between the families of Walton and Milward is stated in Note K. See also the Pedigree of Walton.
P. cxii. line 2, for *Rook* read *Rock*.
P. cxii. delete note 9.

LIFE OF CHARLES COTTON.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

GEORGE JOHN LORD VERNON

BARON OF KINDERTON IN THE COUNTY OF CHESTER

THE FOLLOWING MEMOIR IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

N. HARRIS NICOLAS

August 1836

who with his Angle & his Bookes,
Can thincke ye Longest day well spent,
And prayses God when back hee Cookes,
Hee finds that all way innocent.

Charles Cotton

MEMOIR OF CHARLES COTTON.

" All he desires, all that he would demand,
Is only that some amicable hand
Would but irriguate his fading bays
With due, and only with deserved praise."

The family of Cotton, of which the subject of this memoir was a younger branch, is both ancient and honorable ; and his immediate ancestor Sir Richard Cotton, Comptroller of the Household and Privy Councillor to Edward the Sixth, was settled at Warblenton, in the county of Sussex, and at Bedhampton, in Hampshire.[1] His grandfather, Sir George Cotton, who died in 1613, left issue by Cassandra Mac William,[2] his wife, two children, Charles and Cassandra. The latter died unmarried before the year

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[1] Sir George Cotton (the Poet's grandfather) who died in 1613, is described in the Heralds' Visitation of Staffordshire in 1664, as "a younger son of Cotton, of Warblenton, in the county of Sussex, and of Bedhampton, in the county of Hants;" but though considerable trouble has been taken to ascertain the connection, it has not been successful. Sir George Cotton of Warblenton was living in 1595, and by Mary, daughter of John Shelley, of Michelgrove, in Sussex, had several children, but none of the name of Charles or George are mentioned in the pedigrees of the family; and it is doubtful whether Sir George Cotton (the grandfather of the Poet) was a *younger son* of Sir George Cotton by Mary Shelley, or whether he was that *identical person*, who may have married Cassandra Mac William to his second wife, and by her have been the father of a son named Charles, who was possibly so called after Charles Earl of Kent, the husband of Susan Cotton, sister of the said Sir George Cotton of Warblenton.

[2] It is most probable that Cassandra Mac William was the daughter of Henry Mac William, by Margaret or Maria, daughter and coheir of Richard Hill, Serjeant of the Wine-cellar to Henry VIII, and widow of Sir John Cheeke, Secretary of State and Preceptor to Edward VI. The said Maria Hill was one of the Maids of Honor to Queen Elizabeth. Vide Harleian MS. 801, f. 49, and Anthony Wood's MSS. 8469, f. 102^{b}. Cassandra Mac William is said, in the Visitation of Staffordshire in 1664, to have been the "daughter and heiress of Mac William," but the pedigree in the Harleian MS. 891, states that Henry Mac William had by Margaret (or Maria) Hill two sons, Henry and Ambrose, and three daughters, Susan the wife of Edward Saunders, Cicely, and Cassandra.

1649, and an elegy was written on her decease by the friend of her father and brother, Colonel Richard Lovelace.[3]

Charles Cotton the father of the poet, and the only son of Sir George Cotton, is said to have lived at Ovingdean in Sussex; but having married Olive, the daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston in Derbyshire, by his first wife Olive, daughter and heiress of Edward Beresford, of Beresford in Staffordshire, and of Bentley in the county of Derby, he succeeded to those estates in her right, and settled at Beresford. Mr. Cotton was distinguished for his talents and accomplishments, and was the friend and companion of many of the most eminent of his contemporaries, including Ben Jonson, Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. Donne, Selden, Fletcher,[4] Herrick,[5] Carew, Lovelace, Davenant, and May, the Lord Chief Justice Vaughan, and the great Lord Clarendon. Some of those writers celebrated his merits in their verses; and Lord Clarendon has particularly mentioned him in his well known autobiography.[6]

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[3] Lucasta, 8vo., 1649, p. 112. "An Elegie on the death of Mrs. Cassandra Cotton, only sister to Mr. C. Cotton."

[4] Vide Cokayne's Poems, p. 91, and the Apology to the Reader.

[5] Herrick inscribed one of his poems to the elder Cotton, 8vo. 1648, p. 352.

[6] "CHARLES COTTON was a gentleman, born to a competent fortune; and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred. His natural parts were very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height: but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument; so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him, to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man, in the court or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person: all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind; which, being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been, and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long."

Clarendon's Life, Vol. I. p. 36, *ed. Oxford*, 1827.

Mr. Cotton's marriage connected him with the families of Stanhope, Cokayne, Aston, Port, and others of the highest rank in the counties of Derby and Stafford. Mrs. Cotton died at Beresford between 1650 and 1658, in the thirty-eighth year of her age; and her cousin, Sir Aston Cokayne, wrote some verses to her memory.[7]

Charles Cotton, the only child[8] of Mr. Cotton by Olive Stanhope, was born at Beresford on the 28th of April, 1630. No particulars are preserved respecting the place of his education; but he is supposed to have become a member of the University of Cambridge sometime about the year 1649, though that fact can only be reconciled with his having been a pupil of Mr. Ralph Rawson, fellow of Brazen nose College, Oxford, by supposing that Rawson removed to Cambridge on being ejected from his fellowship by the Parliamentary visitors in 1648.[9] His affection for his tutor is strongly expressed in the trans-

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[7] Cokayne's Poems, 8vo. 1658. "On the death of my dear cousin germane Mrs. Olive Cotton, who deceased at Beresford the 38th year of her age, and lyes buried at Bently by Ashbourne."—He also wrote verses "To my cousin german Mrs. Olive Cotton," p. 138; and "Of my staying supper with my cousin Mrs. Olive Cotton," p. 139; and the following

EPITAPH ON MY DEAR COUSIN GERMAN MRS. OLIVE COTTON.

Passenger, stay, and notice take of her
Whom this sepulchral marble doth inter:
For Sir John Stanhope's daughter, and his heir,
By his first wife, a Beresford, lies here.
Her husband of a noble house was, one
Every where for his worths belov'd and known.
One only son she left, whom we presage
A grace t' his family, and to our age.
She was too good to live, and young to die,
Yet stay'd not to dispute with destiny.
But (soon as she receiv'd the summons given),
Sent her fair soul to wait on God in Heaven.
Here, what was mortal of her turns to dust,
To rise a glorious body with the just.
Now thou may'st go; but take along with thee
(To guide thy life and death) her memory.

[8] In the parish register of St. Dunstan's in the West the following entry occurs: "1653, Sept. 6, Persis, daughter of Charles Cotton, was baptized;" but as the younger Cotton was then unmarried, and his father aged and a widower, it is not likely that either of them was the person alluded to.

[9] Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss. vol. iv. p. 635.

lation of an ode of Johannes Secundus;[10] and his cousin Sir Aston Cokayne likewise shewed his esteem for him in a similar manner; but some verses by Cokayne render it doubtful whether Rawson ever removed from Oxford to Cambridge.[11] If however Cotton was educated at either of the Universities, he did not take his degree, as his name is not mentioned by Anthony Wood among the writers of Oxford; nor does it occur in the manuscript list of graduates of Cambridge in the British Museum.[12] That he possessed considerable classical attainments, and united with them an extensive knowledge of modern languages, particularly of French and Italian,[13] together with the usual accomplishments of the age, is however unquestionable. It does not appear that he was intended for any

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10 Poems on Several Occasions written by Charles Cotton, Esq., 8vo., 1689. "An Ode of Johannes Secundus translated. To my dear Tutor, Mr. Ralph Rawson," p. 547. Rawson acknowledged his kindness in some verses addressed "To my dear and honoured patron, Mr. Charles Cotton, Ode, occasioned by his translation of an ode of Johannes Secundus directed to me, and inserted amongst his other Poems," a copy of which occurs in a manuscript containing the greater part of Cotton's Poems, some, if not all, of which are apparently in his own hand-writing.

11 Cokayne's Poems, p. 207. "To Mr. Ralph Rawson, *lately* Fellow of Brazen Nose College." It commences:—

> "Though I of Cambridge was, and far above
> Your mother Oxford did my Cambridge love;
> I those affections (for your sake) remove,
> And (above Cambridge) now do Oxford love."

and thus concludes:—

> "I far above
> My Cambridge, and your Oxford shall it love."

Had Rawson removed to Cambridge, some allusion would probably have been made to the circumstance in these verses, which were evidently written after he was ejected from his fellowship at Oxford.

12 Additional MSS. in the British Museum, No. 5885. Cole, however, mentions Cotton among the writers who belonged to that University, in his manuscript collections for an Athenæ Cantabrigiensis in the Additional MS., 5865, f. 47, in the British Museum.

13 It appears that Cotton's library contained some of the best Italian Authors, as Cokayne says in one of his effusions, p. 231,

> "D'Avila, Bentivoglio, Guicciardine,
> And Machiavil the subtile Florentine,
> In their originals, I have read through,
> Thanks to your library, and unto you;
> The prime historians of late times; at least,
> In the Italian tongue allow'd the best."

profession;[14] and the early part of his life seems to have been passed in the society of the wits and other literary men of his time. He was himself ardently attached to literature; but except a few poems, he wrote nothing which was published until after the restoration. Before that period the little which is known of his pursuits, has been gleaned from the works of one or two of his friends, and from his own verses; but he probably went abroad before he attained his twenty-fourth year, as he certainly had travelled in France and Italy.

That Cotton wrote many of the poems which were for the first time collected and published after his decease, at an early period of his life,[15] is not only proved by internal evidence, but it is placed beyond dispute, by the subjoined verses addressed to him by Sir Aston Cokayne:

"TO MY MOST HONOURED COUSIN MR. CHARLES COTTON THE YOUNGER, UPON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

BEAR back, you crowd of wits, that have so long
Been the prime glory of the English tongue,
And room for our arch-poet make, and follow
His steps, as you would do your great Apollo.
Nor is he his inferior, for see
His picture, and you'll say that this is he;
So young and handsome both, so tress'd alike,
That curious Lilly, or most skill'd Vandyke,
Would prefer neither. Only here's the odds,
This gives us better verse than that the Gods.
Beware, you poets, that (at distance) you
The reverence afford him that is due
Unto his mighty merit, and not dare
Your puny threads with his lines to compare;

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[14] Cotton says in his "Voyage to Ireland:" "Indeed I had a small smattering of Law," but his legal knowledge appears to have been gained from the performance of the duties of a Justice of the Peace, as he adds:

"Which I *lately* had got *more by practice* than *reading*,
In sitting o' th' Bench, whilst others were pleading."

[15] Among the poems attributed to the younger Cotton are an Elegy upon Henry Lord Hastings, only son of Ferdinand, Earl of Huntingdon, who died in June 1649, which was printed in Brome's "Lachrymæ Musarum, the Tears of the Muses, expressed in elegies written by divers persons of nobility and worth" upon that young nobleman's death, 8vo., 1650, when Cotton was only twenty years of age; and a copy of verses prefixed to Edmund Prestwich's Translation of the Hippolitus of Seneca in 1651.

Lest (for so impious a pride) a worse
Than was Arachne's fate or Midas' curse,
Posterity inflicts upon your fames,
For vent'ring to approach too near his flames,
Whose all commanding muse disdains to be
Equall'd by any, in all poesy.
As the presumptuous son of Clymene,
The sun's command importun'd for a day,
Of his unwilling father, and for so
Rash an attempt, fell headlong into Po.
So you shall fall or worse; not leave so much
As empty names, to shew there once were such.
The Greek and Latin language he commands,
So all that then was writ in both these lands;
The French and the Italian he hath gain'd,
And all the wit that in them is contain'd.
So, if he pleases to translate a piece
From France or Italy, old Rome or Greece,
The understanding reader soon will find,
It is the best of any of that kind;
But when he lets his own rare fancy loose,
There is no flight so noble as his muse.
Treats he of war? Bellona doth advance,
And leads his march with her refulgent lance.
Sings he of love? Cupid about him lurks,
And Venus in her chariot draws his works.
Whate'er his subject be, he'll make it fit
To live hereafter emperor of wit.
He is the Muses' darling, all the nine
Phœbus disclaim, and term him more divine.
The wondrous Tasso, that so long hath borne
The sacred laurel, shall remain forlorn.
Alonso de Ercilla, that in strong
And mighty lines hath Araucana sung,
And Sallust, that the ancient Hebrew story
Hath poetiz'd, submit unto your glory.
So the chief swans of Tagus, Arne, and Seine,
Must yield to Thames, and veil unto your strain.
Hail, generous magazine of wit, you bright
Planet of learning, dissipate the night
Of dulness, wherein us this age involves,
And (from our ignorance) redeem our souls.
A word at parting, Sir, I could not choose
Thus to congratulate your happy muse;
And (though I vilify your worth) my zeal
(And so in mercy think) intended well.
The world will find your lines are great and strong,
The *nihil ultra* of the English tongue.

Cokayne also celebrated Cotton's merits on several other occasions,[16] but only two of those effusions are deserving

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[16] Poems, pp. 147, 154.

of notice, the one for the pithiness of the compliment paid to him, and the other because his father is mentioned:

"TO MY HONOURED COUSIN MR. CHARLES COTTON, JUNIOR.

Donne, Suckling, Randolph, Drayton, Massinger,
Habington, Sandys, May, my acquaintance were;
Jonson, Chapman, and Holland I have seen,
And with them too should have acquainted been.
What needs this catalogue? Th' are dead and gone,
And to me you are all of them in one."

"TO MY COUSIN MR. CHARLES COTTON THE YOUNGER.

In how few years have you rais'd up an high
Column of learning by your industry,
More glorious than those pyramids that old
Canopus view'd, or Cair doth yet behold!
Your noble father (that for able parts
Hath won an high opinion in all hearts),
May like the Elder Scaliger look down
With admiration on his worthy son.
Proceed, fair plant of ex'ellencies, and grow
So high to shadow all that are below."

Colonel Lovelace, who addressed an ode[17] to Cotton's father, and wrote an elegy on his aunt, Cassandra, inscribed "The Triumphs of Philamore and Amoret, to the noblest of our youth and best of friends, Charles Cotton, Esquire, being at Beresford, at his house in Staffordshire, from London."[18] In these verses he laments Cotton's absence, and thus affectionately anticipates his return:

"But all our clouds shall be o'erblown when thee
In our horizon, bright, once more we see;
When thy dear presence shall our souls new dress;
And spring an universal cheerfulness,
When we shall be o'erwhelm'd in joy, like they
That change their night for a vast half year's day.
Then shall the wretched few that do repine
See and recant their blasphemies in wine;
Then shall they grieve that thought I've sung too free
High and aloud of thy true worth and Thee:
And their foul heresies and lips submit
To th' all forgiving breath of Amoret;
And me alone their anger's object call,
That from my height so miserably did fall;
And cry out my invention thin and poor,
Who have said nought, since I could say no more."

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[17] Lucasta. edit. 1649. "The Grasshopper, To my noble friend, Mr. Charles Cotton." p. 34.

[18] Lucasta. Posthume Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq. 8vo. 1659.

The most remarkable lines are, however, the following, because they seem to corroborate Aubrey's statement that Cotton had relieved Lovelace in his distress :[19]

> " What fate was mine when in mine obscure cave
> Shut up almost close prisoner in a grave
> Your beams could reach me through this vault of night,
> And canton the dark dungeon with light !
> Whence me, as gen'rous Spahy's, you unbound,
> Whilst I now know myself both free and crown'd."

Cotton[20] and several other persons wrote Elegies to Lovelace's memory, which were printed at the end of his "Lucasta and Posthume Poems" in 1659.

The most material facts which Cotton's own poems establish are, that he was a zealous royalist, and an uncompromising enemy of Cromwell. He omitted no opportunity of expressing his sentiments ;[21] and a decisive proof

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19 " Lovelace died in 1658, in a mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane. Aubrey's statement is, that ' George Petty, haberdasher in Fleet Street, carried twenty shillings to him every Monday morning from Sir —— Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months, and was never repaid.' " Athen. Oxon. ed. Bliss, vol. iii. p. 462, 463.

20 See Cotton's Poems, p. 481.

21 For example, in his Voyage to Ireland :

> " We enter'd the port,
> Where another King's head invited me down,
> For indeed I have ever been true to the Crown." p. 198.

In his Contentation, he says : " The man is happy

> Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
> Honours those laws that others fear,
> Who ill of princes in worst times,
> Will neither speak himself, nor hear." p. 258.

In his Ode to Melancholy :

> " An infamous Usurper's come,
> Whose name is sounding in mine ear
> Like that, methinks, of *Oliver*."
>
> " And yet, methinks, it cannot be
> That he
> Should be crept into me.
> My skin could ne'er contain sure so much evil,
> Nor any place but hell can hold so great a Devil."
> pp. 264, 265.

The Chorus to one of his Bacchanalian songs is :

> " Then let us revel, quaff, and sing,
> Health and his sceptre to the King." p. 448.

See also his Epode to Alexander Brome on the King's return, p. 511, and several other instances throughout his Poems.

of his political opinions is exhibited in his verses on the execution of James Earl of Derby, in 1651,[22] and in his severe castigation of Waller for writing a panegyric on the Protector about the year 1654:

"TO POET E. W. OCCASIONED FOR HIS WRITING A PANEGYRIC ON OLIVER CROMWELL.

From whence, vile Poet, didst thou glean the wit,
And words for such a vitious poem fit?
Where could'st thou paper find was not too white,
Or ink, that could be black enough to write?
What servile devil tempted thee to be
A flatterer of thine own slavery?
To kiss thy bondage, and extol the deed,
At once that made thy prince, and country bleed?
I wonder much thy false heart did not dread,
And shame to write what all men blush to read;
Thus with a base ingratitude to rear
Trophies unto thy master's murtherer?
  Who call'd thee coward (—) much mistook
The characters of thy pedantic look;
Thou hast at once abused thyself and us;
He's stout that dares flatter a tyranne thus.
  Put up thy pen and ink, muzzle thy muse,
Adulterate hag fit for a common stews,
No good man's library; writ thou hast
Treason in rhyme has all thy works defaced:
Such is thy fault, that when I think to find
A punishment of the severest kind,
For thy offence, my malice cannot name
A greater; than, once to commit the same.
  Where was thy reason then, when thou began
To write against the sense of God and man?
Within thy guilty breast despair took place,
Thou would'st despairing die in spite of grace.
At once thou art judge, and malefactor shown,
Each sentence in thy poem is thine own.
  Then, what thou hast pronounced go execute,
Hang up thyself, and say, I bid thee do it;
Fear not thy memory, that cannot die,
This panegyric is thy elegy,
Which shall be when, or wheresoever read,
A living poem to upbraid thee dead."

Though ardent royalists, both Cotton and his father seem to have escaped the persecutions to which the Cavaliers were exposed, as their names have not been found in connection with any public event during the Common-

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[22] Cotton's Poems, p. 411.

wealth; nor do they appear to have been obliged to purchase safety by compounding for their estates. Of Cotton's acquaintances at this period, the most remarkable, with reference to this work, was Isaak Walton, his adopted father in the art of Angling, who became one of his intimate friends, and whose esteem is strong evidence of Cotton's moral worth. Walton was also known to his father, for, in speaking of the lives of Donne and Wotton, Cotton observes,

> "How happy was *my father*, then, to see
> Those men he lov'd, *by him he lov'd* to be
> Rescued from frailties and mortality."

Literature and the pleasures of society did not however entirely engross his time; for, besides his favourite pursuit of Angling, which he followed before he was seventeen,[23] he amused himself in gardening and planting. Upon the latter subject, he not only afterwards wrote a treatise,[24] but proved that his knowledge was practical, by planting his own grounds near Beresford Hall;[25] and the taste with which he improved that place, caused him to be complimented by his constant eulogist, Sir Aston Cokayne.[26]

Towards the end of July, or early in August, 1656, when Cotton was in his twenty seventh year, he married his cousin Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire.[27] In contemplation of that alliance, his father and himself vested the manors of Bentley, Borrowashe, and Beresford, together with the rectory of Spoondon, and other lands, in trustees, to sell so much of the same as would pay off a mortgage of

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[23] Cotton says in his part of "The Complete Angler," in 1676: "I will tell you nothing I have not made myself as certain of as any *man* can be in *thirty years' experience*, for so long I have been a *dabbler* in that art." p. 406.

[24] Vide postea.

[25] "Viator. It [Beresford Hall] appears on a sudden, but not before 'twas looked for. It stands prettily, and *here's wood about it too*, but so young as appears to be of your *own planting*.

"Piscator. *It is so.*"—Cotton's part of the Complete Angler, p. 420.

[26] "Your Basford house you have adorned much,
And Bently hopes it shortly shall be such;
Think on 't; and set but Bently in repair,
To both those Basfords you will shew y' are heir."

[27] Vide the accompanying pedigree.

£1700, granted in July, 1655, by the younger Cotton; and to hold the surplus in trust for him and his heirs. The manor of Beresford was then settled upon his father for life, with remainder to his children; and a life interest in his other property was secured to his intended wife, Isabella Hutchinson, in case she survived him.[28]

In December 1658, Cotton lost his father, who appears from Lord Clarendon's account of him, to have lived to an advanced age, and to have injured his property by law-suits. This circumstance ought not to be forgotten in forming a judgment of his son's character: nor is it less material to remember, that though he may have inherited his father's talents, and been much indebted to his assistance during his education, yet his parent's conduct, particularly in the latter part of his life, afforded him an example of imprudence and irregularity, which he too closely followed.

Upon the restoration of Charles the Second, Cotton first appeared before the public as an author. He addressed a panegyric to the King, consisting of fourteen pages in prose, but it contains nothing which distinguishes it from the numerous other productions with which Charles's return was greeted.[29] In the same year he became (probably for the first time) a father, by the birth of his eldest son, to whom he gave the name of Beresford. All which is known of Cotton during the ensuing four years is, that in 1664 he published a burlesque Poem entitled "Scarronides, or the First Book of Virgil Travestie," which will be again alluded to; and that he prepared for the press a translation of "The Moral Philosophy of the Stoics," from the French of Du Vaix, but which was not published until 1667.[30] In the dedication of that volume to his friend and kinsman John Ferrers, Esq., dated on the 27th of February, 1663-4, he says he had translated it some years before by his father's command, who was a great admirer of the author, "so," he tells Ferrers, "that which you see was an effect of my obedience, and no part of my

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[28] Stat. 27 Car. II. 1675.

[29] Several of these addresses are collected in one volume in the British Museum; and the exact date of their respective appearance, with some corrections of the names of their authors, have been added in a contemporary hand. Cotton's Panegyrick is dated 27th August, 1660.

[30] The Imprimatur is dated 13th April, 1664.

choice, my little studies, especially at that time, lying another way, neither had I now published it, but that I was unwilling to have a thing, how mean soever, turned to waste paper that cost me some hours' pains, and which, however I may have disguised it, is no ill thing in itself."

Cotton having found his income inadequate to his expenses, he was obliged to apply to Parliament for power to sell part of his estates for the payment of his debts; and an act was accordingly passed in the 16th Charles II. 1665, for that purpose.[31] He was at that time employed in translating Corneille's Tragedy of Horace, for the amusement of his wife's sister, Miss Stanhope Hutchinson. It was published in 1671, with a dedication to that lady, dated at Beresford, 7th November, 1665, in which he says it was never to be made public; and in the printed address to the reader, written at the same place in October, 1670, he refers to the dedication as proof that it was not intended for publication, but had been written for the "private amusement of a fair young lady." He adverted to Mrs. Katherine Philips' translation of the same play in very respectful terms; and says that the songs and choruses to the Acts were "all wholly his own."

Between the years 1665 and 1670, the only thing which is positively known of Cotton is, that about 1667 he wrote some verses on the Poems of his friend Alexander Brome, who died in June 1666, which were prefixed to a collection of his works published in 1668. In those verses he thus justly noticed the neglect which attends a Poet, in comparison with the fame that awaits a Hero and a Statesman:

> "To advance their names no cost is spar'd;
> Medals are cast, and obelisks are rear'd;
> The marble quarry is torn up, the mine
> Is search'd, and robb'd to make their triumphs shine
> But the neglected Poet when he dies,
> Or with obscure, or with no obsequies
> Is lay'd aside; and though by living verse,
> Strew'd on this Hero's and that Statesman's hearse,
> His pen graves characters by which they live
> A longer life, than brass or marble give:
> Yet has this generous Poet no return,
> None to weep o'er his urn, nay, scarce an urn.

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[31] In consequence of the fire in the House of Lords, which has caused great confusion among the Parliamentary Records, the Act cannot at this moment be found.

O undiscerning world! The Soldier's brave
Either for what he wants, or thirsts to have:
His breast opposing against fire and flame,
Either for riches, or a glorious name.
Reward and honor make the Soldier's trade,
And if he either win, the man's well paid.
The Statesman, on the other side, takes pains
To smooth that war to peace, and works his brains,
Or to appease an enemy, or make
Such friends, as may at need make good the stake.
Nor is his reverend care, when all is done,
More for his country's safety, than his own;
And that which makes his city's freedom dear,
Is that himself and his inhabit there.
Whereas the Poet, by more generous ways
Distributes boughs of oak, and shoots of bays
According to due merit, nor does take
Thought of reward, but all for virtue's sake.
It were in vain to write on other score,
The Poet knows his lot is to be poor:
For whatsoe'er's well done, well writ, well said,
The Bard is ever the last man that's paid;
The wary world has wisely taken time,
Till the Greek Calends to account for rhyme.
Nor do I here intend the gold that's hurl'd
Like flaming brands thorough the peaceful world,
To make whole kingdoms into faction split,
Should be supposed the recompense of wit:
The Poet scorns that sordid seed of earth,
The world's alluring, but unhappy birth.
All he desires, all that he would demand,
Is only that some amicable hand
Would but irriguate his fading bays
With due, and only with deserved praise;
Yet even this, so modest a request,
The age denies."

That edition of Brome's Poems contains an epistle to Cotton with his answer; but the latter is only remarkable for the abhorrence which he expressed at being obliged to live in the country with no other friends, visitors, or company,

"But such, as I still pray, I may not see,
Such craggy rough-hewn rogues, as do not fit,
Sharpen and set, but blunt the edge of wit;
Any of which (and fear has a quick eye)
If through a perspective I chance to spy,
Though a mile off, I take the alarm and run
As if I saw the Devil or a dun;
And in the neighbouring rocks take sanctuary,
Praying the hills to fall and cover me;
So that my solace lies amongst my grounds,
And my best company's my horse and hounds."

The same feeling of dislike at being separated from his literary companions, and from those intellectual enjoyments which a capital, and a capital only, affords, may be frequently traced in his other pieces.[32] It is most likely that many of his poems were written about this period; and it is nearly certain that the one in which he gives the fullest and most interesting account of himself, namely, "A Voyage to Ireland in burlesque," was composed about the year 1670 or 1671, because he says, he was then forty years old. For this reason it is desirable to insert several extracts from it, the length of which is justified by the humorous descriptions which they contain of his history, situation, and feelings. Cotton had it appears before that time entered the army, in which he then held a captain's commission; and being sent to Ireland, he describes his journey from Beresford, to the place of embarkation in Wales.

His narrative thus commences:—

"The lives of frail men are compar'd by the sages,
Or unto short journeys, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or later,
That is, to their ends, to be plain in my matter;
From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folks so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people
Would have gone a great way to have seen a high steeple,
And though I was bred 'mong the wonder o' th' Peak,
Would have thrown away money, and ventur'd my neck
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and brave;
But at forty years old you may, if you please,
Think me wiser than run such errands as these;
Or, had the same humour still ran in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland, I ne'er should have chose:
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;
I know then you'll presently ask me, for what?
Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman trot;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd
If I went to the place whereof Nick was asham'd."

Among his regrets at taking leave of his home, his favourite pursuit of Angling was not forgotten:

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[32] Vide Cotton's Poems, ed. 1689, pp. 86, 128, 129.

" And now farewell, Dove, where I've caught such brave dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scal'd fishes;
Thy trout and thy grayling may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on, then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear."

Of the ale which he drank at Holmes-Chapel, he observes,

"—— I speak it with tears,
Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty good years,
And have drank so much liquor has made me a debtor,
In my days, that I know of, I never drank better."

At Chester he was taken ill, but he speedily recovered; and after he had

"—— comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were grizzle,"

he went to the Cathedral, and when the service was ended, he fell into the rear of the procession of the mayor and aldermen;

" For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In authority's tail, than the head of a rout.
In this rev'rend order we marched from prayer,
The mace before me borne as well as the Mayor,
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,
Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days;
But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my fist,
Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kiss'd,
By which, though thick-scull'd, he must understand this,
That I was a most humble servant of his;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took,
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look,)
That to have me dogg'd home, he straightway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted;
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to supper;
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind invitation,
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any supper at all;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands."

The mayor however insisted upon having his company at supper: he obeyed, and

" Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master Mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken;
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his chair,
He will'd and requir'd me there to declare

My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,
And whether I was not a master of arts;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither?
Giving me caution, no lie should escape me,
For if I should trip, he should certainly trap me."

His answer to these inquiries contains an amusing account of himself:

"I answer'd, my country was fam'd Staffordshire;
That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ Squire;
That of land, I had both sorts, some good and some evil,
But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the devil;
That as for my parts, they were such as he saw;
That indeed I had a small smatt'ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
By sitting o'th' bench, whilst others were pleading;
But that arms I had ever more studied than arts,
And was now to a Captain rais'd by my deserts;
That the business which lead me through Palatine ground
Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound."

It may be inferred from Cotton's description of a storm which he inscribed to a nobleman whose name is not mentioned,[33] that he was nearly shipwrecked in his passage to Ireland.

Allusions to himself also occur in his "Epistle to Sir Clifford Clifton, then sitting in parliament," and in several other of his pieces. He tells Clifton

"—— That you may guess at the party that writes t'ee,
And not grope in the dark, I'll hold up these lights t'ee.
For his stature, he's but a contemptible male,
And grown something swab with drinking good ale;
His looks, than your brown, a little thought brighter,
Which grey hairs make every year whiter and whiter:
His visage, which all the rest mainly disgraces,
Is warp't, or by age, or cutting of faces.
So that, whether 'twere made so, or whether 'twere marr'd,
In good sooth, he's a very unpromising bard:
His legs, which creep out of two old fashion'd knapsacks,
Are neither two mill-posts, nor yet are they trap-sticks;
They bear him, when sober, bestir 'em and spare not,
And who the devil can stand when they are not?
Thus much for his person, now for his condition,
That's sick enough full to require a physician:
He always wants money, which makes him want ease,
And he's always besieg'd, tho' himself of the peace,
By an army of duns, who batter with scandals,
And are foemen more fierce than the Goths or the Vandals.

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[33] Poems, p. 199.

But when he does sally, as sometimes he does,
Then hey for Bess Juckson, and a fig for his foes:
He's good fellow enough to do every one right,
And never was first that ask'd, what time of night?
His delight is to toss the cann merrily round,
And loves to be wet, but hates to be drown'd:
He fain would be just, but sometimes he cannot,
Which gives him the trouble that other men have not.
He honours his friend, but he wants means to show it,
And loves to be rhyming, but is the worst poet.
Yet among all these vices, to give him his due,
He has the virtue to be a true lover of you.
But how much he loves you, he says you may guess it,
Since nor prose, nor yet metre, he swears can express it."

In 1670, he published a new edition of his "Virgil Travesty," which contained the first and fourth books.[34] To this work he is principally indebted for his literary fame; for such is the caprice of the public, that whilst his other, and far more important writings have been comparatively neglected, this absurd burlesque has gone through no less than fifteen editions. Upon a work which is so well known, it is unnecessary to make any critical remarks; and though no person would wish the example of one of Cotton's biographers[35] to be followed, by introducing a long dissertation on that kind of composition, there are some facts connected with that poem, which must be stated. The chief objection which has been urged against it, is that it is disfigured by indecent and vulgar expressions; and though it is by no means intended to defend them, still much allowance ought to be made for the taste of the age in which Cotton lived, which produced Hudibras, and several other works of a similar nature. But it is remarkable, that the early editions of "Virgil Travestie" are free from many of the grosser allusions that occur in the later impressions; and as Cotton's motive for introducing them into the subsequent editions is not known, it is doubtful whether the appetite of the public, or his own feelings had become more depraved; or, whether they were the suggestions of some of his companions. The deterioration may however have arisen from the desire of his bookseller to give greater piquancy to the later editions, for the sake

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[34] Cotton did not affix his name to this work, which was thus advertised by Henry Brome in 1668, "Scarronides, or Virgil Travesty, both parts by a person of honor, in 8vo."

[35] Oldys.

of the sale; but as they were made in the author's life-time, that circumstance would not excuse him.

It has been said that some lines in "Virgil Travestie," gave so much offence to a female relation, whose name he had used in allusion to her ruff, that she changed her intention of leaving him her fortune, amounting to between four or five hundred pounds per annum. This anecdote has however been doubted, because he had neither an aunt nor grandmother, whose name was Cokayne;[36] and another[37] of his biographers even denies that such an offensive passage can be found in any of his writings. The lines in question are thus printed in all the early editions;

"And then there is a fair great ruff,
Made of a pure and costly stuff,
To wear about her Highness neck,
Like Mrs. Cockaynes in the Peak."[38]

The tradition on the subject is, that the lady alluded to was Cotton's cousin, Miss Lucy Cokayne, youngest daughter of Thomas Cokayne, of Ashbourn Hall, in Derbyshire, and sister of Sir Aston Cokayne; that she was deformed, and to conceal the defect wore a remarkably large ruff; and that when Cotton was remonstrated with, and requested to substitute some other lines, he replied, "I will not spoil my joke for any hump-backed b— in Christendom."[39] Part of this story is, however, rendered extremely doubtful by the following facts. The lady[40] was

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[36] Biographia Britannica.

[37] Sir John Hawkins.

[38] Altered in the collected edition of Cotton's works in 1715, to "Like Miss Cockanye's in the Peak," probably, for the sake of the metre, which is, however, perfectly correct as the line was originally written, if "Mrs." when printed at length, stood as it ought to do, "Mistress," which was then the usual appellation of unmarried women.

[39] From the information of the late William Bateman, Esq. of Middleton, near Bakewell. That gentleman added, "This tradition has been handed down in a family for four generations from the great grandfather, John Marsh, who was a servant in the Cotton family, and a great favourite of the poet's, to John Marsh, his great grandson, who has often related it to me as being certainly what happened."

[40] Lucy Cokayne was the fifth daughter of Thomas Cokayne. She was born shortly after 1612, and died unmarried at the age of thirty-four, probably about 1647, and certainly before 1658. See an epitaph by Sir Aston Cokayne on his dear sister Mrs. Lettice Armstrong, "who deceased about the 43rd of her age, and of Mrs. Lucy Cokayne, who died about the 34th of hers, and lye both buried at Ashborn." Cokayne's Poems, p. 214.

a younger child of a large family, and therefore was not likely to have had much fortune at her own disposal: moreover she appears to have died before Cotton was twenty years of age, and long before "Virgil Travestie" was published; and, whilst he was only distantly related to her, she had a brother, several sisters, and many nephews and nieces.

In the same year, 1670, Cotton published a translation of Gerard's History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon, in a folio volume, which he dedicated to Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury. His motive for inscribing it to that prelate, he thus explained in his letter to the Archbishop, dated at Beresford, on the 30th of October, 1669:

"I have been prompted thereunto by an honest vanity I have, the world should take notice, that how private soever my life has been, I have not altogether conversed with obscurity; but that I have had the honour to be sometime known unto, and to have been favoured by one of the greatest Prelates, and the best men upon earth."

He also said that the work "has so the much better title to your acceptance, as it is the fruit of the most innocent part of my time; and offered with a heart as grateful for the many favours I have received from your Grace's bounty, and as full of honour and reverence for your person and dignity, as any man who in a better, and more studied stile, may take the boldness to subscribe himself," &c.

Some extracts from the Preface will be read with interest because they afford information about Cotton himself:

"Having about three years since, and in the vacancy of a country life, taken this volume in hand, before I had gone through the three first books, I was called away first by employment, and after dismissed from that, taken off by so long and so uncomfortable a sickness, that I found myself utterly unfit for any undertaking of this, or any other kind; and consequently, had almost given over all thoughts of proceeding in a work, which at some melancholy times, I believed I might not live to finish. Being since restored to a better state of health, and coming to review my papers, either the dislike of what I had already done, the shame of having been so long in doing it, the indisposition of my disease left still hanging upon me, the bulk of what I had undertaken, the little leisure I

conceived I might have wherewith to perform it, or all together, had almost persuaded me to hold on the same resolution, and for ever to let it alone; till recollecting myself, I remembered I had a greater obligation upon me (which nevertheless I do not think fit to publish in this place) to go through with what I had already begun, than was to be dissolved by any truant humour, or private aversion of my own. I, therefore, reassumed my former purpose, and some months since took the book again in good earnest in hand, which when I have said, any ingenious person may reasonably wonder, how a man in good earnest, and that has so little to do in the world as I have, could be all this tedious time about such a piece of work as this: to which, if what I have already said, will not serve for an excuse, I shall answer, that although by my incapacity, my ill fortune, or both, I stand excused from public employment, I have notwithstanding so much private concern of my own to divert me, and so few moments to bestow upon myself, that I wonder it is done so soon; an apology I might however have spared, since my haste will I fear be too legible in every line."

It would seem that Cotton had met with some pecuniary losses from his previous publications, and that he was not induced to translate the work from any expectation of profit, as he says:—

"It was not, therefore, out of any ambition I had to be again in print, I having suffered too much that way already; nor to be reputed a good translator, the best whereof sit in the lowest form of writers,"—"neither was I prompted to it by any design of advantage, that consideration being ever very much below my thoughts; nor to oblige the world, that being as much above my expectation: but having an incurable humour of scribbling upon me, I believed I could not choose a braver subject for my friends' diversion, and my own entertainment than this."

He often adverts to the Duke of Espernon's loyalty in terms of admiration, and states that it was his greatest inducement to undertake the work, "especially" he adds "when I reflected upon the times we ourselves have too lately seen, when loyalty was not very much in fashion, or not to be owned without manifest ruin." He then makes a pleasing acknowledgment to his publisher, Henry Brome, who was, it is presumed, the brother of the Poet of that

name, with whom, as has been already observed, both Walton and Cotton were intimate:

"Lastly, in the behalf of my bookseller Mr. Brome (to whose kindness I owe more than I can pay him by this impression) I am to say, that although I dare not answer how far this history may suffer by my oversights or mistakes, or by the faults escaped the press, which (I know not by what accident) are very many, and some of them very considerable; yet I dare pronounce it one of the best things I have seen in that language, I do not mean for the excellency, or harmony of the style which in the original itself, though the words there be very significant, elegant, and admirably well chosen, is notwithstanding none of the smoothest I have read: but for the importance of the subject, wherein you will find much of the policy of that time, not only of France itself, but moreover of the courts of England, Rome, Spain, Savoy, Germany, Sweden, and the States of the United Provinces, together with a narrative of all the most celebrated battles, skirmishes, rencounters, combats, sieges, assaults and stratagems, for above three-score years, together with the descriptions of the strengths, situations, and distances of cities, towns, castles, citadels, forts, rivers, countries, seignories, jurisdictions and provinces, and all this collected and delivered by a judicious and impartial hand, an extraordinary effect of a French pen, that nation (especially in records that immediately concern their own honor), having been commonly observed to be very civil to themselves; so that methinks the dignity of the subject, and the ingenuity of the author considered, a work how unhappily soever performed by me, undertaken nevertheless merely for the common benefit and delight, ought not to be discountenanced, nor very ill received. Yet do I not (though in the foregoing paragraph I have discovered something of the charlatan in the behalf of my bookseller) hereby intend to beg any favor for myself, or by these large promises to bribe my reader into milder censures, neither do I think it fit to provoke him by a defiance; for that were to be an ill man as well as an ill writer. I therefore frankly, and without condition expose myself to every man's judgment, of which such as appear civil to me are my friends, and I shall owe them the same respect when it shall be my turn to judge, as it

is now to be censured. Those who will not be so, I shall threaten no further, than to put them in mind, that if ever they attempt any thing of the same nature, they will then lie under the same disadvantage I now do, and consequently may meet with the same injustice."

Between 1670 and 1674, Cotton translated "The Commentaries of De Montluc, Marshal of France;" which was published in 1674. He dedicated that volume to his distant relation[41] the Earl of Chesterfield, to whom he expressed much gratitude for "many and great obligations;" and he said, "I confess I have a desire both to be more universally known your servant, and that the world at the same time should take notice, that though you may in my person have placed your favors upon an unworthy, yet they have nevertheless been conferred upon a grateful man."

In his preface he again mentions the little success which had attended his literary efforts, and explains the reason of his continuing nevertheless to write:

"A man that has had no better luck in printing books than I, and received from the world so little thanks for his labour, should, one would have thought, have taken some reasonable warning, and in some moderate time have given over scribbling; but notwithstanding these discouragements, I have hitherto, and do yet continue incorrigible, as whoever will take the pains to read them, will see by the following Commentaries; and seeing I acknowledge this to be a fault, and that every fault requires some excuse, I think fit to give the reader some account why I still persist so obstinately to pester the world with my writings. It is not then out of any ill natured desire I have to be troublesome, or any great ambition I have to be laughed at; but being by a perpetual confinement to the solitude of my own house, put eternally upon reading, that reading, when I meet with any thing that pleases my own fancy, inspires me with a desire to communicate such things as I conceive are worth knowing, and are out of the common road of ordinary readers, to their observation, and to dedicate those hours which I myself have spent with some delight in such translations, to their vacancy and diversion."

Cotton prefixed some verses to the volume "On the

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[41] See the accompanying pedigree.

brave Marshal de Montluc, and his Commentaries writ by his own hand;" and Flatman and Newcourt wrote several lines "On the worthy Translator," but none of these pieces merit further notice. A work was published in the same year, called "The Compleat Gamester,"[42] which has been confidently attributed to Cotton;[43] but there is nothing to prove that it was written by him. He likewise published a small volume in 1674, entitled "The Fair One of Tunis; or the Generous Mistress: a new piece of gallantry out of French,"[44] which has been considered a mere translation; but it would appear from the curious "Advertisement to the Reader," that it was almost, if not entirely, an original work:

"Courteous Reader,

"Without regarding after what manner the world shall please to receive it, and at the hazard of increasing the number of ill authors, I have undertaken to write a book; which I have been the rather encouraged to do, by reason that so many now-a-days take upon them that employment. The booksellers pay no excise that I know of:

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[42] Or "Instructions how to Play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Chess;" together with all manner of usual and most gentele Games, either on Cards or Dice, to which is added, the Art and Mysteries of Riding, Racing, Archery and Cock-fighting." London, printed by A. M. for R. Cullen, and to be sold by Henry Brome, at the Gun, at the west end of St. Pauls, 8vo. 1674.

[43] In the preface to "The Compleat Gamester, written for the use of the young Princesses, by Richard Seymour, Esq." the fifth edition of which was printed in 1734, it is said that "the second and third parts of this treatise were originally written by Charles Cotton, Esq. some years since."

[44] "The Fair One of Tunis: or, the Generous Mistres: a new piece of gallantry. Out of French.

Tibul. Eleg. 2, l. 1.

—— fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus,
Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusq: sacerq:
Qualibet, insidias non timuisse decet.

London: Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1674." 8vo. pp. 312.

It has a frontispiece, representing a knight in armour on horseback receiving a spear entwined with laurel from Mars, and a chaplet from Venus. Above, on a scroll, is written "The Fayre One of Tvnis; or the Generovs Mistriss." In the catalogue of Brome's publications, at the end of "The Planter's Manual," in 1675, it is thus advertised: "The Fair One of Tunis, a new piece of gallantry, by C. Cot. Esq. in oct. 2*s*. 6*d*.

our masters (blest be God) have not yet unbethought them of imposing a gable upon that sort of commodity. I cannot, however, but confess it would bring in a great revenue; and 'tis pity the officers of excise should lose so fair an opportunity of filling his majesty's coffers (or rather their own). For the number of ill writers is much greater than any man would imagine, and certainly a penny a quire for all the trumpery the press sends out in a year, would amount to a pretty matter. But possibly they are afraid these pretenders to wit should rise in rebellion, and nobody is willing to draw upon himself a whole library of invectives. But be it how it will, I found myself in the humour, and at leisure to play the fool a little as well as others; I had nothing else to do, and thought it was better to spoil a little paper at home in my chamber, than to wear out my shoes in walking the streets to no purpose.

"In this, my first and principal design was to divert myself; my next (dear Reader) to please thee, in saying here and there some things, that I thought were pleasant and rational enough. If thou likest it, I have my end, and demand nothing of thee in return, but that thou wilt confess it; which I shall hear of by somebody or another: only I think fit to give thee this Advertisement, that it is really a true history, excepting that part of the Sultaness her escape, with that of Don Pedro and Isabella Albirond only getting off clear in the truth of the story; and therefore do not look upon it as a mere piece of invention, for it is no such thing.

> Fu quel ch' io dico, e non v'aggiungo un pelo;
> Io 'l vidi, Io 'l so.

"It is not so long since this happened neither, that we can reckon by any thing but the months; and therefore has at least the grace of novelty, which no one can deny it. If I would have taken the liberty of the romance writers, who make what adventures they please, and carry them on at the extravagant rate of their own fancy, I could peradventure have made this more modish, and much fuller of affairs and intrigues. A few hours' meditation would have done that, but for once I paint by the life, and not by invention. The aforesaid gentlemen raise their fabulous stories to such a degree of surprise, or impossibility indeed, that they seem sometimes to drop out of the clouds:

but in the meantime, truth is doubtless that which best pleases in a narrative. If thou art of this opinion, thou wilt take more pleasure in reading such a piece of gallantry as this, which has really come to pass, than one of those celebrated fables, that has hardly ever entered into more than one man's imagination.

"What there is more of rare in this is, that never any bagatelle of love came out of Barbary till now. The pirates of Tunis and Algier do not much intrigue themselves in gallantry; but another sort of pirate is here come under the standard of love, to carry away from these barbarians the greatest beauty their nation ever had: whether or no it be lawful prize, do thou (friendly Reader) judge; and if it prove otherwise, arraign him rather than me. I have followed the Mesmoires that were delivered to me, to which I have only given words, and wherein the workmanship has nothing defaced the natural truth of the story. Farewell."

In 1675 Cotton printed another work in the style of "Virgil Travestie," entitled "Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer Scoft, being some of Lucian's Dialogues, newly put into English Fustian."[45] His name is not placed in the title page, and the same objections apply to this production, as to his "Virgil Travestie." In a prologue he alludes to the Duchess of Newcastle's plays, and says of his Burlesque, that

> "For a fine piece 'twas not intended,
> Since in a month 'twas both begun and ended."

There was perhaps much truth in the reason which he assigns in the Epilogue for writing "such trumpery a dog would tire," namely, that

> "— In the precious age we live in,
> Most people are so lewdly given,
> Coarse hempen trash is sooner read,
> Than poems of a finer thread."

This, he says, made him

> "————wisely choose
> To dizen up his dirty muse,
> In such an odd fantastick weed,
> As every one he knew would read."

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[45] "For the consideration of those who had rather laugh and be merry, than be merry and wise." Printed by Henry Brome, 8vo. 1675.

He adds,

> "Yet is he wise enough to know,
> His muse however sings too low;
> (Though warbling in the newest fashion,)
> To work a work of reformation:
> And so writ this, (to tell you true,)
> To please himself as well as you."

If the public gave the work as favorable a reception as "others much of the same fashion," he promised to travesty Lucian's Dialogues of the dead in a similar manner,[46] but which he never performed.

Another of Cotton's works, "The Planter's Manual,"[47] also appeared in 1675, wherein he displayed considerable knowledge of the subject of which he treats. In the Address to the Reader, he says it "was only written for the private satisfaction of a very worthy gentleman, who is exceedingly curious in the choice of his fruits, and has great judgment in planting;" but as that person had expressed a strong opinion of its utility, Cotton thought proper to publish it. The following passage, in which he recommends that fruit trees should be imported from France, is remarkable: "Seeing that (for aught I ever heard) fruit trees are no contraband commodity betwixt the nations, I cannot conceive but that it is worth the curiosity, pains, and cost, to furnish ourselves from thence with those of the greatest excellency, both for beauty and flavour; nor why we should not as well better ourselves by them this way, as altogether be debauched by their effeminate manners, luxurious kickshaws, and fantastic fashions, by which we are already sufficiently Frenchified, and more than in the opinion of the wiser sort of men, is consistent either with the constitution, or indeed the honor of the English nation."

Cotton had the misfortune to lose his wife about the year

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46 "He'll do what ne'er was done by any,
And raise the dead* to entertain ye."

47 "The Planter's Manual, being instructions for the raising, planting, and cultivating all sorts of Fruit Trees, whether stone fruits or pepin-fruits, with their natures and seasons. Very useful for such as are curious in planting and grafting. By Charles Cotton, Esq. London, printed for Henry Brome, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1675, 8vo."

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* "Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead."

1670. He had by her three sons, Beresford, Wingfield,[48] and Charles Cotton, and five daughters, Olive, Katherine, Isabella, Jane, and Mary. Of these children, Charles, Wingfield, Isabella, Jane, and Mary, were born after 1664; but only five of them were living in 1675. It is uncertain how long he continued a widower; but probably only a short time, as before 1675 he had married Mary, the eldest daughter of Sir William Russell, of Strensham, in Worcestershire, Bart.; and widow of Wingfield, fifth Baron Cromwell, and second Earl of Ardglass, who died in 1668. That lady is said to have had a jointure of £1500 per annum; but this increase to his income did not prevent the necessity of his again applying to parliament in the 27th Car. II. 1675, for authority to sell part of his estates, for the payment of his debts; and an act was passed in that year which affords much information about his affairs. After reciting the settlement of his estates in July 1656, which has been already mentioned,[49] the Act states that his wife Isabella was then dead; that she had left one son and four daughters, who were prevented by their father's mortgages, and other incumbrances, from enjoying the advantages to which they were entitled under that settlement; and that he therefore was willing to divest himself of his title to his property for the payment of his debts, which, together with £2000 to be raised for his daughters' portions, amounted to about £8000. It was therefore enacted that all his lands should be vested in trustees, who should allow him to retain Beresford Hall, and to receive the sum of £40 per annum, during his own life and the life of the Right Honorable Dame Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass, and after her decease the sum of £60 yearly, above the said annuity of £40, so long as he might live; that as much land should be sold as would pay his debts, and raise £2000 for his daughters' portions; and that the rest of his estates should be conveyed to his only son, Beresford Cotton, and the heirs of his body, with remainder to the heirs of his father.[50]

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[48] This son was probably so called after Wingfield Cromwell, Earl of Ardglass, whose widow Cotton married. As Sir Aston Cokayne calls the Earl of Ardglass "his noble kinsman," that nobleman must have been also distantly related to Cotton.

[49] Vide page clxxiv. antea.

[50] Private Act, 27 Car. II. No. 4.

The next occasion on which a notice of Cotton has been found, was in February 1676, when Walton requested him to fulfil his promise of writing a Treatise on Fly Fishing for a second part of "The Complete Angler." As some remarks on that production will be found in the memoir of Walton, it is not necessary to make many observations upon it here. It was written in ten days; and in imitation of the plan of the "Complete Angler," the instructions are conveyed in a dialogue between Cotton, who is the Piscator of the piece, and a Traveller. The latter individual is supposed to be overtaken by Cotton near Brailsford, a small village about five miles from Ashbourn, on the road from Derby. He informs Cotton that he came from Essex, and was going into Lancashire on some business for a near relation; and the conversation happening to turn on fish and fishing, they discover that they were both friends of Izaak Walton, and that the traveller is the person who is described in the "Complete Angler" under the name of Venator. This leads to an immediate intimacy between them, and Cotton insists upon his accompanying him to Beresford, where he promises to give him practical lessons in catching trout. On arriving at his house he heartily welcomes him; and after supper some ale and pipes are ordered by the host, who assures his guest that his tobacco is the best he could procure in London, which is deserving of notice, as proof, that Cotton's denouncement of that "pernicious and stinking weed," in one of his poems,[51] could scarcely have been sincere, unless his taste had changed after it was written. They proceeded the next morning to their sport, which is continued for two days, during which time Cotton instructs him in fly fishing, making flies, and other arcana of the art; and they separate, Viator having first assured him, that if he lives until the following May twelvemonth, he will pay him another visit, "either with my master Walton or without him; and in the mean time shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake; and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it."

This allusion to fly fishing affords an opportunity of printing, for the first time, a very interesting letter,[52] from

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[51] Cotton's Poems, p. 514.

[52] The original is preserved among the valuable family papers of Lord Vernon, who has obligingly contributed it to this work.

Henry Vernon, Esq., of Congerton, in Cheshire, dated in June 1637, apparently to Sir Edward Vernon, of Sudbury, the immediate ancestor of the present Lord Vernon, which cannot fail to please all true brothers of the Angle, as it is written in the spirit which animated the great patriarch of their art, with whom it is probable that the writer was acquainted.

"Good Uncle and Fellow-Fisher,

My kind and true respects remembred unto you, &c. I have gott soe many sonnes that I have troubled most of my old friends in Com : Cest : to bee godfathers, whereby I am enforced to flie to that port where I first arrived. Your readinesse in doeing mee the favour to bee a godfather to my child I doubt not of, yett I earnestly desier it; and I entreate you to remember to bringe your tackling for two penie trouts (for better wee have none) and your furniture for fishing, to bee joviall with mee a weeke at the least who soever comes and goes. For your entertainement you shall have what you can catch, and if you will stay I will goe with you to Sudburie, then I will tire Dove bridge and devoure all the fish in Eaton foards, in which having cooled our selves, the houndes will call us to the hills where wee will use a contrarie violence, and moderate our courses in mingling extremities. Thus having pased the day the time growes short, yett when you come to Congerton which must bee before Thursday, you may there find readie at commaund your lovinge kinsman

and true Graylinge hunter,

HEN. VERNON.

My wife remembers her kind respects unto you."

Congerton, June 25, 1637.

In 1681 Cotton published "The Wonders of the Peak," a poem descriptive of Chatsworth, and of the wild and dreary scenery in the vicinity of the Peak, in Derbyshire. He is said to have written this piece, which in his dedication of it to the Countess of Devonshire, he calls an "Essay," in imitation of Hobbes "De Mirabilibus Pecci." Though the merits of the poem are not striking, it was reprinted in 1683; a fourth edition appeared in 1699; and it was included in the collection of his works in 1715. The last work which was published in his lifetime was

a translation of Montaigne's Essays, which was printed in three volumes in 1685, and which is considered to be his most important contribution to English literature; for, unlike translations in general, it is said rather to excel, than be inferior to the original. He dedicated his labours to George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, then Lord Privy Seal, to whom he says he had become slightly known some years before. The Marquess acknowledged the compliment in the following letter to Cotton, which from so excellent a judge of literature, must have been highly gratifying to him:

"This for CHARLES COTTON, Esq., at his house at Beresford, to be left at Ashburne, in Derbyshire.

Sir,

I have too long delayed my thanks to you for giving me such an obliging evidence of your remembrance. That alone would have been a welcome present, but when joined with the book in the world I am the best entertained with, it raiseth a strong desire in me to be better known, where I am sure to be so much pleased. I have 'till now thought wit could not be translated, and do still retain so much of that opinion, that I believe it impossible, except by one whose genius cometh up to that of the author. You have the original strength of his thought, that it almost tempts a man to believe the transmigration of souls, and that his being used to hills, is come into the moorlands, to reward us here in England, for doing him more right than his country will afford him. He hath by your means mended his first edition.

To transplant and make him ours, is not only a valuable acquisition to us, but a just censure of the critical impertinence of those French scribblers, who have taken pains to make little cavils and exceptions to lessen the reputation of this great man, whom nature hath made too big to confine him to the exactness of a studied stile. He let his mind have it's full flight and sheweth, by a generous kind of negligence, that he did not write for praise, but to give the world a true picture of himself and of mankind. He scorned affected periods, or to please the mistaken reader with an empty chime of words. He hath no affection to set himself out, and dependeth wholly upon the natural force of

what is his own, and the excellent application of what he borroweth.

You see, Sir, I have kindness enough for Monsieur de Montaigne to be your rival; but nobody can now pretend to be in equal competition with you. I do willingly yield it is no small matter for a man to do to a more prosperous lover; and if you will repay this piece of justice with another, pray believe, that he who can translate such an author without doing him wrong, must not only make me glad, but proud of being his

Very humble Servant,
HALIFAX.

It appears from the preface,[53] as well as from the address of Lord Halifax's letter, that Cotton was living at Beresford so lately as 1684 or 1685, though it is said that he surrendered that estate to Joseph Woodhouse, of Wollescote, in Derbyshire, gentleman, on the 26th March, 1681, who sold it in the same year to John Beresford, Esq. of Newton Grange, in that county.[54] It is also to be observed, that Dr. Plot in his Natural History of Staffordshire, which was licensed to be printed in April 1686, repeatedly mentions his "worthy, learned, and most worthy friend, the worshipful Charles Cotton, of Beresford, Esquire;"[55] to whom he inscribed one of the plates in that work "in memory of his favours," and he speaks of "his pleasant mansion at Beresford."[56]

After the publication of the translation of Montaigne's Essays, Cotton employed himself in translating the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis, and he was engaged on that work at the time of his death, which event is said to have occurred on the 13th of February, 1687. It is also stated that he was buried at St. Martin's Church,[57] but no entry of the fact occurs in the Register of St. Martin's in the

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[53] He says, "The errors of the press, I must in part take upon myself, living at so remote a distance from it, and supplying it with a slubbered copy from an illiterate amanuensis."

[54] "Blore's MS. Collections for a History of Staffordshire, late in the possession of William Hamper, Esq."

[55] Pp. 48, 89, 115.

[56] Pp. 165, 276, 396.

[57] "18 February 1687, Charles Cotton, died in London on Sunday last, of a feaver, and buried at St. Martin's Church." MS. Diary.

Fields, or of St. Martin's, Ludgate. That he died in or before that year, is however certain, as on the 12th of September, 1687, letters of administration of the effects of Charles Cotton, late of Beresford, in the county of Stafford, deceased, within the parish of St. James, Westminster, were granted to Elizabeth Bludworth, widow, his principal creditrix, the Honorable Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass, his widow, Beresford Cotton, Esq., Olive Cotton, Katherine Cotton, Jane Cotton, and Mary Cotton, his natural and lawful children, first renouncing."

As he died of a fever, his death was probably sudden; and it is not known whether his last hours were cheered by the presence of his family, or in what condition, as to personal comforts, he expired. Soon after his decease, a hasty and imperfect edition of his Poems was published, without a preface, or a single word respecting the author. Of that volume the following information occurs in the publisher's preface to Cotton's translation of the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis; whence it seems that he had prepared an edition of his poems[58] for the press, and that the publication of it was prevented by the appearance of the surreptitious collection, which occasioned much annoyance to his son:

"Mr. Cotton began it" [the translation of the Memoirs of Pontis] "some six months before his death, and at his leisure hours had made so considerable a progress, that some of the first Part was transcribed fair for the press. The papers, left in the hands of one of his children, lay neglected for some years, till at last, a relation happening to read some of them, undertook to see them corrected,

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[58] The MS. copy of some of Cotton's poems which has been before mentioned (p. clxviii.) contains the following title:

"ΕΡΓΑ "ΑΡΓΑ
Otiantis Opera.

Under which is written:

——Scribere jussit amor.

Ad amicum scriptorem

Ut tibi versiculos recito, tu Posthume, scribis;
Carmina si mea sunt, sunt tua scripta tamen.

Those lines are printed in the collection of Cotton's Poems in 1689, p. 338, but with the variations of "Candidum" for "Amicum," and of "Candide" for "Posthume."

and perfected for the world, as you now have them. Had the author himself been living, they had appeared long ago; or had good fortune directed to the perusing them sooner, there had been no place for an objection, of coming out five years after the author's decease. I know what injuries men receive sometimes from posthumous pieces, and were not this genuine, the most part now by me, under his own hand, and such as I know to have been certainly intended for the public, I durst not have made bold with his memory and his name. I would not have done it with any man's, but especially not with his, which hath suffered too much already, by the indirect publication of another piece.

"The only thing I shall say (though not the only one that deserves to be said) on this occasion, is, that if the person who disposed of those Poems to the booksellers, had consulted Mr. Cotton's relations, as he ought to have done, both his memory and the world had been much more obliged to him. For by these ungenerous proceedings he hath obstructed the publishing of a collection very different from that; and well chosen by the author, with a preface prepared by himself, and all copied out for the press. This digression I thought due to the character of a person, whose other performances have been so well received, who knew how to distinguish between writing for his own diversion, and the entertainment of others; and had a better judgment than to thrust anything abroad unworthy himself or his readers. I only beg pardon for being in one sense very unreasonable; for, in truth, the world ought to have been undeceived in this point a great deal sooner, and by an advertisement very different from this."

It is nevertheless from this volume that the most valuable and interesting facts illustrative of Cotton's feelings and character have been obtained; and his graver poems must excite no less respect for the elevated tone of morality and religion which pervades them, than commiseration for his misfortunes. To his pecuniary difficulties, the allusions are frequent, sometimes in a jocular strain, but much oftener in one of deep melancholy. Thus in his "Voyage to Ireland," he says, that great part of his land was "pawned to the devil," and in his Burlesque on the Great Frost, that he

" ——— was numb'd in that strange fashion,
I would not sign an obligation,
(Though heaven such a friend ne'er sent me,)
Would one a thousand pounds have lent me
On my own bond."

In his epistle to the Earl of ——, after complaining that he had heard nothing of his Lordship for a long time, he proceeds

" But let that pass, you now must know
We do on our last quarter go;
And that I may go bravely out,
Am trowling merry bowl about,
To lord, and lady, that and this,
As nothing were at all amiss,
When after twenty days are past,
Poor Charles has eat and drunk his last.
No more plum-porridge then, or pie,
No brawn with branch of rosemary,
No chine of beef, enough to make
The tallest yeoman's chine to crack;
No bag-pipe humming in the hall,
Nor noise of house-keeping at all,
Nor sign, by which it may be said,
This house was once inhabited.
I may perhaps, with much ado,
Rub out a Christmas more or two;
Or, if the fates be pleas'd, a score,
But never look to keep one more."

It would seem from what follows, that he once contemplated flying to France or Flanders for refuge, and that the nobleman to whom the Epistle is addressed, commanded the regiment in which he had served as a Captain:

" But that's too serious. Then suppose,
Like travelling Tom, with dint of toes,
I'm got unto extremest shore,
Sick, and impatient to be o'er
That channel which secur'd my state
Of peace, whilst I was fortunate,
But in this moment of distress,
Confines me to unhappiness:
But where's the money to be had
This surly Neptune to perswade?
It is no less then shillings ten,
Gods will be brib'd as well as men.
Imagine then your Highlander
Over a cann of muddy beer,

Playing at passage with a pair
Of drunken fumblers for his fare;
And see I've won, oh, lucky chance,
Hoist sail amain, my mates, for France;
Fortune was civil in this throw,
And having robb'd me, lets me go.
I've won, and yet how could I choose,
He needs must win, that cannot lose;
Fate, send me then a happy wind,
And better luck to those behind.

"But what advantage will it be
That winds and tides are kind to me,
When still the wretched have their woes,
Wherever they their feet dispose?
What satisfaction, or delight
Are ragouts to an appetite?
What ease can France or Flanders give
To him that is a fugitive?
Some two years hence, when you come o'er,
In all your state, ambassador,
If my ill nature be so strong
T' out-live my infamy so long,
You'll find your little officer
Ragged as his old colours are;
And naked, as he's discontent,
Standing at some poor sutler's tent,
With his pike cheek't, to guard the tun
He must not taste when he has done.
Hump, says my Lord, I'm half afraid,
My captain's turn'd a reformade,
That scurvy face I sure should know:
Yes faith, my Lord, 'tis even so,
I am that individual he:
I told your Lordship how 'twould be.
Thou did'st so, Charles, it is confest,
Yet still I thought thou wer't in jest;
But comfort! poverty's no crime,
I'll take thy word another time.

"This matters now are coming to,
And I'm resolv'd upon't; whilst you,
Sleeping in fortune's arms, ne'er dream
Who feels the contrary extreme;
Faith, write to me, that I may know
Whether you love me still, or no;
Or if you do not, by what ways
I've pull'd upon me my disgrace;
For whilst I still stand fair with you,
I dare the worst my fate can do;
But your opinion long[59] I find,
I'm sunk for ever to mankind."

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[59] Sic, but query if not a misprint for "gone."

His real feelings, and perhaps his situation, are however most strongly described in his Ode to Poverty:

" Yet Poverty, as I do take it,
Is not so epidemical
As many in the world would make it,
Who all that want their wishes poor do call;
For if who is not with his divident
Amply content,
Within that acceptation fall,
Most would be poor, and peradventure all.
This would the wretched with the rich confound;
But I not call him poor does not abound,
But him, who snar'd in bonds, and endless strife,
The comforts wants more than supports of life;
Him whose whole age is measur'd out by fears,
And though he has wherewith to eat,
His bread does yet
Taste of affliction, and his cares
His purest wine mix and allay with tears.

'Tis in this sense that I am poor,
And I'm afraid shall be so still,
Obstrep'rous creditors besiege my door,
And my whole house clamorous echos fill:
From these there can be no retirement free,
From room to room, they hunt, and follow me;
They will not let me eat, nor sleep, nor pray,
But persecute me night and day;
Torment my body, and my mind,
Nay if I take my heels and fly,
They follow me with open cry,
At home no rest, abroad no refuge can I find.

Thou worst of ills! what have I done
That heaven should punish me with thee!
From insolence, fraud, and oppression,
I ever have been innocent and free.
Thou wert intended (Poverty)
A scourge for pride and avarice,
I ne'er was tainted yet with either vice;
I never in prosperity,
Nor in the height of all my happiness,
Scorn'd, or neglected any in distress,
My hand, my heart, my door
Were ever open to the poor;
And I to others in their need have granted,
Ere they could ask, the thing they wanted,
Whereas I now, although I humbly crave it,
Do only beg for peace, and cannot have it.

Give me but that, ye bloody persecutors,
(Who formerly have been my suitors)

And I'll surrender all the rest
For which you so contest,
For heaven's sake, let me but be quiet,
I'll not repine at clothes, nor diet,
Any habit ne'er so mean
Let it be but whole and clean,
Such as nakedness will hide,
Will amply satisfy my pride;
And for meat
Husks and acorns I will eat,
And for better never wish;
But when you will me better treat,
A turnip is a princely dish:
Since then I thus far am subdu'd,
And so humbly do submit,
Faith, be no more so monstrous rude,
But some repose at least permit;
Sleep is to life and human nature due,
And that, alas, is all for which I humbly sue."

The complaint of having been deserted by his friends as well as by those whom he had served, also occurs in other places; and in one of his Eclogues he says,

"CLOTTEN. The want of wealth I reckon not distress,
But of enough to do good offices;
Which growing less, those friends will fall away;
Poverty is the ground of all decay;
With our prosperities our friendships end,
And to misfortune no one is a friend,
Which I already find to that degree,
That my old friends are now afraid of me,
And all avoid me, as good men would fly
The common hangman's shameful company
Those who by fortune were advanced above,
Being obliged by my most ready love,
Shun me, for fear lest my necessity
Should urge what they're unwilling to deny,
And are resolved they will not grant; and those
Have shared my meat, my money, and my clothes,
Grown rich with others' spoils as well as mine,
The coming near me now do all decline,
Lest shame and gratitude should draw them in,
To be to me what I to them have been;
By which means I am stripp'd of all supplies,
And left alone to my own miseries.

CORYDON. In the relation that thy grief has made,
The world's false friendships are too true display'd;
But, courage, man, thou hast one friend in store
Will ne'er forsake thee for thy being poor:
I will be true to thee in worst estate,
And love thee more now than when fortunate.

CLOTTEN. All goodness then on earth I see's not lost,
I of one friend in misery can boast,
Which is enough, and peradventure more
Than any one could ever do before;
And I to thee as true a friend will prove
Not to abuse but to deserve to love."

His Ode to Hope merits insertion, not only from its being a picture of his own mind, but as a fair specimen of his poetical powers:

HOPE.

PINDARICK ODE.

I.

HOPE, thou darling, and delight
Of unforeseeing reckless minds,
Thou deceiving parrisite,
Which no where entertainment finds
But with the wretched or the vain;
'Tis they alone fond hope maintain.
Thou easy fool's chief favorite;
Thou fawning slave to slaves, that still remains
In galleys, dungeons, and in chains;
Or with a whining lover lov'st to play,
With treach'rous art
Fanning his heart,
A greater slave by far, than they
Who in worst durance wear their age away.
Thou, whose ambition mounts no higher,
Nor does to greater fame aspire,
Than to be ever found a liar:
Thou treach'rous fiend, deluding shade,
Who would with such a phantom be betray'd,
By whom the wretched are at last more wretched made.

II.

Yet once, I must confess, I was
Such an overweening ass,
As in fortune's worst distress
To believe thy promises;
Which so brave a change foretold,
Such a stream of happiness,
Such mountain hopes of glitt'ring gold,
Such honours, friendships, offices,
In love and arms so great success;
That I e'en hugg'd myself with the conceit,
Was myself party in the cheat,
And in my very bosom laid
That fatal Hope by which I was betray'd,
Thinking myself already rich and great:

And in that foolish thought despis'd
Th' advice of those who out of love advis'd;
As I'd foreseen what they did not foresee,
A torrent of felicity,
And rudely laugh'd at those, who pitying wept for me.

III.

But of this expectation, when't came to't,
What was the fruit?
In sordid robes poor disappointment came,
Attended by her handmaids, grief and shame;
No wealth, no titles, no friend could I see,
For they still court prosperity,
Nay, what was worst of what mischance could do,
My dearest love forsook me too;
My pretty love, with whom, had she been true,
Even in banishment,
I could have liv'd most happy and content,
Her sight which nourish't me withdrew.
I then, although too late, perceiv'd
I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,
And call'd for it t'expostulate
The treachery and foul deceit:
But it was then quite fled away,
And gone some other to betray,
Leaving me in a state
By much more desolate,
Than if when first attack't by fate,
I had submitted there
And made my courage yield unto despair.
For Hope, like cordials, to our wrong
Does but our miseries prolong,
Whilst yet our vitals daily waste,
And not supporting life, but pain,
Call their false friendships back again,
And unto death, grim death, abandon us at last.

IV.

In me, false Hope, in me alone,
Thou thine own treach'ry hast outdone:
For chance, perhaps, may have befriended
Some one th' hast labour'd to deceive
With what by thee was ne'er intended,
Nor in thy pow'r to give:
But me thou hast deceiv'd in all, as well
Possible, as impossible,
And the most sad example made
Of all that ever were betray'd.
But thou hast taught me wisdom yet,
Henceforth to hope no more
Than I see reason for,
A precept I shall ne'er forget:

Nor is there any thing below
Worth a man's wishing, or his care,
When what we wish begets our wo,
And Hope deceiv'd becomes despair.
Then, thou seducing Hope, farewell,
No more thou shalt of sense bereave me,
No more deceive me,
I now can countercharm thy spell,
And for what's past, so far I will be even,
Never again to hope for any thing but Heaven.

For the same reason the conclusion of his Ode to Melancholy ought not to be omitted :

" Go, foolish soul, and wash thee white,
Be troubled for thine own misdeeds
That heav'nly sorrow comfort breeds,
And true contrition turns delight.
Let princes thy past services forget,
Let dear-bought friends thy foes become,
Though round with misery thou art beset,
With scorn abroad, and poverty at home,
Keep yet thy hands but clear, and conscience pure,
And all the ills thou shalt endure
Will on thy worth such luster set
As shall out-shine the brightest coronet.
And men at last will be asham'd to see,
That still,
For all their malice, and malicious skill,
Thy mind revive as it was us'd to be,
And that they have disgrac't themselves to honor thee."

Similar pathos and sensibility are apparent in many other of Cotton's pieces, particularly in his Quatrains on Morning, Noon, and Evening; his Hymn on Christmas Day; his verses on The World, on Death, and on Contentment; and more particularly in his stanzas on Retirement, addressed to Isaak Walton. The extracts from Cotton's poems will be concluded with his "Contentation," which he also addressed to Walton; but it must first be observed, that justice to his fame as a poet, as well as to his personal character, renders it very desirable that the more valuable of his productions should be reprinted. That the public would appreciate the collection is almost certain; for the late Mr. Coleridge, when speaking of Waller's song, "Go, lovely Rose, &c.," has truly observed, "If I had happened to have had by me the Poems of Cotton, more but far less deservedly celebrated as the author of Virgil Travestied, I should have indulged myself, and I think have gratified

many who are not acquainted with his serious works, by selecting some admirable specimens of this style. There are not a few of his poems replete with every excellence of thought, images and passions which we expect or desire in the poetry of the milder muse; and yet so worded, that the reader sees no one reason either in the selection or the order of the words, why he might not have said the very same in an appropriate conversation, and cannot conceive how indeed he could have expressed such thoughts otherwise, without loss or injury to his meaning."[60]

CONTENTATION.

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER, AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND, MR. ISAAC WALTON.

Heav'n, what an age is this! what race
Of giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with his providence make war!

I can go no where but I meet
With malcontents, and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet
And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man, that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be
By undiscerning fortune plac't,
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare?
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,
Th' other eternally doth toil,
Each of them equally a beast,
A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.

The Titulado's oft disgrac'd,
By public hate, or private frown,
And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

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[60] Biographia Literaria, vol. ii, p. 96.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
Like a brute beast both feeds, and lies,
Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
And in the very labour dies.

Excess of ill got, ill kept pelf,
Does only death, and danger breed,
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself
With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see what wealth and pow'r
Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,
Who in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate.

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick't up in favours of the fair,
Mirrors, with every breath made dim,
Birds caught in every wanton snare.

Woman, man's greatest woe, or bliss,
Does ofter far, than serve, enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss
Destroys whom she was made to save.

Oh fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness, which is health,
That persecution, which is grace;
That poverty, which is true wealth,
And that dishonour, which is praise.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye,
And if to misery we fall,
'Tis through our own infirmity.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb,
And want of virtue, when the old
At persecution do repine.

Alas, our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heav'n has done, undo
By an unruly appetite.

'Tis Contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heav'n too.

A very little satisfies
An honest, and a grateful heart,
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear,
Who ill of princes in worst times
Will neither speak himself, nor hear.

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill.

Who, with his angle, and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withall,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure,
And he comes soonest to his rest,
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is Content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here,
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

But he has fortunes worst withstood,
And happiness can never miss,
Can covet nought, but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

Several stories are related of Cotton's pecuniary distress, but though it is unquestionable that he generally laboured under embarrassments, and that he hints that he had occasionally concealed himself from his creditors, yet there is no better authority for the following anecdotes than tradition. Sir John Hawkins states that "a natural excavation in the rocky hill on which Beresford Hall stands, is shewn as Mr. Cotton's occasional refuge from the pursuit of his creditors; and but a few years since the granddaughter of the faithful woman who carried him food while in that humiliating retreat, was living;"[61] and he adds, that during Cotton's confinement on one occasion in a prison in the city, he inscribed these lines on the walls of his apartment:

"A prison is a place of cure
Wherein no one can thrive;
A touchstone sure to try a friend,
A grave for men alive."[62]

Cotton's literary merits do not appear to be sufficiently appreciated at the present day, probably because the works by which he is best known are not calculated to create respect for his abilities, and because there is no popular and selected edition of his poems. As his prose writings consist almost entirely of translations (and with the exception of Montaigne's Essays) of Memoirs of Warriors, whose deeds have been eclipsed by modern prowess, it is not surprising that his labours should be forgotten; but his biographer may refer to them as proofs that indolence at least was not among his faults.

It has been taken for granted, that Cotton was at one period of his life an author by profession, and that he lived by his pen;[63] but those who have made this statement, could scarcely have read the prefaces to his publications, wherein he expressly says that he had lost much money by his writings, and that the expectation of gaining anything by them was always very much beneath his

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[61] Life of Cotton, 382-3.
[62] Ibid.
[63] Vide his Life by Hawkins and others.

thoughts. The fact appears to be, that he usually gave his manuscripts to his friend Henry Brome, who incurred the expence of their publication. This arrangement seems to have been sometimes attended with loss to his publisher, and to have produced disputes between them; for in his epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq., describing his journey from London to Beresford, he says—

> " And now I'm here set down again in peace
> After my troubles, business, voyages,
> The same dull Northern clod I was before,
> Gravely inquiring how ewes are a score,
> How the hay-harvest, and the corn was got,
> And if or no there's like to be a rot;
> Just the same sot I was ere I remov'd,
> Nor by my travel, nor the court improv'd;
> The same old fashion'd squire, no whit refin'd,
> And shall be wiser when the devil's blind:
> But find all here too in the self-same state,
> And now begin to live at the old rate,
> To bub old ale, which nonsense does create,
> Write lewd epistles, and sometimes translate
> Old tales of tubs, of Guyenne, and Provence,
> And keep a clutter with th' old blades of France,
> As D'Avenant did with those of Lombardy,
> Which any will receive, but none will buy,
> And that has set *H. B.* and me awry."

Cotton's conduct and character were naturally much influenced by the manners of his times, and by the political feelings of his party. He was generous, frank, and, in pecuniary matters, thoughtless, if not extravagant. A boon companion, and, like all the Cavaliers, a hater of those qualities, as well good as evil, which distinguished the Roundheads. As a son, a husband, a father, and a friend, he appears in an amiable light; and many of his contemporaries bear testimony to his social worth, no less strongly than to his talents. His religious impressions appear from his serious writings to have been fervent and sincere; and those lighter and objectionable effusions by which he is principally known to posterity, ought not to be considered as indications of his true character or sentiments. Genius, as if to shew its versatility, has often delighted in fantastic exhibitions; and when Cotton lived, a fashion for burlesque humour and obscenity prevailed, which he is censurable for having followed; but the fault belonged as much to the age as to the individual.

His first marriage may be supposed, from the following lines in his satirical poem, called "The Joys of Marriage," to have increased his happiness:

"Yet with me 'tis out of season
To complain thus without reason,
Since the best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:
But alas! I love her so
That my love creates my woe;
For if she be out of humour,
Straight displeas'd I do presume her,
And would give the world to know
What it is offends her so:
Or if she be discontented,
Lord, how am I then tormented!
And am ready to persuade her
That I have unhappy made her:
But if sick I then am dying,
Meat and med'cine both defying."

Nor is there any reason to doubt that his second alliance with the Countess of Ardglass was equally fortunate. He addressed one of his poems, in very affectionate terms, to her sister Anne,[64] who married John King, the son of Walton's friend, Henry, Bishop of Chichester; and secondly, Sir Thomas Millington, M. D.

Cotton's person seems from one of Sir Aston Cokayne's verses, to have been graceful and handsome.[65] His portrait painted by his friend, Sir Peter Lely, is now in the possession of John Beresford, Esq., of Ashbourn, and the engraving in this work is taken from a copy of the original recently painted by Mr. Inskipp.

Of his children little is known. Beresford Cotton, the only son who survived him, entered the army, and served in Ireland. He was a captain in Colonel George Villier's Regiment of Foot, and his name occurs among the other officers of the ten regiments which were disbanded in Ireland in 1698, and to whom a reduced allowance, or as it was termed "subsistence," of three shillings a day was

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[64] "La Illustrissima. On my fair and dear sister Mrs. Anne King," p. 68.

[65] Vide page clxix, antea.

granted.[66] The date of his death has not been discovered; but it is said that he was never married, and that he died at Nottingham. In 1694 Beresford Cotton published his father's translation of the memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis, which has been already noticed, and which he dedicated to the Duke of Ormond. He states that the work was translated by the particular choice and recommendation of his Grace's illustrious grandfather, and says "the Sieur de Pontis therefore for himself, and I for the translator, my deceased father, beg leave to plead succession and descent."

Olive Cotton, the eldest daughter of Charles Cotton, married early in 1690, Dr. George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, and died in June, 1707, having had a son, George Stanhope, who was a Captain in the army, and died unmarried in 1725; and five daughters, Katherine, Mary, Jane, Charlotte, and Elizabeth. Mary, the eldest daughter of Dr. Stanhope, by Olive Cotton, married William Burnet, Governor of New York, eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, by whom she had a son, Gilbert Burnet, who was a minor in May, 1727, and died about the year 1770, leaving Thomas Burnet his only child, who was then an apothecary in John Street, Clerkenwell. Mrs. Burnet, who died in 1714, is said to have been distinguished for her beauty, wit, good humour, and various accomplishments. The "ruling passion" was as strongly exhibited by her as by Pope's Narcissa; for on her attendants rubbing her temples with Hungary water, in her dying moments, she desired them to desist, lest it "should make her hair grey!" Charlotte, the fourth daughter of Dr. Stanhope, married the Rev. Dr. Henry Archer, Rector of Feversham, in Kent, and died in 1744. She left issue, and her present representative is Robert Selby, Esq., of Kingsbury, in Middlesex. Katherine, Jane, and Elizabeth, the other daughters of Dr. Stanhope, appear to have died unmarried before May, 1727.

Dr. Stanhope married a second time, and died in March, 1728. His will which is dated on the 2nd of May,

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[66] Vide Sir Robert Southwell's papers in the Additional MS. No. 9762, in the British Museum.

[67] Kippis' Biographia Britannica, vol. iii. p. 39.

1727, and was proved at Doctors' Commons, on the 4th of May, 1728, contains some notices of his first wife and of her family. He desired that his body should be buried at Lewisham, near his late dear wife Olivia: he confirmed the articles made on the 30th of November, 1709, on his marriage with his then wife Anne: he stated that one fourth part of the Rectory of Spoondon, in the county of Derby, was vested in him on his marriage with his former wife, Olivia, daughter of Charles Cotton, Esq.; and that one other fourth part had been purchased by him of Katherine, her sister, now Lady Lucy. He bequeathed to his daughter, Charlotte Archer, "the mourning gold ring with which her dear mother was married, and the cornelian ring which she, in her life time, and I, since her death, did constantly wear, and with it also the pictures of her mother, and of her aunt, the Lady Lucy, in crayons; the pictures of her brother George, and her sister Elizabeth, in oil colours."

Katherine, the second daughter of Charles Cotton, married Sir Berkeley Lucy, Bart. and died in June 1740, leaving an only child Mary, who married the Honorable Charles Compton, a younger son of George, fourth Earl of Northampton, from whom the present Marquess of Northampton is descended.

Jane Cotton, the third daughter, became the wife of Beaumont Parkyns, of Sutton Bonington, in Nottinghamshire, Esq. by whom she had eight children. They all died young, and apparently before their mother, who died in January, 1738, aged seventy two.

Of Mary Cotton, the poet's youngest daughter, all which can be said is, that she married Augustine Armstrong, of the parish of St. George the Martyr, Bloomsbury, and had by him two children, Charles and Katherine, to whom Dr. Stanhope, in his will, left legacies of £20 each. In a codicil to his will, dated 8th January, 1727-8, Dr. Stanhope bequeathed £200 to "my poor niece Catherine, daughter of Augustine Armstrong, of the parish of St. George the Martyr, near Ormond Street, which was born to him by my sister-in-law, formerly Mrs. Mary Cotton; and I do also order that the legacy already left her in the said will, be added to that which I have left to her brother Charles." The descendants of Mary Cotton have not been traced.

PEDIGREE OF COTTON.

[Compiled from the Heralds' Visitations of Stafford and Derby, and other Sources.]

CORDELL, dau. and co-heir of RICHARD ALLINGTON, esq. 1st wife. = SIR JOHN STANHOPE, of Shelton, co. Notts, and of Elvaston, co. Derby, ob. 1610. = KATHERINE, daughter of THOMAS TRENTHAM, of Rowcester, co. Stafford. 2nd wife.

SIR PHILIP STANHOPE, created Baron Stanhope of Shelford in 1616, and Earl of Chesterfield in 1628. Died in 1656.

ANNE STANHOPE.

THOMAS COKAYNE, of Ashbourne, co. Derby, ob. 27th Jan. 1638, bur. in St. Giles' in the Fields, London.

KATHERINE. — 2nd wife.

SIR THOMAS HUTCHINSON, of Owthorpe, co. Notts.

MARY, dau. of SIR JOHN RATCLYFFE, of Ordsall, co. Lancaster. — 2nd wife.

SIR JOHN STANHOPE, of Elvaston, co. Derby. Knighted 1607. Died 29th May, 1638.

OLIVIA, dau. and heir of EDWARD BERESFORD, of Beresford, co. Stafford, æt. 20 in 1611, and then married. Died before 1628. 1st wife.

COTTON.

SIR GEORGE COTTON, a younger son of Cotton of Warblenton, co. Sussex, and of Bedhampton, co. Southampton, ob. 1613. (Vide p. clxv. note.)

CASSANDRA, dau. and heir of — MAC WILLIAM. (Vide p. clxv. note.)

JOHN STANHOPE, son and heir æt. 9 in Oct. 1637. Ancestor of the Earls of Harrington.

OLIVE, dau. of SIR JOHN STANHOPE, of Elvaston, co. Derby; heir to her mother. Died before 1658, æt. 38. = **CHARLES COTTON**, of Ovingdean, co. Sussex. Ob. 8th Dec. 1658.

CASSANDRA, died unmarr. before 1649.

SIR HENRY STANHOPE, K. B. Ob. *vita patris*, 1634. = **KATHERINE**, dau. and coheir of THOMAS Lord Wotton. Created Countess of Chesterfield for life in 1660. To this lady and to her mother and sisters, Walton dedicated the 1st and 2nd editions of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" in 1651 and 1654. Ob. 1677.

SIR ASTON COKAYNE, born Dec. 28, 1608. Marr. Mary, dau. of SIR GILBERT KNIVETON, of Marcaston, co. Derby, and died leaving issue.

THOMAS, born 1610. Died at Bath 5th Sept. 1629.

ANNE, æt. 1½ in 1611. Married SIR FRANCIS BOTELER, of Lewin, co. Herts.

LETTICE, married GILBERT ARMSTRONG.

KATHERINE, marr. RICHARD WESTON, a Baron of the Exchequer.

LUCY COKAYNE, supposed to have been the "Mrs. Cokayne" of "Virgil Travestie." Died unm. æt. 34, and buried at Ashbourne before 1658.

ISABELLA. Died unm. æt. 18, and buried at Ashbourne before 1658.

MRS. STANHOPE HUTCHINSON, to whom Cotton dedicated his translation of Corneille's Horace in Nov. 1665, then unmarried.

CHARLES HUTCHINSON, of Willoughby on the Wolds, co. Derby, æt. 26, 1663.

ISABELLA, daughter of SIR THOMAS HUTCHINSON, of Owthorpe, co. Notts. Married about July 1656. Died before 1677.

CHARLES COTTON, of Beresford, co. Stafford & of Bentley, co. Derby, born 28th April, 1630: æt. 34, 1664. Died 12th February, 1687. Buried at St. Martin's. = **MARY**, eldest daughter of SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL, of Strensham, co. Worcester, Bart. & widow of Wingfield, Baron Cromwell in England, and EARL OF ARDGLASS in Ireland. Married before 1677. 2nd wife.

PHILIP STANHOPE, 2nd Earl of Chesterfield, to whom Walton dedicated the third edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," in 1673; and to whom Cotton dedicated the "Commentaries of Montluc" in 1674. Ob. 1713. = *A quo* the Earls of Chesterfield.

BERESFORD COTTON, s. & h. born 1660, æt. 4, 1664. A captain in the army *temp.* William III. Living 1698. He is said to have died at Nottingham, unmarried.

CHARLES COTTON, born after 1664. Died before 1677.

WINGFIELD COTTON, died before 1677.

ISABELLA, died before 1677.

OLIVE COTTON, born about 1664. Marriage license dated 1st January, 1689-90, then æt. 26. Died 1st June, 1707. Buried at Lewisham, co. Kent.

DR. GEORGE STANHOPE, Dean of Canterbury. Died March 18, 1727-8, æt. 68. Will dated 2nd May, 1727. Codicil dated 8th January, 1727-8. Proved 4th May, 1728. Buried at Lewisham. = *a*

KATHERINE COTTON, unmarried Sept. 1687. Died June, 1740.

SIR BERKELEY LUCY, of Broxbourne, co. Herts, Bart. Died Nov. 19, 1759, æt. 87, s. p. m. = *b*

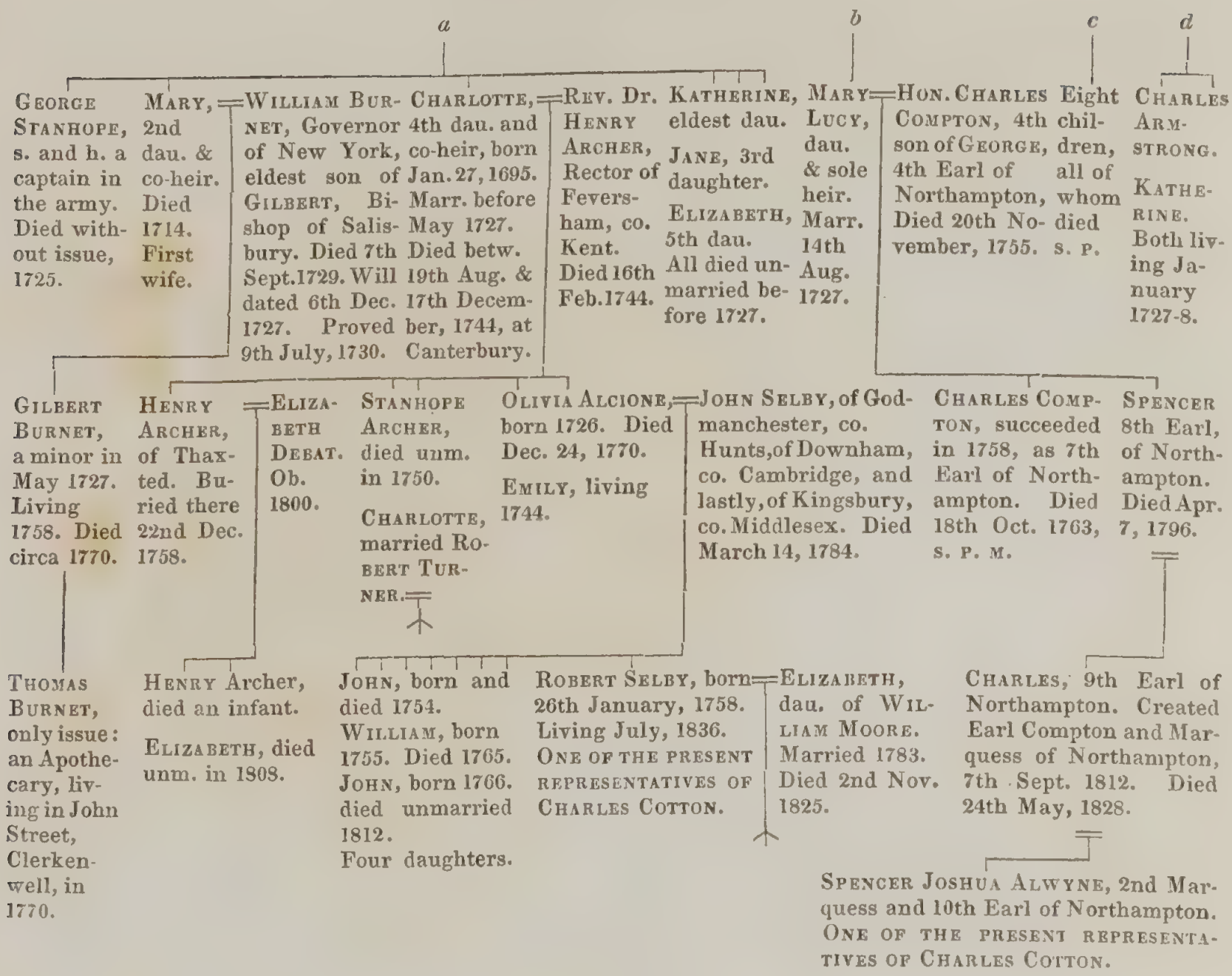
JANE COTTON, born after 1664, & before 1677. Unmarried September 1687. Died Jan. 29, 1738, æt. 72. Buried at Bunny, co. Notts.

BEAUMONT PARKYNS, of Sutton Bonington, co. Notts, younger brother of SIR THOMAS PARKYNS, Bart. Died Dec. 23, 1714. Bur. at Bunny, co. Notts. = *c*

MARY COTTON, born after 1664, and before 1677. Unmarried Sept. 1687.

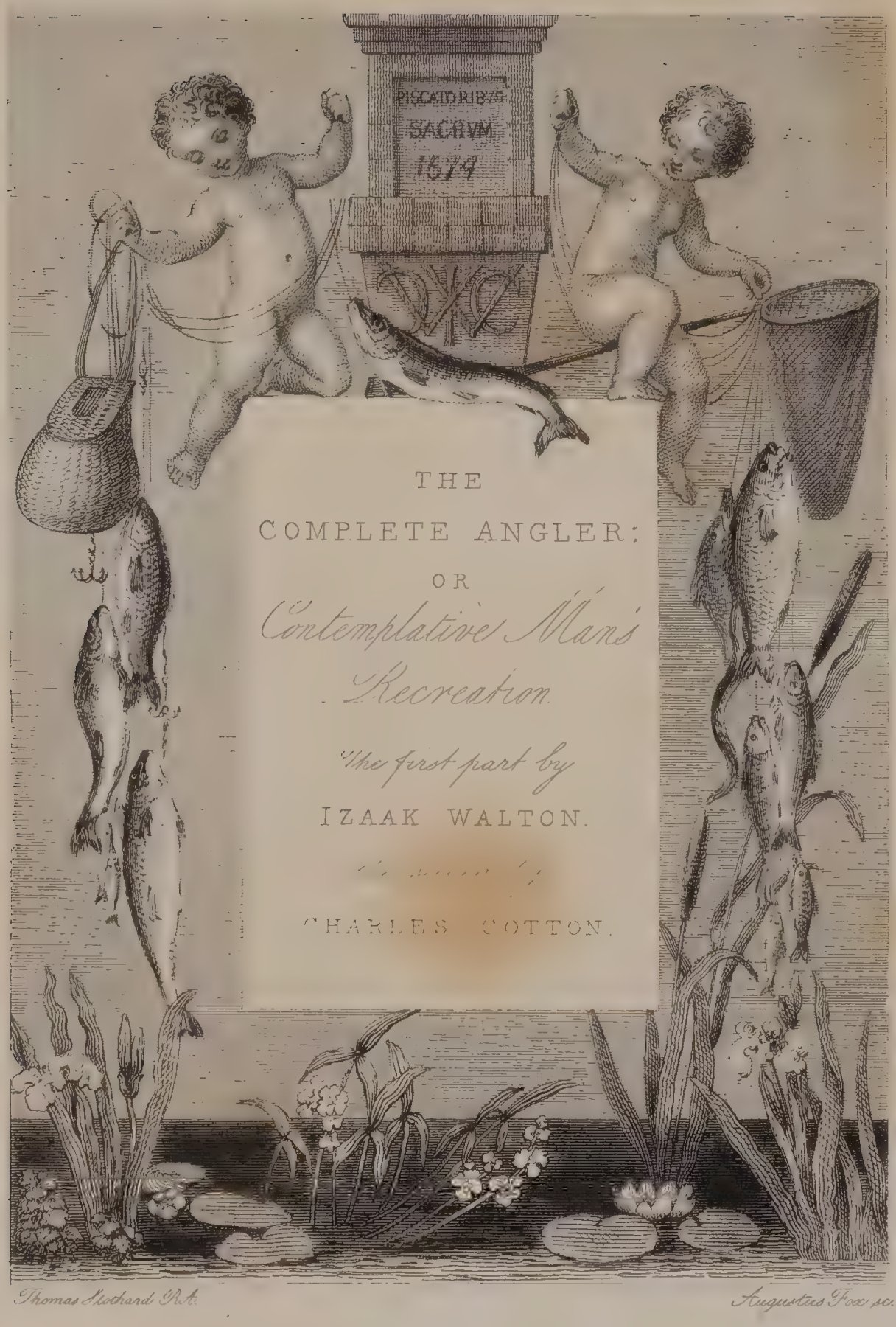
AUGUSTINE ARMSTRONG, of the parish of St. George the Martyr, Bloomsbury. = *d*

PEDIGREE OF COTTON (*Continued*).



Izaak: Walton

Iune. 25. 1658



THE COMPLETE ANGLER;

OR

Contemplative Man's

Recreation.

The first part by

IZAAK WALTON.

The second by

CHARLES COTTON.

Thomas Stothard R.A. *Augustus Fox sc.*

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXII.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL JOHN OFFLEY,
OF MADELEY MANOR, IN THE COUNTY
OF STAFFORD, ESQUIRE,[1] MY MOST
HONOURED FRIEND.

SIR,

I HAVE made so ill use of your former favours, as by them to be encouraged to entreat, that they may be enlarged to the patronage and protection of this Book: and I have put on a modest

NOTE.] [1] Son and heir of Sir John Offley, of Madeley, in the county of Stafford, Knight, and great grandson of Sir Thomas Offley, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1557. Mr. Offley, to whom this work is dedicated, succeeded his father in 1646, and was twice married; first to Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Lidcott, of Mousley in Surrey; and

confidence, that I shall not be denied, because it is a discourse of Fish and Fishing, which you know so well, and both love and practise so much.

You are assured, though there be ignorant men of another belief, that Angling is an Art: and you know that Art better than others;[a] and that this is truth is demonstrated by the fruits of that pleasant labour which you enjoy, when you purpose to give rest to your mind, and divest yourself of your more serious business, and, which is often, dedicate a day or two to this recreation.

At which time, if common Anglers should attend you, and be eyewitnesses of the success, not of your fortune, but your skill, it would

VARIATION.] [a] than any that I know.—*1st and 2nd Edit.*

secondly, to Mary, daughter of Thomas Broughton, of Broughton in Staffordshire. He died in 1658, leaving, by his second wife, John, who was thirteen years old in 1663; Thomas, then aged twelve; and Mary, who became the wife of Sir Willoughby Aston, of Aston, in the county of Chester, Bart. John Offley, the eldest son, acquired Crew, in Cheshire, in right of his wife, Ann, daughter and coheiress of John Crew, of that place, Esq. by whom he had, first, John; second, Crew; third, Mary, who married Robert, Viscount Kilmorrey. John Offley, his son and heir, assumed the name of Crew, and died in 1749, leaving John Crew, of Crew, Esq. his son and heir, who was living in 1751, three other sons, and three daughters. Crew Offley, of Wichner, in the county of Stafford, the second son, married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Chelsea; and dying in 1739, left, by her, two sons, John Offley, of Wichner, in the county of Stafford, living unmarried, and aged thirty-four in 1751, and Lawrence Offley, who died in 1749, unmarried. *Records of the College of Arms*, marked C 36 and 3 D 14. This Dedication is not the only evidence of a personal acquaintance between the families of Walton and Offley: a John Offley proved the will of Agnes Walton, of the parish of Madeley, on the 22nd of April, 1573.

doubtless beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an industrious diligence to be so; but I know it is not attainable by common capacities: and there be now many men of great wisdom, learning, and experience, which love and practise this Art, that know I speak the truth.[b]

Sir, this pleasant curiosity of Fish and Fishing, of which you are so great a master, has been thought worthy the pens and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wisdom. And amongst those of this nation, I remember Sir Henry Wotton, a dear lover of this Art, has told me, that his intentions were to write a Discourse of the Art, and in praise of Angling; and doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which had often made me sorry, for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned Angler[c] had seen some better treatise of this Art, a treatise that might have proved worthy[d] his perusal, which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English.

But mine may be thought as weak, and as unworthy of common view; and I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse myself, than censure others, my own discourse being liable to

VARIATION.] [b] "and there be," &c. to "the truth," added in the *2nd Edit.*

[c] of which I am one.—1*st Edit.*

[d] some treatise of this art worthy.—1*st Edit.*

so many exceptions; against which you, Sir, might make this one, that it can contribute nothing to YOUR knowledge. And lest a longer epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shall make this no[e] longer than to add this following truth, that I am really,

SIR,

Your most affectionate Friend,

and most humble Servant,

IZ. WA.

VARIATION.] [e] shall not adventure to make this epistle any longer.—*First four Editions.*

Being a Diſcourſe of

FISH and FISHING,

Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt *Anglers.*

Simon Peter *ſaid, I go a* fiſhing: *and they ſaid, We alſo wil go with thee.* John 21. 3.

London, Printed by *T. Maxey* for RICH. MARRIOT, in *S. Dunſtans* Church-yard Fleetſtreet, 1653.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER IN THE FIRST EDITION.

TO THE READER OF THIS DISCOURSE, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell thee these following truths; that I did not undertake to write, or to publish this Discourse of Fish and Fishing, to please myself, and that I wish it may not displease others; for I have confessed, there are many defects in it. And yet, I cannot doubt, but that by it, some Readers may receive so much profit or pleasure, as if they be not very busy men, may make it not unworthy the time of their perusal; and this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of this book.

And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to thee in the reading, and not to read dull, and tediously, I have in several places mixed some innocent mirth; of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. For divines say, there are offences given; and offences taken, but not given. And I am the willinger to justify this innocent mirth, because the whole Discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition, at least of my disposition in such days and times as I allow myself, when honest Nat. and R. R. and I go a fishing together; and let me add this, that he that likes not the Discourse, should like the

pictures of the Trout and other fish, which I may commend, because they concern not myself.[1]

And I am also to tell the Reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse; that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to think but that he may find exceptions in some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to know, or rather note, that several countries, and several rivers alter the time and manner of fishes breeding; and therefore if he bring not candour to the reading of this Discourse, he shall both injure me, and possibly himself too, by too many criticisms.

Now for the Art of catching fish; that is to say, how to make a man that was none, an Angler by a book: he that undertakes it, shall undertake a harder task than Hales, that in his printed book[2] undertook by it to teach the Art of Fencing, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that something useful might be observed out of that book; but that Art was not to be taught by words; nor is the Art of Angling. And yet, I think, that most that love that game, may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not needy: and if they be, then my advice is, that they forbear; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure; and this Discourse boasts of no more: for I hate to promise much, and fail.

But pleasure I have found both in the search and conference about what is here offered to thy view and censure; I wish thee as much in the perusal of it, and so might here take my leave; but I will stay thee a little longer by telling thee, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the Angler must observe his twelve flies for every month, I say, if he observe that, he shall be as certain to catch fish, as they that make hay by the fair days in Almanacks, and be no surer: for doubtless, three or four flies rightly made, do serve for a trout all summer; and for winter-flies, all Anglers know, they are as useful as an Almanack out of date.

NOTES.

[1] Sir John Hawkins supposes the Fish to have been engraved upon silver: that the conjecture is erroneous, is proved by the fact that the same title page and plates were used in *five* editions of this work, and also in five editions of Venables' "Experienced Angler;" half the number of which impressions would have worn out a silver plate. It is probable they were engraved by Lombart, Faithorne, or Vaughan.

[2] Called the Private School of Defence.

Of these (because no man is born an artist nor an Angler) I thought fit to give thee this notice. I might say more, but it is not fit for this place; but if this Discourse which follows shall come to a second impression, which is possible, for slight books have been in this age observed to have that fortune, I shall then, for thy sake, be glad to correct what is faulty, or by a conference with any to explain or enlarge what is defective: but for this time I have neither a willingness nor leisure to say more, than wish thee a rainy evening to read this book in, and that the east wind may never blow when thou goest a fishing. Farewell.

Iz. Wa.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER IN THE SECOND EDITION.

TO THE READER OF THIS DISCOURSE, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell every Reader these following truths; that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own this Discourse to please myself, and wish it may not displease others: for I have confessed there are many defects in it.

And yet I cannot doubt, but that by it some Readers may receive so much pleasure or profit as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not very busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure.

And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it, I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed (not any scurrility, but) some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given, but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because, though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is a kind of picture of my own disposition in such days and times, as I allow to myself, when honest Nat. and R. R. and I go a fishing together.

And let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the picture of the Trout, and the other fish, which I dare commend, because they concern not myself.

Next, let me tell the Reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse; that is to say, the observations of the nature, and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, but that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know, that several countries alter the time, and I think almost the manner, of fishes breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden[1] observes, that in the river Wye, Salmon are in season from September to April, and we are certain, that in the other two, and in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the Art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none, to be an Angler by a book; he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, that in a printed book, called "The Private School of Defence," undertook to teach the science or art of fencing, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be observed out of that book; but that the art was not to be taught by words: nor is the Art of Angling; nor have I undertaken to leave out nothing that might be said of it, but to acquaint the Reader with many things that are not usually known to every Angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For Angling may be said to be like the Mathematicks, that can never be fully learnt; at least, not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men; and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and fail.

But pleasure I have found both in the search and conference about what is here offered to the Reader's view and censure; I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so might here take

NOTE.

[1] Britannia, fol. 633. Edition 1637, which is the one quoted by Walton throughout the work.

my leave: but must stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the Angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule, shall be as sure to catch fish, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an Almanack, and no surer; for those very flies that use to appear about and on the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter; and yet in the following Discourse I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many Anglers, and they may serve to give him some light concerning them. And he may note, that there is in Wales, and other countries peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour: but for the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a Trout in most rivers all the summer. And for winter fly-fishing, it is as useful as an Almanack out of date. And of these, (because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an Angler) I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the Reader, that in this second impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication of friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following Discourse; and that (if he be an Angler,) the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

I. W.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER IN THE FIFTH EDITION.[1]

TO ALL READERS OF THIS DISCOURSE, BUT ESPECIALLY TO THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell thee these following truths; that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this Discourse to please myself: and, having been too easily drawn to do all[a] to please others, as I propose not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I began it; and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet I may obtain pardon.

And though this Discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most Readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men.[b] And this is all the confidence that I can put on, concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, as I have a liberty,[c] so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures.

And I wish the Reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it

VARIATIONS.

[a] to do all.—*Omitted in 3rd Edit.* [b] if they be not very busy men.—*3rd Edit.*
[c] too severe, I have a liberty, and am resolved to neglect it.—*Ibid.*

NOTE

[1] The variations between this, and the *third*, and *fourth* Editions, are pointed out in the notes.

might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given, and offences not given but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at seasonable times, yet the whole Discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe;[1] but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not.

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the Trout, and some of the other fish, which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not myself.

Next, let me tell the Reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this Discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know that several countries alter the time, and I think, almost the manner, of fishes' breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, and Usk, where Camden[2] observes, that in the river Wye, Salmon are in season from September to April; and we are certain, that in Thames and Trent, and in most other rivers, they be in season the six hotter months.

Now for the Art of catching fish, that is to say, How to make a man that was none to be an Angler by a book, he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most

NOTES.

[1] It has not been ascertained who these persons were, but it may be presumed that they were related to Walton, for in a presentation copy of his "Lives of Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert," there is written by the Author on the frontispiece, "For my cousin Roe." In the first and second Editions of the Angler, they are thus spoken of: "when honest Nat. and R. R. and I go a fishing together;" but in the third, and subsequent Editions, they are mentioned as above, so that it is evident they were living in 1655, and died before 1664.

[2] Britannia. f. 633.

valiant and excellent fencer, who in a printed book called, "A private School of Defence," undertook[d] to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be learned by that book, but he was laughed at because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice: and so must Angling. And note also, that[e] in this Discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the Reader with many things that are not usually known to every Angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For Angling may be said to be so like the Mathematicks, that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men: and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more, for I hate to promise much, and deceive the Reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to[f] the Reader's view and censure. I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave; but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the Angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year, I say, he that follows that rule, shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an Almanack, and no surer; for those very flies that used to appear about, and on, the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter: and yet, in the following Discourse, I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many Anglers; and they may serve to give him some observations[g] concerning them. And he may note, that there are in Wales, and other countries, peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; and doubtless,

VARIATIONS.

[d] by it.—3*rd Edit.*

[e] And in this Discourse I do not, &c.—3*rd Edit.*

[f] to his view.—3*rd Edit.*

[g] light.—3*rd Edit.*

unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour, or much of it; but for the generality, three or four flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a Trout in most rivers, all the summer: and for winter fly-fishing it is as useful as an Almanack out of date. And of these, because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an Angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.

When I have told the reader, that in this fifth[h] impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following Discourse; and that, if he be an honest Angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

I. W.

VARIATION.

[h] third.—*3rd and 4th Edit.*

COMMENDATORY VERSES.[1]

TO MY DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW,[2]
MR. IZAAK WALTON,
UPON HIS COMPLETE ANGLER.

Erasmus in his learned Colloquies
Has mixt some toys[a], that by varieties
He might entice all readers: for in him
Each child may wade, or tallest giant swim.
And such is this discourse: there's none so low,
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow
Pleasure and information: both which are
Taught us with so much art, that I might swear
Safely, the choicest critic cannot tell,
Whether your matchless judgment most excel
In Angling or its praise: where commendation
First charms, then makes an art a recreation.
'Twas so to me; who so the cheerful spring
Pictur'd in every meadow, heard birds sing
Sonnets in every grove, saw fishes play
In the cool crystal streams, like lambs in May:
And they may play, till Anglers read this Book;
But after, 'tis a wise fish 'scapes a hook.

Jo. Floud, *Mr. of Arts.*[3]

VARIATION.

[a] mirth.—2*nd Edit. as in text in* 3*rd Edit.*

NOTES.

[1] None of the verses occur in the *First*, but they are all to be found in the *Second* edition, excepting the two last by Dr. Duport, which were inserted for the first time in the *fifth* edition.

[2] In the *fifth* edition, the words "in-law" are omitted; but as they correctly explain the writer's relationship, they are here adopted.

[3] Some account of this person, who was the brother of Walton's first wife, and of his family, will be found in the Life of Walton, at the commencement of the volume.

TO THE READER OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

First mark the Title well: my Friend that gave it
Has made it good; this book deserves to have it.
For he that views it with judicious looks
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.
  The world the river is; both you and I,
And all mankind, are either fish or fry.
If we pretend to reason, first or last,
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold fast.
Pleasure or profit, either prose or rhyme,
If not at first, will doubtless take 's in time.
  Here sits, in secret, blest Theology,
Waited upon by grave Philosophy,
Both natural and moral; History,
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of Poetry,
The matter and expression striving which
Shall most excel in worth, yet not seem rich.
There is no danger in his baits; that hook
Will prove the safest, that is surest took.
  Nor are we caught alone, but, which is best,
We shall be wholesome, and be toothsome drest;
Drest to be fed, not to be fed upon:
And danger of a surfeit here is none.
The solid food of serious contemplation
Is sauced, here, with such harmless recreation,
That an ingenuous and religious mind
Cannot inquire for more than it may find
Ready at once prepared, either t' excite,
Or satisfy, a curious appetite.
  More praise is due: for 'tis both positive
And truth, which once was interrogative,
And utter'd by the poet, then, in jest—
" Et piscatorem piscis amare potest."

Ch. Harvie, *Mr. of Arts.*[1]

NOTE.

[1] In the *Second* and *Third* editions the initials C. H. only occur; the name was printed at length in the *Fifth* edition for the first time. An account of Harvey will be found in a subsequent note.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,
MR. IZ. WALTON, IN PRAISE OF ANGLING,
WHICH WE BOTH LOVE.

Down by this smooth stream's wandering side,[a]
Adorn'd and perfumed with the pride
Of Flora's wardrobe, where the shrill
Aërial choir[b] express their skill,
First, in alternate melody,[c]
And, then, in chorus all agree.
Whilst[d] the charm'd fish, as ecstasied
With sounds, to his own throat denied,
Scorns his dull element, and springs
I' the air, as if his fins were wings.
'Tis here that pleasures sweet and high
Prostrate to our embraces lie:
Such as to body, soul, or fame,[e]
Create no sickness, sin, or shame:
Roses, not fenc'd with pricks, grow here;
No sting to the honey-bag is near:
But, what's perhaps their prejudice,
They difficulty want and price.
An obvious rod, a twist of hair,
With[f] hook hid in an[g] insect, are
Engines of sport[h], would fit[i] the wish
Of th' Epicure, and[k] fill his dish.
In this clear stream let fall a grub;
And, straight, take up a Dace or Chub.

VARIATIONS.

a Down by this wand'ring stream's smooth side.—*2nd Edit.*
b Choir of the air.—*Ibid.*
c harmony.—*Ibid.*
d Where.—*Ibid.*
e name.—*Ibid.*
f And.—*Ibid.*
g some.—*Ibid.*
h Emblems of skill.—*Ibid.*
i feed.—*Ibid.*
k or.—*Ibid.*

I' the mud, your worm provokes a snig,[1]
Which being fast, if it prove big,[2]
The Gotham folly will be found
Discreet, ere ta'en she[l] must be drown'd.
The Tench, physician of the brook,
In yon[m] dead hole expects your hook;
Which having first your pastime been,
Serves then[n] for meat or medicine[o].
Ambush'd behind that root doth stay
A Pike, to catch, and be a prey.
The treacherous quill in this slow stream[p]
Betrays the hunger of a Bream.[p]
And at[q] that nimble ford, no doubt,
Your false fly cheats a speckled[r] Trout.
When[s] you these creatures wisely choose
To practise on, which to your use
Owe their creation, and when
Fish from your arts do rescue men,[t]
To plot, delude, and circumvent,
Ensnare, and spoil, are innocent.
Here by these crystal streams you may
Preserve a conscience clear as they;

VARIATIONS.

[l] it.—2*nd* Edition. [m] that.—*Ibid.* [n] next.—*Ibid.*

[o] The following lines here occur in the *second* Edition, but are omitted in all the others:

And there the cunning Carp you may
Beguile with paste; if you'll but stay,
And watch in time, you'll have your wish,
For paste and patience catch this fish.

[p] These two lines are omitted in the 2*nd* Edit. [q] in.—2*nd* Edit.

[r] dappled.—*Ibid.* [s] Whilst.—*Ibid.* [t] You fishes choose to rescue men.—*Ibid.*

NOTES.

[1] Snig, a term more generally applied to the small nine-eyed eel, commonly found about the apron of an old weir, or in shallow parts of the river Lee, and forms the amusement of sniggling to youthful Anglers. Eu. H.

[2] "If it prove big," alludes to one of the stories told of the Wise Men of Gotham, a facetious penny history, much in circulation in the time of Walton. It is there related, that the men of Gotham, upon a Good Friday, after due consultation, collected all their white herrings, red herrings, sprats, and salt fish, and cast the whole into a pond, in order to secure a sufficient store of fish for the next Lent. In due time upon dragging the pond, there was found only a very large eel, and it being suspected the same must, by the size, have devoured the intended stock, it was concluded that such a voracious monster ought to be destroyed, and, as a death warrant, it was determined that it should be put in another pond, in order that it might be drowned. Eu. H.

And when by sullen thoughts you find
Your harassed, not busied, mind
In sable melancholy clad,
Distemper'd, serious, turning sad;
Hence fetch your cure, cast in your bait,
All anxious thoughts and cares will straight
Fly with such speed, they'll[u] seem to be
Possest with the hydrophoby.
The water's calmness[x] in your breast,
And smoothness on your brow, shall rest.
  Away with sports of charge and noise,
And give me cheap and silent joys,[y]
Such as Actæon's game pursue,
Their fate oft makes the tale[z] seem true.
The sick or sullen hawk, to-day,
Flies not; to-morrow, quite away.
Patience and purse to cards and dice
Too oft are made a sacrifice:
The daughter's dower, th' inheritance
O' th' son, depend on one mad chance.
The harms and mischiefs which th' abuse[a]
Of wine doth every day produce,
Make good the doctrine of the Turks,
That in each grape a devil lurks.
And by yon[b] fading sapless tree,
'Bout which the ivy twin'd you see,
His fate's foretold, who[c] fondly places
His bliss in woman's soft embraces.
All pleasures, but the Angler's, bring
I' the tail repentance, like a sting.
  Then on these banks[d] let me sit[e] down,
Free from the toilsome sword and gown;
And pity those that do[f] affect
To conquer nations and protect.

VARIATIONS.

[u] you'll.—2*nd* Edit.
[x] Then this stream's calmness.—*Ibid.*
[y] And give me cheap and quiet joys.—2*nd* Edition.—Sweeter are cheap and silent joys.—3*rd* Edition.
[z] oft makes that fable true.—2*nd* Edition.
[a] This, and the four following lines first appeared in the 3*rd* Edit.
[b] that.—2*nd* Edit. [c] that.—*Ibid.* [d] this bank.—*Ibid.* [e] lie.—*Ibid.*
[f] shall.—*Ibid.*

My reed affords such true[g] content,
Delights so sweet and[h] innocent,
As seldom fall unto[i] the lot
Of sceptres, though they're justly got.

1649. THO. WEAVER, *M^r. of Arts.*[3]

VARIATIONS.

[g] affords me such content.—*2nd Edit.*
[h] so.—*Ibid.*
[i] As falls but seldom to the lot.—*Ibid.*

NOTE.

[3] The son of Thomas Weaver, of Worcester. He entered of Christ's Church, Oxford, in 1633, being then seventeen years of age, and took his Master's degree in 1640, about which time he was made one of the Chaplains or petty Canons of the Cathedral. He was ejected by the parliament in 1648, when "he shifted from place to place, and lived upon his wits." After the restoration, he was made an exciseman at Liverpool, and was commonly called "Captain Weaver;" but "prosecuting too much the crimes of poets," he died at Liverpool, on the 3rd of January, 1662-3. His works are *Songs and Poems of Love*, 1654; *Choice Drollery, with Songs and Sonnets*, 1656. Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* by Bliss, vol. iii. p. 623. No date occurs to the Verses in the text in any earlier edition than the Fifth.

TO THE READERS OF MY MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND'S BOOK, 'THE COMPLETE ANGLER.'

He that both knew and writ the Lives of men,
Such as were once, but must not be again;
Witness his matchless Donne and Wotton, by
Whose aid he could their speculations try:
He that conversed with angels, such as were
Ouldsworth[1] and Featly,[2] each a shining star
Showing the way to Bethlem; each a saint,
Compared to whom our zealots, now, but paint.
He that our pious and learn'd Morley[3] knew,
And from him suck'd wit and devotion too.
He that from these such excellencies fetch'd,
That he could tell how high and far they reach'd;
What learning this, what graces th' other had;
And in what several dress each soul was clad.

Reader, this He, this Fisherman, comes forth,
And in these Fisher's weeds would shroud his worth.
Now his mute harp is on a willow hung,
With which, when finely touch'd, and fitly strung,
He could friends' passions for these times allay,
Or chain his fellow Anglers from their prey.
But now the musick of his pen is still,
And he sits by a brook watching a quill:
Where with a fixt eye, and a ready hand,
He studies first to hook, and then to land

NOTES.

[1] Dr. Richard Holdsworth. See an account of him in the *Fasti Oxon.* by Bliss, p. 376; and in Ward's *Lives of the Gresham Professors.* H.

[2] Dr. Daniel Fairclough, *alias* Featly, about whom see *Athen. Oxon.* by Bliss, vol. iii. p. 156. H.

[3] Said by Hawkins to have been Dr. George Morley, who became Bishop of Worcester in 1660; was translated to Winchester in 1662; and died in 1684, to whom Walton dedicated his Life of Hooker. A life of this prelate will be found in Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* by Bliss, vol. iv. p. 149. The only thing which renders it doubtful whether Bishop Morley was alluded to, is that it would seem, from the manner in which the person is mentioned, that he was not then, i. e. in 1650, living.

Some Trout, or Perch, or Pike; and having done,
Sits on a bank, and tells how this was won,
And that escaped his hook, which with a wile
Did eat the bait, and Fisherman beguile.
Thus, whilst some vex they from their lands are thrown,
He joys to think the waters are his own;
And like the Dutch, he gladly can agree
To live at peace now, and have fishing free.

April 3, 1650.[4] EDW. POWEL, *M^r. of Arts.*[5]

TO MY DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW,[6] MR. IZ. WALTON, ON HIS 'COMPLETE ANGLER.'

THIS book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
That I protest ingenuously, 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book, and you.

ROB. FLOUD, *C.*[7]

NOTES.

[4] The date does not occur in the *second* Edition.

[5] Probably the Edward Powel "of the borough of Stafford, Minister," whose son Charles took his degree of B. A. in 1666, became Rector of Cheddington, and was the author of *The Religious Rebel*. Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* by Bliss, vol. ii. p. 289. An "Ed. Powel," and most likely the same person, addressed some Complimentary Verses to his "very worthy and most ingenious friend, Mr. James Shirley," which are prefixed to *Shirley's Poems*, 8vo. 1646.

[6] Thus in the *second*, but the words "in-law" are omitted in the *third* and subsequent Editions.

[7] Elder brother of John Floud, M. A. before mentioned, and brother of Walton's first wife. See *Life of Walton*.

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND, MR. IZAAK WALTON, ON HIS COMPLETE ANGLER.[1]

Since 'tis become a common fate, that we
Must in this world or Fish or Fishers be;
And all neutrality herein's denied,
'Tis not my fault that I am not supplied
With those three grand essentials of your Art,
Luck, skill, and patience: for I have a heart
That's as inclinable as others be,
Whose fortune imps their ingenuity.
  But then what make I here, to write of that,
I'm unskill'd in, and talk I know not what?
And that in verse too? 'Tis an itch we've got,
We must be scribbling, whether learn'd or not.
Nay, here's some reason for't; the form we see
Clubbing with matter, makes a thing to be.
And trains of livery'd servitors, we know,
Makes not a prince, but signifies he's so.
Cyphers to figures join'd, make sums; and we
Make something, Friend, when we are join'd to thee.
  Yet I shall hardly praise, or like thy skill;
For we're all prone enough to catch and kill;
Thou need'st not make an art on't: they that are
Once listed in the new saint's calendar,
Do't as they pray and preach by inspiration;
No heathen rules, or old premeditation,
Nor antichristian acts; who reads our story,
Will find we do't without thy directory.

NOTE.

[1] These verses occur in the *second* edition only. For what reason Walton omitted them in the three subsequent impressions, which were published in his life-time, it is not easy to guess, unless it was because he thought slightingly of their merits. That it was not from a quarrel with the author is certain, from his having addressed "An humble Eclogue" to him as late as May, 1660, in which Walton calls him his "ingenious friend."

But when I think with what a pleasing art
Thou dost thy rules both practise and impart,
I am delighted too, as well as taught;
And fishes leap for joy when they are caught;
I could unman myself, and wish to be
A fish, so that I might be took by thee.
Blest then are thy companions, who, with thee
Participate of such felicity,
Such undisturb'd, such dangerless delight,
That does at once both satiate and invite.
Whence more safe joy, more true contentment springs
Than from the courts of those gay pageants, kings
Or great king-riders, who still hurried are
With those grand tyrants, business and care;
And fling upon base acts, and filthy vice,
Spurr'd on by ambition and by avarice.
Whilst by some gliding river thou sit'st down,
Thy mind's thy kingdom, and content's thy crown,
Conversing with the silent fish, and when
Thou'rt killing them, thou think'st of once dead men;
And from oblivion and the grave set'st free
Names, whom thou robest with immortality.
For he that reads thy Wotton and thy Donne
Can't but believe a resurrection;
And spite of envy, this encomium give,
By Thee fish die; by Thee dead friends revive.

ALEX. BROME.[2]

NOTE.

[2] One of the twelve adopted sons of Ben Jonson, and the author of *The Cunning Lovers, a Tragedy*, 1654; *Songs, and other Poems*, 1664; and *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672, &c.

CLARISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE FRATRI, DOMINO ISAACO WALTON, ARTIS PISCATORIÆ PERITISSIMO.

Unicus est medicus reliquorum piscis, et istis,
  Fas quibus est medicum tangere, certa salus.
Hic typus est Salvatoris mirandus Jesu,
  * Litera mysterium quælibet hujus habet.

Hunc cupio, hunc capias, (bone frater arundinis,) *ἰχθύν*:
  † Solveret hic pro me debita, teque Deo.
Piscis is est, et piscator, mihi credito, qualem
  Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.

* I X Θ Y Σ, *PISCIS.*

I	Ἰησοῦς,	*Jesus.*
X	Χριστὸς,	*Christus.*
Θ	Θεοῦ,	*Dei.*
Y	Υἱὸς,	*Filius.*
Σ	Σωτὴρ,	*Salvator.*

† Matt. xvii. 27. the last words of the chapter.

Henry Bayley, *Artium Magister.*[1]

NOTE.

[1] Henry Bagley in the *second*, *third*, and *fourth* Editions. A Henry Bagley was minister of the Savoy from 1623 to 1625. H.

AD VIRUM OPTIMUM, ET PISCATOREM PERITISSIMUM, ISAACUM WALTONUM.[1]

Magister artis docte Piscatoriæ,
Waltone, salve! magne dux arundinis,
Seu tu reductâ valle solus ambulas,
Prætérfluentes interim observans aquas,
Seu fortè puri stans in amnis margine,
Sive in tenaci gramine et ripâ sedens,
Fallis peritâ squameum pecus manu;
O te beatum! qui procul negotiis,
Foríque et urbis pulvere et strepitu carens,
Extraque turbam, ad lene manantes aquas
Vagos honestâ fraude pisces decipis.
Dum cætera ergo penè gens mortalium
Aut retia invicem sibi et technas struunt,
Donis, ut hamo, aut divites captant senes;
Gregi natantûm tu interim nectis dolos,
Voracem inescas advenam hamo lucium,
Avidámve percam parvulo alburno capis,
Aut verme ruffo, musculâ aut truttam levi,
Cautúmve cyprinum, et ferè indocilem capi
Calamóque linóque, (ars at hunc superat tua;)
Medicámve tincam, gobium aut escâ trahis,
Gratum palato gobium, parvum licet;
Prædámve, non æquè salubrem barbulum,
Etsi ampliorem, et mystace insignem gravi.
Hæ sunt tibi artes, dum annus et tempus sinunt,
Et nulla transit absque linea dies.
Nec sola praxis, sed theoria et tibi
Nota artis hujus; unde tu simul bonus
Piscator, idem et Scriptor; et calami potens

NOTE.

[1] These verses occur for the first time in the *fifth* Edition.

Utriusque, necdum et ictus, et tamen sapis.
Ut hamiotam nempe tironem instruas,
Stylo eleganti scribis en Halieutica
Oppianus alter, artis et methodum tuæ, et
Præcepta promis ritè piscatoria,
Varias et escas piscium, indolem, et genus.
Nec tradere artem sat putas piscariam;
(Virtutis est hæc et tamen quædam schola
Patientiámque et temperantiam docet;)
Documenta quin majora das, et regulas
Sublimioris artis, et perennia
Monimenta morum, vitæ et exempla optima;
Dum tu profundum scribis HOOKERUM et pium
DONNUM ac disertum; sanctum et HERBERTUM, sacrum
Vatem: hos videmus nam penicillo tuo
Graphicè, et peritâ, Isace, depictos manu.
Post fata factos hosce per te Virbios.
O quæ voluptas est legere in scriptis tuis!
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musisque litterisque dum incumbis, licet
Intentus hamo, interque piscandum studes.[2]

NOTE.

[2] By Dr. James Duport. See next page.

AD ISAACUM WALTONUM, VIRUM ET PISCATOREM OPTIMUM.[1]

Isace, macte hac arte piscatoriâ;
Hac arte Petrus principi censum dedit;
Hac arte princeps, nec Petro multò prior,
Tranquillus ille, teste Tranquillo,[2] pater
Patriæ, solebat recreare se lubens
Augustus, hamo instructus ac arundine.
Tu nunc, Amice, proximum clari es decus
Post Cæsarem hami, gentis ac Halieuticæ:
Euge, O professor, artis haud ingloriæ,
Doctor cathedræ, prælegens Piscariam!
Næ tu Magister, et ego discipulus tuus,
(Nam candidatum et me ferunt arundinis,)
Socium hac in arte nobilem nacti sumus.
Quid amplius, Waltone, nam dici potest?
Ipse hamiota Dominus en orbis fuit.

Jaco. Dup. D. D.[3]

NOTES.

[1] These verses occur for the first time in the *fifth* Edition.

[2] i. e. Suetonius Tranquillus.

[3] James Duport, S. T. P. Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1668, and became Dean of Peterborough on the 27th of July, 1664. He was the son of John Duport, who assisted in the translation of King James's Bible, and was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; was afterwards Professor of Greek in that University; and died about 1679.—Fuller's *Church History*, B. x. p. 46. Walton, in his Life of Herbert, says that Dr. Duport had collected and published Herbert's Poems. In a collection of Latin Poems, by Dean Duport, entitled *Musæ Subsecivæ*, printed in 8vo. 1676, the verses in the text, those in the preceding page, and some on Walton's *Life of Herbert*, will be found, p. p. 101, 118, 371. A short account of this person is given by Bishop Kennett in the Lansdowne MSS. 986 and 987.

The First Day.

A CONFERENCE BETWIXT AN ANGLER, A FALCONER, AND A HUNTER, EACH COMMENDING HIS RECREATION.

CHAP. I.

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS.[1]

PISCATOR. You are well overtaken, Gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine fresh May morning.

Where not otherwise marked all the Variations are in the *first Edition*, 1653, in which the dialogue is between two persons, namely Piscator and Viator.

VARIATION.] *Piscator.* You are well overtaken, Sir; a good morning to you; I have stretched my legs up Totnam Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, this fine pleasant fresh May-day in the morning.

NOTE.] [1] There is so striking a resemblance between the commencement of the *first* edition of "The Complete Angler," and the opening of "A Treatise of the Nature of God," 12mo. 1599, that it is almost certain it was the model of Walton's work. The conversation in that *Treatise* is between a "Gentleman" and a "Scholar," and commences thus:

"*Gent.* Well overtaken, Sir!

Scholar. You are welcome, Gentleman!

Gent. No great gentleman, Sir; but one that wisheth well to all that mean well. I pray you, how far do you travel this way?

[b] VENATOR. Sir, I, for my part, shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hoddesden; and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me: but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company, that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

AUCEPS. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company as far as Theobalds, and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a Hawk for me,[2] which I now long to see.

VENATOR. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning; and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others' company. And, Gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it, knowing that, as the Italians say, "Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter."[3]

VARIATION.] [b] *Viator.* Sir, I shall almost answer your hopes: for my purpose is to be at Hoddesden, three miles short of that town, I will not say, before I drink, but before I break my fast: for I have appointed a friend or two to meet me there at the Thatched House, about nine of the clock this morning; and that made me so early up, and indeed, to walk so fast.

Piscator. Sir, I know the Thatched House very well: I often make it my resting place, and taste a cup of ale there, for which liquor that place is very remarkable; and to that house I shall, by your favour, accompany you, and either abate of my pace or mend it, to enjoy such a companion as you seem to be, knowing that, as the Italians say, Good company makes the way seem the shorter.

NOTE *continued.*]

Scholar. As far as York.

Gent. I should be glad, if I might have your company thither.

Scholar. And I, if my company might stand you in any stead; but howsoever it be, you may command it; and, by vouchsafing me the benefit of your company, make me much beholden to you," &c.

Many other parts of the *Treatise* appear to have been imitated both by Walton and Cotton.

[2] "Mew is that place, whether it be abroad or in the house, where you set down your Hawk, during the time that she raiseth her feathers."—*Latham.*

[3] Compagno allegro per camino ti serve per roncino.

AUCEPS. It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which, methinks, we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully: and for my part, I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

VENATOR. And, Sir, I promise the like.

PISCATOR. I am right glad to hear your answers; and, in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, Sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast? for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk, that a friend mews for him.

[c] VENATOR. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the Otter, which a friend, that I go to meet, tells me is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever: howsoever, I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of Otter-dogs of noble Mr. Sadler's,[4]

VARIATION.] [c] *Viator.* Indeed, Sir, a little business, and more pleasure: for my purpose is to bestow a day or two in hunting the Otter, which my friend that I go to meet tells me is more pleasant than any hunting whatsoever: and having dispatched a little business this day, my purpose is to-morrow to follow the pack of dogs of honest Mr. ————, who hath appointed me and my friend to meet him upon Amwell Hill to-morrow morning by day break.

NOTE.] [4] Ralph Sadler, of Standon, in the county of Herts, Esq. whose name is left blank in the *first Edition*, was the son and heir of Sir Thomas Sadler, Knight, eldest son of the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, Knight Banneret in the Reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth. He succeeded to the estate at Standon, a few miles from Amwell, in 1606; married Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Coke, the Chief Justice; but died without issue before February, 1660. Sir Henry Chauncy, describing his property, says, that "he delighted much in Hawking and Hunting, and the pleasures of a country life; was famous for his noble table, his great hospitality to his neighbours, and his abundant charity to the poor: and after he had lived to a great age, died on the twelfth day of February, 1660, without issue; whereupon this manor descended to Walter Lord Aston, the son and heir of Gertrude his sister."—*Antiq. of Hertf.* p. 219 *b.* *See Scott's Sadler Papers*, vol. ii. p. 604, *and Clutterbuck's Herts.* vol. iii. p. 229. H.

upon Amwell Hill, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sunrising.

PISCATOR. Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villanous vermin; for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed so much, that, in my judgment all men that keep Otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the King,[d] to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base Otters, they do so much mischief.

VENATOR. But what say you to the Foxes of the Nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as Otters do.

PISCATOR. Oh, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity, as those base vermin the Otters do.

AUCEPS. Why, Sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor Otters?

[e] PISCATOR. I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle, and therefore an enemy to the Otter: for you are to note, that we Anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the Otter[f] both for my own, and their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

VENATOR. And I am a lover of Hounds; I have followed

VARIATION.] [d] Commonwealth.—1*st and* 2*nd Edit.*

[e] *Piscator.* I am a Brother of the Angle, and therefore an enemy to the Otter, he does me and my friends so much mischief; for you are to know, that we Anglers all love one another: and therefore do I hate the Otter perfectly, even for their sakes that are of my brotherhood.

Viator. Sir, to be plain with you, I am sorry you are an Angler: for I have heard many grave, serious men pity, and many pleasant men scoff at Anglers.

Piscator. Sir, there are many men that are by others taken to be serious, grave men, which we contemn and pity; men of sour complexions; money-getting men, that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it: men that are condemned to be rich, and always discontented, or busy. For these poor rich men, we Anglers pity them; and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy: for, trust me, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions.

[f] the Otter perfectly, even for their sakes.—1*st Edit.*—the Otter, even.—2*nd Edit.*

many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry Huntsmen[g] make sport and scoff at Anglers.

AUCEPS. And I profess myself a Falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

[h]PISCATOR. You know, Gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of Scoffers:

> Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,
> Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit:
> This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
> Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.[5]

VARIATION.] [g] many men.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

[h] But if this satisfy not, I pray bid the Scoffer put this epigram into his pocket, and read it every morning for his breakfast, for I wish him no better; he shall find it fixed before the Dialogues of Lucian, who may be justly accounted the father of the family of all Scoffers: and though I owe none of that fraternity so much as good will, yet I have taken a little pleasant pains to make such a conversion of it as may make it the fitter for all of that fraternity.

> Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this has writ, etc.

NOTE.] [5] As might be inferred from the conclusion of the paragraph which precedes these verses in the *first* edition, they were slightly altered by Walton from the original, which occurs in "Certain Select Dialogues of Lucian, together with his true History, translated from the Greek into English, by Mr. Francis Hickes." Oxford, 1634, 4to. That work was published by the son of the author, Thomas Hickes, M. A.; and at the end of an address "to the honest and judicious reader" is the epigram in question, in Greek and English, and signed "T. H."

> "Lucian, well skill'd in old toyes, this hath writ;
> For all's but folly that men thinke is wit;
> No settled judgement doth in men appear;
> But thou admirest that which others jeer."

That Walton has much improved on the original is obvious. T.

[i] If to this you add what Solomon[6] says of Scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love Virtue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers; let[j] me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next, in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor rich-men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne[7] says, like himself, freely, "When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse, to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language, for doubtless Cats

VARIATION.] [i] But no more of the Scoffer; for since Solomon says, he is an abomination to men, he shall be so to me; and I think, to all that love Virtue and Angling.

[j] And as for any scoffer, *qui mockat mockabitur*. Let me tell you, that you may tell him, what the witty Frenchman says in such a case: "When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make her more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her simple, that has her time to begin or refuse sportiveness as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that our agreeing no better is the defect of my not understanding her language? for, doubtless, Cats talk and reason with one

NOTE.] [6] Proverbs xxiv. 9. "The thought of foolishness is sin; and the scorner is an abomination to men."

[7] In the Apology for *Raimonde de Sebonde*.

talk and reason with one another, that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs[k] and censures my folly, for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave,[l] that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their Art and Recreation; which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts, to think ourselves happy.

VENATOR. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no Scoffer, yet I have, I pray let me speak it without offence, always looked upon Anglers, as more patient, and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

PISCATOR. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most Anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be such simple men as I have spoke of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood: But if by simplicity you meant to

VARIATION *continued.*]
another; and that she laughs at and censures my folly for making her sport, and pities me for understanding her no better?" To this purpose speaks Montaigne concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any Scoffer, that has never heard what an Angler can say in the justification of his Art and Pleasure.

[k] than to play with her, and laughs.—*Omitted in the 3rd Edition.*

[l] serious.—*until 5th Edit.*

express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent Art of Angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse,[m] or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient Art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, Gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and, therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of Hawks, the other of Hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and Art of Angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter: and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. Falconer to begin.

Auceps. Your motion is consented to with all my heart; and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

Variation.] [m] Discourse may have possessed you with, against that ancient and laudable Art.

Viator. Why, Sir, is Angling of antiquity, and an Art, and an Art not easily learned?

Piscator. Yes, Sir; and I doubt not but that if you and I were to converse together but till night, I should leave you possessed with the same happy thoughts that now possess me; not only from the antiquity of it, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an Art, and worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise and a serious man.

Viator. Sir, I pray speak of them what you shall think fit; for we have yet five miles to walk before we shall come to the Thatched House. And, Sir, though my infirmities are many, yet I dare promise you, that both my patience and attention will endure to hear what you will say till we come thither: and if you please to begin in order with the antiquity, when that is done you shall not want my attention to the commendations and accommodations of it: and lastly, if you shall convince me that it is an Art, and an Art worth learning, I shall beg I may become your scholar, both to wait upon you, and be instructed in the Art itself.

And first, for the Element that I use to trade in, which is the Air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the Earth and Water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the Air is most properly mine, I and my Hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation. It stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous Falcon; in it she ascends to such a height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations; in the Air my troops of Hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the Gods; therefore I think my Eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary: and that very Falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height, I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth, which she both knows and obeys, to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever—not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils, stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the Fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ

of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air, to the existence both of Fish and Beasts, nay, even to Man himself; that air, or breath of life, with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more; the very birds of the air, those that be not Hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations. They both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices:—I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of Fowl by which this is done: and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night:—These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute, and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity.

How do the Blackbird and Thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the Laverock, the Tit-lark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the

very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what musick hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such musick on Earth!"[8]

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many Aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro's Aviary, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record, or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use. I think it is not to be doubted that Swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies; but 'tis certain that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes, I now remember not which it was, Pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters: and Mr. G. Sandys,[9] in his

NOTE.] [8] This passage has been frequently noticed for its great beauty. Bishop Horne has quoted it in his Commentary on the Psalms, in consequence of its natural piety. Psalm civ. Dr. Drake considers that the description of the Nightingale surpasses all that the poets have written on the subject. *Literary Hours*, No. xxxiv; and Headley had before made the same observation in his *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry;* Notes, vol. ii. p. 167. P.

[9] Mr. George Sandys, a very pious, learned, and accomplished gentleman, was the youngest son of Dr. Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York. He published his *Travels to the Holy Land, Egypt*, and elsewhere, in folio, 1615; and made an excellent Paraphrase on the *Psalms, Canticles*, and *Ecclesiastes*, in verse; and also translated *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. He was one of the best versifiers of that age, and died in 1642.—H. George Sandys was born in the archiepiscopal palace, at Bishops Thorpe, in 1577, was entered at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, in 1588, and in August, 1610, commenced his travels through Europe and Asia, which occupied two years. His Travels have been often reprinted; and besides the works just noticed, he was the author of *Christ's Passion*, a tragedy, translated from Grotius, 1640, 12mo.; and a *Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon*, 4to. 1641. He died in 1643: the following passage which is cited in the text occurs in his "Relation of a Journey," 1615, fol. p. 209. T.

" Travels," relates it to be done betwixt Aleppo and Babylon. But if that be disbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the Dove was sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea; and the Dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of Turtle-doves, or young Pigeons, were as well accepted as costly Bulls and Rams; and when God would feed the Prophet Elijah,[1] after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by Ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a Dove.[2] And, to conclude this part of my discourse,

NOTE *continued.*]

" A thing usual it is betweene Tripoly and Aleppo, as betweene Aleppo and Babylon, to make tame Doves the speedy transporters of their Letters; which they wrap about their legs like jesses; trained thereunto at such time as they have yong ones, by bearing them from them in open cages. A fowle of a notable memory. Nor is it a moderne invention. For we reade that Thaurosthones, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice of his victory at the Olimpian games the selfe same day to his father in Ægina. By which meanes also the Consul Hircus held intelligence with Decimus Brutus besieged in Mutina. The like perhaps is meant by the Poet, when he saith

> —' Tanquam e diversis partibus Orbis
> Anxia præcipiti venisset Epistola prima.' *Juv. Sat. &c.*
>
> As if from parts removed farre, from some
> A wofull Letter swiftly wing'd should come.

When the Christians besieged Acre, Saladine sent out one of these winged scouts to confirme the courages of the besieged, with promise of a speedy reliefe: when I know not by what chance or policy, intercepted, and furnished with a contrary message, occasioned a sodaine surrender. E.

[1] 1 Kings xvii. 4—6.

Does not Walton here mistake the sense of two passages in Scripture, viz. *Mat.* iii. 16. " And Jesus when he was baptized went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the Heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a Dove and lighting upon him;" and *Luke* iii. 22. " And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a Dove upon him," in which the baptism of our Lord is related? The meaning of both is, that the Holy Spirit descended,

pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they, and I, take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely the laborious Bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax are both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

And now to return to my Hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression. You are to note, that they are usually distinguished into two kinds; namely, the long-winged, and the short-winged Hawk: of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation,

The Gerfalcon and Jerkin,
The Falcon and Tassel-gentle,
The Laner and Laneret,
The Bockerel and Bockeret,
The Saker and Sacaret,
The Merlin and Jack Merlin,
The Hobby and Jack:

There is the Stelletto of Spain,
The Blood-red Rook from Turkey,
The Waskite from Virginia:

NOTE *continued.*]
as a Dove uses to descend upon any thing, hovering and overshadowing it. Vide Whitby on *Luke* iii. 22. Dr. Hammond on the passage, and Bishop Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, 254. H. The Rev. Moses Browne's remark on this passage is "The author seems to have fallen into a common mistake: most learned men think the original passage, *Matt.* iii. 16, implies the *manner* of the Holy Spirit's descending *like* a Dove, *i. e.* as a Dove descends, with a fluttering gentle motion; and not that of any corporal likeness, the visibility being on an effulgency of visible light or glory."

And there is of short-winged Hawks,
The Eagle and Iron,
The Goshawk and Tarcel,
The Sparhawk and Musket,
The French Pye of two sorts:
These are reckoned Hawks of note and worth; but we have also of an inferior rank,
The Stanyel, the Ringtail,
The Raven, the Buzzard,
The Forked Kite, the Bald Buzzard,
The Hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.[3]

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observation of the Eires, the Brancher, the Ramish Hawk, the Haggard, and the two sorts of Lentners, and then treat of their several Ayries, their Mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers: their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice; I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me: but lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr. Venator, to say what you are able in the commendation of Hunting, to which you are so much affected; and if time will serve, I will beg your favour for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

Venator. Well, Sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the Earth, as you have done most excellently of the Air; the Earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The Earth is a solid, settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast; to men who have their several recreations upon it, as

Note.] [3] See Turberville, Latham, and Markham, *on Falconry*. B.

horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him, and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately Stag, the generous Buck, the wild Boar, the cunning Otter, the crafty Fox, and the fearful Hare! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth; as namely, the Fichat, the Fulimart,[4] the Ferret, the Pole-cat, the Mouldwarp, and the like creatures that live upon the face and within the bowels of the Earth. How doth the Earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physick and the pleasure of mankind! and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight wild Boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty Elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little Pismire,[5] who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? That

NOTE.] [4] Dr. Skinner, in his *Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ*, Lond. fol. 1671, voce "Fulimart," gives us to understand, that this word is Vox quæ nusquam, nisi in libro the "Complete Angler" dicto, occurrit. Upon which it may be observed, that Dame Juliana Berners, in her Book of Hunting, ranks the Fulmarde among the beasts of chase; and that both in the Dictionary of Dr. Adam Littleton, and that of Phillips, entitled the World of Words, it occurs: the first renders it Putorius, mus Ponticus; the latter a kind of Polecat. In Junius it is Fullmer, and said to be idem quod Polecat; but in this interpretation they seem all to be mistaken, for Walton here mentions the Polecat by name, as does also Dame Juliana Berners in her Book. H.

[5] An excellent paper on this subject will be found in the Guardian, No. 156. B.

puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed Haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a hunting: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. Piscator to the commendation of Angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the Wild Boar, the Stag, the Buck, the Fox, or the Hare? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity!

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves[n] or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in, the water, and into the earth! What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right Greyhound fix his eye on the best Buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal[6] game, and still know and then kill

VARIATION.] [n] who never loses.—*1st and 2nd Edit.*

NOTE.] [6] "Rascal, Saxon, a lean beast. Continued in that sense among hunters for a deer not fit to hunt or kill. 'A father that doth let loose his son to all experiences is most like a fond hunter, that letteth slip a whelp to the whole herd; twenty to one he shall fall upon a *rascal*, and let go the fair game.'" *Ascham's Scholemaster*, p. 61. *Nares's Glossary*. But query if *rascal* is not rather applied to animals of an inferior kind to those usually hunted? In the *Boke of St. Albans* the word is thus used: "The manere of huntynge for all manere of

him! For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of Hunting, and of the noble Hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures, which Moses in the Law permitted to the Jews, which have cloven hoofs, and chew the cud; which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr. Piscator, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of Angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless it is an easy one: and, Mr. Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope it will not be a long one.

AUCEPS. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

PISCATOR. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom° take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him, or pray to him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you, it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a "watery discourse," so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of

VARIATION.] ° we seldom make the welkin to roar: we seldom take the name, &c.—1*st and* 2*nd Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]
bestys, whether they ben bestys, or venery, or chace, or *rascall.*" After mentioning bucks, does, foxes, marterons, and wild roes:

"other bestys all
Where so ye theym fynde *rascall* ye shall them call."

another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the Water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names[p] this element the first in the creation: this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavour to demonstrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like speedy growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the tree begins to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting, to weigh a hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element; and they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also, the same may be done in any animal or vege-

VARIATION.] [p] names this the first in the creation: the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, makes water the chief ingredient in the first creation.—1*st and* 2*nd Edit.*

table. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruit, are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent, and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject, than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses[7] appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory, have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had musick to usher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that

NOTE.] [7] Lev. xi. 9. Deut. xiv. 9.

shall view the writings of Macrobius,[8] or Varro,[9] may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and, I hope, happily, in a conference with a most learned physician,[1] Dr. Wharton,[q]

VARIATION.] [q] The name of "Dr. Wharton" occurs for the first time in the *fifth* Edition.

NOTE.] [8] Aurelius Macrobius, a learned writer of the fourth century; he was chamberlain to the Emperor Theodosius. Fabricius makes it a question whether he was a Christian or a Pagan. His works are, *A Commentary on the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero*, in two books; and *Saturnalia Convivia*, in seven. Besides these, he was the Author of many which are lost. H.

[9] Marcus Terentius Varro, a most learned Roman, contemporary with Cicero, and author, as it is said, of nearly five hundred volumes. He is one of the best writers on agriculture. H.

[1] Dr. Wharton, who is again noticed, and in terms of great esteem, was one of the most eminent physicians of his day. He was born at Winston, in the county of Durham, in 1614, and received the first part of his University education at Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge. Afterwards, before the Civil War broke out, he entered of Trinity College in the sister University; and for a short time practised Physick in the metropolis, under Dr. Bathurst. In 1647, having retired to his College, he became M. D. by virtue of the Letters of Sir Thomas Fairfax. H.

Mr. Oughtred, in his Key to the Mathematics, published just before, says, that if any fruit is to be reaped by his new Edition thereof, the thanks are due chiefly to Mr. Thomas Wharton, who, as he is no mean proficient in those studies, so he may with success serve this age in the necessary mysteries of Botany, Anatomy, and Hermetick Learning; who not only amended the errors, but bestowed exceeding great pains and expense in correcting the press. About 1649, Dr. Wharton appears to have settled entirely in London. In 1656, he published "Adenographia; sive Glandularum totius Corporis Descriptio," in a small octavo: reprinted in duodecimo, at Amsterdam, in 1659: and again, 12mo. Vesaliæ, 1671: consisting of a Course of Lectures which Dr. Prujean, the President of the College of Physicians, had imposed upon him as an exercise in 1652. During the time of the great Plague, in 1665, Dr. Wharton continued in London, when many other Physicians fled the contagion.

He died at his house in Aldersgate Street, Nov. 14, 1673: and was buried at St. Michael Bassishaw. E.

a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of Angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper into these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffick, without which we could not now subsist. How does it not only furnish us with food and physick for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen Christ in the flesh, and to have heard St. Paul preach, makes his third wish, to have seen Rome in her glory; and[r] that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil![2] These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian, to see there the humble house

VARIATION.] [r] and yet all that beauty is not lost.—*1st and 2nd Edit.* and that beauty is not yet all lost.—*3rd and 4th Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]

See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* by Bliss, vol. iii. p. 1000. Dr. Wharton is frequently mentioned in Ashmole's *Diary*. On the 2nd February, 1654, he says, "I acquainted Doctor Wharton with my secret for the cure of the *illiaca passio;* and he applied it this morning to Mr. Faithorne the graver, and it cured him." His name is mentioned for the first time in the *fifth* Edition, three years after Dr. Wharton's death, so that he ought to have been spoken of in the past tense.

[2] Walton has here made a mistake. Virgil's tomb is at Naples.

in which St. Paul was content to dwell,[s] and to view the many rich statues that are made in honour of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter[3] and he lie buried together! These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian, to see that place, on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men: to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.[t]

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments. I might tell you that Almighty

VARIATION.] [s] to live.—*1st and 2nd Edit.*

[t] ignorant that such things yet are.—*2nd Edit.* ignorant that such things have yet a being.—*3rd and 4th Edit.*

NOTE.] [3] The Protestants deny, not only that St. Peter lies buried in the Vatican, as the Romish writers assert, but that he ever was at Rome. See the *Historia Apostolica* of Lud. Capellus.—The sense of the Protestants on this point is expressed in the following epigram, alluding to the prænomen of Peter, "Simon," and to the simony practised in that city:

An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub judice lis est;
Simonen Romæ nemo fuisse negat.
Many that Peter ne'er saw Rome declare,
But all must own that Simon hath been there.

Of which that may be observed which I have heard said of libels, "the more true the more provoking; and this the author, John Owen, the famous epigrammatist, found to his cost; for his uncle, a Papist, was so stung by these lines, that, in revenge, he disinherited him, and doomed him to extreme poverty the remainder of his life. *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. 471. The Romanists have also taken their revenge on the book that contains them, by inserting it in their *Index Expurgatorius*. Ibid. H.

God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet, Jonah, safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see

THEOBALD'S HOUSE.[4]

I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

NOTE.] [4] The site of Theobald's Palace lies a little to the north of the road to Ware, at the distance of twelve miles from London, in the parish of Cheshunt. It was built about 1560, by Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, and is said to have been first intended as a small mansion for the residence of his younger son. Queen Elizabeth having honoured it with a visit in 1564, her minister was induced to enlarge it; and he completed the whole upon a more extensive scale in 1571. Her visits to it, as appears by Lord Burleigh's Diary, were repeated ten times between 1572 and 1597. In 1603, Sir Robert Cecil, his son, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, entertained King James the First at it, in his way from Scotland to London, when he came to take possession of the crown; and in 1606, gave him a second entertainment: soon after which the Palace and Manor were exchanged for the ancient royal residence at

AUCEPS. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said: nevertheless, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, Gentlemen, God keep you both.

PISCATOR. Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time, nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

NOTE *continued.*]
Hatfield. Theobalds became afterwards one of King James's favourite places of retirement: and he died there, March 27th, 1625. It was also an occasional place of residence with his successor, who went from it in 1642, to put himself at the head of the army. Norden, in his Description of Hertfordshire, says: "To speake of the state and beauty thereof at large as it deserveth, for curious buildinges, delightfull walkes, and pleasant conceites, within and without, and other things very glorious and ellegant to be seene, would challenge a great portion of this little treatise; and therefore, leaste I should come shorte of that due commendation that it deserveth, I leave it, as indeed it is, a princely seate." After the restoration of King Charles the Second, the House, Park, and Manor, were granted to the Duke of Albemarle, on the death of whose son without male issue they again reverted to the Crown; and were granted to the Duke of Portland by King William the Third in 1689. In 1762 the property of Theobalds was sold by the late Duke of Portland to George Prescott, Esq. who, three years after, pulled down what remained of the house, and built another for himself about a mile to the south of it. It is now, 1814, held on lease under the representatives of Sir George William Prescott, Bart. by Job Matthew Raikes, Esq. An idea of the Mansion, as it appeared in Walton's time, may be obtained from Mr. Lysons's Description in the "Environs of London," edit. 1811, vol. i. part ii. p. 773. chiefly taken from the Parliamentary Survey of 1650, now in the Augmentation Office. A representation of the exterior will be found in King's Sheet of Views, to illustrate Camden's Britannia. One of the best views of the interior is in the back-ground of a picture at Earl Poulet's, Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire. The Stables of Theobalds stood on the opposite side of the road leading from Waltham-Cross to Cheshunt: and adjoining was a large building called the Alms-house, supposed to have been built by Lord Burleigh, and appropriated as a residence for some of his Pensioners: it had a hall and chapel. This building, with the arms of Cecil in front, was standing till within these three years. E.

VENATOR. Not I, Sir: I remember you said that Angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

PISCATOR. Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of Angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

VENATOR. Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched House; during which walk, I dare promise you, my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken, first, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a-fishing, and that I may become your scholar, and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

[u] PISCATOR. O, Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Fly? a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you[5] have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with

VARIATION.] [u] *Piscator.* Oh, Sir, it is not to be questioned, but that it is an art, and an art worth your learning: the question will rather be, whether you be capable of learning it? For he that learns it must

NOTE.] [5] This is a mistake: it was *Auceps*, and not *Venator*, that named the Hawks; and *Auceps* had before taken his leave of these his

inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice:[v] but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself;[6] but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

[w] VENATOR. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation,

VARIATION *continued.*]

not only bring an enquiring, searching, and discerning wit; but he must bring also that patience you talk of, and a love and propensity to the art itself: but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but the Art will (both for the pleasure and profit of it) prove like to virtue, a reward to itself.

[v] heightened by practice and experience.—*Until 5th Edit.*

[w] *Viator.* Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long

NOTE *continued.*]

companions. H. The discrepancy does not occur in any edition before the *fifth*, because in all the others the passage, "Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout that is more sharp sighted than any hawk you [r friend has] have named, and more watchful and timorous than your [his] high mettled Merlin is bold; and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow for a friend's breakfast. Doubt not, therefore, Sir, that Angling is an art," is omitted; and Piscator's reply reads thus: "O, Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning." The objection would be removed by the alterations suggested within brackets.

[6] Markham, in his *Country Contentments*, has a whole chapter on the subject of *the Angler's Apparel, and inward Qualities;* some of which are, "That he be a general scholar, and seen in all the liberal sciences; as a *grammarian*, to know how to write, or discourse, of his art in true and fitting terms. He should," says he, "have *sweetness of speech*, to entice others to delight in an exercise so much laudable. He should have *strength of argument*, to defend and maintain his profession against envy and slander." "Then must he be *strong* and *valiant;* neither to be amazed with storms, nor affrighted with thunder: and if he is not *temperate*, but has a gnawing stomach that will not endure much fasting, but must observe hours; it troubleth the mind and body, and loseth that delight which maketh the pastime only pleasing. H.

that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propose.

PISCATOR. Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this; some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood: others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of Angling:[7] and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematicks, musick, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that angling is

VARIATION *continued.*]
much to have you proceed in your discourse: and first, I pray, Sir, let me hear concerning the antiquity of it.

Piscator. Sir, I will preface no longer, but proceed in order as you desire me: and first for the antiquity of Angling, I shall not say much; but only this; some say, it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood: and others (which I like better) say, that Belus (who was the inventor of godly and virtuous recreations) was the inventor of it.

NOTE.] [7] Opposite to this passage in the *first Edition*, "J. Da. Jer. Mar." occur, by which was probably meant John Davors, author of the *Secrets of Angling*, a poem, from which Walton has given an extract in a subsequent page, and Jervase Markham. The passage in the Secrets of Angling, to which Walton alludes, is in the division of the poem entitled "The Author of Angling. Poetical Fictions."

"Then did Deucalion first the art invent."

The passage referred to in Markham, whose opinion Walton says, in the *first Edition*, he "likes better," is in the "Pleasures of Princes, or Good Men's Recreations, containing a Discourse of the General Art of Fishing with an Angle or otherwise," 4to. 1614, p. 3. T.

much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet Amos[8] mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the book of Job,[9] which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to have been written by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.[1]

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors; and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person; so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention[x] of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

[y]And for that, I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether

VARIATION.] [x] accidental mention of it; and shall proceed to the justification, or rather commendation of it.

Viator. My worthy friend, I am much pleased with your discourse, for that you seem to be so ingenuous, and so modest, as not to stretch arguments into hyperbolical expressions, but such as indeed they will reasonably bear; and I pray, proceed to the justification, or commendations of Angling, which I also long to hear from you.

Piscator. Sir, I shall proceed; and my next discourse shall be rather a commendation, than a justification of Angling: for, in my judgment, if it deserves to be commended, it is more than justified, for some practices that may be justified, deserve no commendation: yet there are none that deserve commendation but may be justified.

[x] accidental mention of it; and so I pass from the antiquity of Angling to the commendation of it.—*2nd Edit.*

[y] And now having said thus much by way of preparation, I am next to tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, (and it is not yet

NOTE.] [8] Chap. iv. 2. [9] Chap. lxi. 1, 2.

[1] See also Isaiah, xix. 8.

the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?[2] Concerning which, some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first; by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, that God enjoys himself only, by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning, and devotion, prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha.[3]

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physick, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons: and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

VARIATION *continued.*]

resolved) whether contemplation or action be the chiefest thing wherein the happiness of a man doth most consist in this world? Concerning which, &c.

NOTE.] [2] This is a question which many persons of wit, especially among the Italian writers, have discussed; a disquisition in the judgment of Lord Clarendon about as profitable as whether a long journey is best undertaken on a black or a bay horse. See Lord Clarendon's Tracts, p. 167. H.

[3] Luke x. 41, 42.

[z] And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter du Moulin,[4] who, in his discourse of the fulfilling of Prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts, or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel,[5] who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and musick from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks, bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard[6] says, that 'rivers and the

VARIATION.] [z] And first I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found in myself, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the fittest place for, but will invite the anglers to contemplation: that it is the fittest place seems to be witnessed by the children of Israel, who having banished, &c.

NOTE.] [4] Dr. Peter du Moulin, Prebendary of Canterbury, and author of several pieces in the Romish controversy. H. Du Moulin's Treatise, entitled "The Accomplishment of the Prophecies," was translated from the French, by J. Heath, and printed in octavo, at Oxford, in 1613. The passage which Walton quotes, or rather applies to his purpose, is in the Preface to the Reader. "For as God intending to reveale future events to his prophets, withdrew them aside, and carried them either to the desert, or els to the sea-shore, that so having pluckt them from amidst the presse, he might settle their minds in a quiet repose; so thinke I, that to dive into their prophecies a man need be free from all cares, and to partake of their rest, that he may partake of the cleernesse of their spirit." E.

[5] Psalm cxxxvii.

[6] It is said by Moses Browne, that the person here meant was

inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration.' And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers, and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sate quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

[a] And first concerning rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drunk, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone: and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour. And one of no less credit than Aristotle,[7]

VARIATION.] [a] Concerning rivers, there be divers wonders reported of them by authors of such credit, that we need not deny them an historical faith. As of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Of the river Selarus, that in a few hours turns a rod or a wand into stone, and our Camden mentions the like wonder in England. That there is a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour. And one of no less credit than Aristotle, tells us of a

NOTE *continued.*]
John Valdesso, and that the passage in the text occurs in his *Considerations;* but upon a careful perusal of that book for the purpose, no such sentiment has been found. H.

[7] "In his Wonders of Nature. This is confirmed by Ennius, and Solon in his Holy History."—Note to the *first edition.*

tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of musick, for with musick it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the musick ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground,[8] and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their sabbath.[9]

VARIATION *continued.*]
merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of musick, that with musick it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, but returns to a wonted calmness and clearness when the musick ceases. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea, that runs and moves swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests upon their Sabbath day.

NOTE.] [8] Defoe in his *Tour through England*, satisfactorily proves that this is a mistake, and attempts to explain the cause of the opinions. B. Drayton, Milton, and Pope have, however, fallen into the same error:

—— "which like a noozling Mole
Doth noozle underneath."—*Polyolbion.*

"And underneath the earth, for three miles space doth creep."
Ibid. Song 17.

"Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath."—*Milton on Rivers.*

"And sullen Mole that hides his diving flood."
Pope's Windsor Forest, l. 345.

Mr. Dallaway, in a privately printed and beautiful little volume, entitled "*Letheræum sive Horti Letheræani*," containing etchings of views in the Vicarage of Letherhead, thus alludes to the subject:—"The Mole is a river which has excited much curiosity and discussion. There is a notion of very early establishment adopted by Camden and

[9] The same is related by Philo. B.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called Balæna or Whirlpool,[1] is so long and broad, as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and, of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river Ganges, there be Eels of thirty feet long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea, only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of water falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us, that there are sometimes a thousand of these great Eels found wrapt, or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love musick, and will come when called for, by some men or boys that know, and use to feed them; and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's[2] 'Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity,' printed by him about the year 1670.

NOTE *continued.*]
later topographers, that 'it runs under ground.' But, generally speaking, its bed is an absorbent earth, above the surface of which it often occurs, during dry seasons, that no stream appears. Frequent banks or reefs of chalk intervene, and over these it is both perennial and clear. The river Mole is so called from its being supposed to have a subterraneous current: be this circumstance as it may, it differs from other rivers in having its bed in certain places occasionally dry: various conjectures have been formed as to this peculiarity. In some parts of the river where the bed is a little elevated, in small detached pieces, there are holes which the country people call Swallows. These are dry apertures during summer, but in wet seasons are full of water, and at those times the bed of the river becomes the channel of a rapid stream." p. p. 14, 15.

[1] *Balæna* properly means *a whale.*

[2] *Meric*, son of *Isaac Casaubon*, born at Geneva in 1599, but edu-

I know, we Islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant,[3] and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq. who now keeps

NOTE *continued.*]
cated at Oxford, was for his great learning preferred to a Prebend in the Cathedral of Canterbury, and the Rectory of Ickham near that city. Oliver Cromwell would have engaged him, by a pension of three hundred pounds a year, to write the history of his time, but Casaubon refused it. Of many books extant of his writing, that mentioned in the text is one. He died in 1671, leaving behind him the character of a religious man, loyal to his Prince, exemplary in his life and conversation, and very charitable to the poor.—*Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. 485, edit. 1721. H. *Casaubon's* work "Of Credulity and Incredulity in Things Natural, Civil, and Divine," was first printed at London, in 8vo. 1668; and again in 1670. What relates to the Dolphins is at p. 243 of the first edition. *Gaspar Peucerus*, quoted by Walton, Part I. Chap. V. about Menwolves, is mentioned at p. 252, of the same Work. It contains a great deal of curious anecdote. E.

[3] There were, it seems, three of the *Tradescants*, grandfather, father, and son: the son is the person here meant: the two former were Gardeners to Queen Elizabeth, and the latter to King Charles the First. They were all great botanists, and collectors of natural and other curiosities, and dwelt at South Lambeth in Surrey; and dying there, were buried in Lambeth Churchyard. Mr. Ashmole contracted an acquaintance with the last of them, and, together with his wife, boarded at his house for a summer, during which Ashmole agreed for the purchase of Tradescant's collection, and the same was conveyed to him by a deed of gift from Tradescant and his wife. Tradescant soon after died, and Ashmole was obliged to file a bill in Chancery for the delivery of the curiosities, and succeeded in his suit. Mrs. Tradescant, shortly after the pronouncing the decree, was found drowned in her pond. This collection, with what additions he afterwards made to it, Mr. Ashmole gave to the University of Oxford, and so became the Founder of the *Ashmolean Museum*. A monument for the three Tradescants, very curiously ornamented with sculptures, is to be seen in Lambeth Churchyard; and a representation thereof, in four plates, and also some particulars of the family, are given in the *Philosophical Transactions*, Volume LXIII. Part I. p. 79, *et seq*. The monument, by the contribution of some friends to their memory, was, in the year 1773, repaired; and the following Lines, formerly intended for an epitaph, inserted thereon:

Know, stranger! ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lie JOHN TRADESCANT, grandsire, father, son.

them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London,[4] as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dol-

NOTE *continued.*]

The last dy'd in his spring: the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature thro';
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air;
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad, in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous Antiquarians, that had been,
Both Gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change their gardens for a Paradise.

The Tradescants were the first collectors of natural curiosities in this kingdom. The younger of them published in 1656, 12mo. 'Museum Tradescantianum; or a Collection of Rarities preserved at South Lambeth, near London,' containing portraits of his father and himself, engraved by Hollar. Tradescant's House is still known by the name of Turret-House, and is now, or was in 1809, in the occupation of Charles Bedford, Esq. E.

[4] Ashmole was, at first, a Solicitor in Chancery: but marrying a lady with a large fortune, and being well skilled in history and antiquities, he was promoted to the office of Windsor Herald, and wrote the "History of the Order of the Garter," published in 1672, in folio. But addicting himself to the then fashionable studies of chemistry and judicial astrology; and associating himself with that silly crackbrained enthusiast, John Aubrey, Esq. of Surrey, and that egregious impostor, Lilly the Astrologer, he became a dupe to the knavery of the one, and the follies of both; and lost in a great measure the reputation he had acquired by this, and other of his writings. Of his weakness and superstition, he has left on record this memorable instance: "11th April, 1681, I took, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck; and they drove my ague away. Deo gratias." See "Memoirs of the Life of that Antiquarian, Elias Ashmole, Esq. drawn up by himself by way of Diary, published by Charles Burman, Esq. 12mo. 1717." H.

phin, the Cony-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solan-Geese, the Bird of Paradise, such sorts of Snakes, and such Bird's-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder; and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of, the less incredible; for, you may note, that the waters are Nature's store-house, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert his divine 'Contemplation on God's Providence.'[b]

> Lord![c] who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any?
> None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
> And none can know thy works, they[d] are so many,
> And so complete, but only he that owes them.
>
> We all acknowledge both thy power and love
> To be exact, transcendant, and divine;
> Who dost so strangely[e] and so sweetly move,
> Whilst[f] all things have their end,[g] yet none but thine.
>
> Wherefore, most sacred Spirit! I here present,
> For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
> And just it is, that I should pay the rent,
> Because the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning fish, in that psalm,[5] wherein, for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet David seems even to exceed himself, how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contem-

VARIATION.] [b] Walton probably wrote from memory, as the stanzas which form part of a poem, entitled 'Providence,' are here transposed, and the following variations occur in Herbert's printed work.

[c] But. [d] which. [e] strongly. [f] While.

[g] will. Herbert's "Temple," ed. 1633. p. 109. Of George Herbert, whose life was written by Walton, some account will be found in the Memoir at the commencement of this volume.

NOTE.] [5] Psalm civ.

plative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained! And the great naturalist Pliny says, 'That nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land.' And this may appear, by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element; as to the readers of Gesner,[6] Rondeletius,[7] Pliny, Ausonius,[8] Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine Du Bartas,[9] who says:

> God quickened in the sea, and in the rivers,
> So many fishes of so many features,

Note.] [6] Conrade Gesner, an eminent physician and naturalist, was born at Zurich in 1516. His skill in botany and natural history was such as procured him the appellation of the Pliny of Germany: and Beza, who knew him, scruples not to assert, that he concentred in himself the learning of Pliny and Varro. Nor was he more distinguished for his learning, than esteemed and beloved for that probity and sweetness of manners, which rendered him conspicuous through the course of his life: notwithstanding which, he laboured under the pressure of poverty, to a degree that compelled him to write for sustenance, and that in such haste, that his works, which are very numerous, are not exempt from marks of it. Besides Bibliotheca sive Catalogus Scriptorum Lat. Gr. & Hebr. tam extantium quam non extantium, Tiguri, 1545-55, he wrote Historia Animalium, and De Serpentum Naturâ, Tiguri, 1551-87; to both which works Walton frequently refers. This excellent person died in 1565. H.

[7] Guillaume Rondelet, an eminent physician, born at Montpelier in Languedoc, 1507. He wrote a treatise De Piscibus marinis, Lugd. 1554-5, where all that Walton has taken from him is to be found. He died, very poor, of a surfeit, occasioned by eating figs to excess, in 1566. H.

[8] Decius Ausonius, a native of Bordeaux; was a Latin Poet, Consul of Rome, and Preceptor to the Emperor Gratian. He died about 390. H.

[9] Guillaume de Saluste Sieur du Bartas was a poet of great reputation in Walton's time. He wrote, besides numerous other productions, a poem in French, called Divine Weeks and Works; which was translated into English by Joshua Sylvester. The passage in the text occurs in the fifth day. H. To Du Bartas Milton is considered to have been much indebted.

The names quoted above, Gesner, Rondeletius, Pliny, &c. are the writers from whom Topsel, who wrote the History of Fourfooted Beasts, Fishes, &c., compiled his work, from which it is most probable Walton derived his information, rather than from the original authorities.

That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.
For seas—as well as skies—have Sun, Moon, Stars;
As well as air—Swallows, Rooks, and Stares;[1]
As well as earth—Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,
Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers, and many millions
Of other plants, more rare; more strange than these,
As very fishes, living in the seas;
As also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants, and Dogs;
Yea Men and Maids; and, which I most admire,
The mitred Bishop and the cowled Friar:[2]
Of which, examples, but a few years since,
Were shewn the Norway and Polonian prince.

These seem to be wonders; but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them. Nor are the number, nor the various shapes, of fishes more strange, or more fit for contemplation, than their different natures, inclinations, and actions;

NOTE.] [1] Or Starlings. Minsheu. H.

[2] This story of the Bishop-fish is told by Rondeletius, and vouched by Bellonius. Without taking much pains in the translation, it is as follows: "In the year 1531, a fish was taken in Polonia, that represented a bishop. He was brought to the king; but seeming to desire to return to his own element, the king commanded him to be carried back to the sea, into which he immediately threw himself." Rondeletius had before related the story of a Monk-fish, which is what Du Bartas means by the "cowled Friar." The reader may see the portraits of these wonderful personages in Rondeletius; or, in the Posthumous Works of the reverend and learned Mr. John Gregory, in 4to. Lond. 1683, pages 121, 122. Stow, in his *Annals*, p. 157, from the Chronicle of Radulphus Coggeshale, gives the following relation of a sea-monster, taken on the coast of Suffolk, temp. Hen. II. "Neare unto Orford in Suffolk, certaine fishers of the sea tooke in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points: which fish was kept by Bartlemew de Glaunville, custos of the castle of Orford, in the same castle, by the space of six moneths and more, for a wonder. He spake not a word. All manner of meates he did eate, but most greedily raw fish, after he had crushed out the moisture. Oftentimes, he was brought to the church, where he shewed no tokens of adoration." "At length," says this author, "when he was not well looked to, he stole away to the sea, and never after appeared." H.

concerning which, I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The Cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an Angler doth his line, she sendeth forth, and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the Cuttle-fish,[3] being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it; at which time she, by little and little, draws the smaller fish so near to her, that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason some have called this fish the Sea-angler.

And there is a fish called a Hermit, that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell, and, like a hermit, dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather; and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by Ælian,[4] the Adonis, or Darling of the Sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly, I think most Anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are, also, lustful and chaste fishes; of which I shall give you examples.

And first, what Du Bartas says of a fish called the Sargus; which, because none can express it better than he does, I shall give you in his own words, supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse; for he hath gathered this and other observations out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature.

> The adult'rous Sargus doth not only change
> Wives every day, in the deep streams, but, strange!

NOTE.] [3] Montaigne, *Essays*, and others, affirm this.

[4] Ninth book Of Living Creatures, ch. 16. Claudius Ælianus was born at Præneste in Italy, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian. He wrote De Animalium Naturâ, and other works. H.

As if the honey of sea-love delight
Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the same author writes concerning the Cantharus, that which you shall also hear in his own words:

But, contrary, the constant Cantharus
Is ever constant to his faithful spouse;
In nuptial duties, spending his chaste life;
Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

VENATOR. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be musick, and charms me to an attention.

PISCATOR. Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of Turtle-doves; first, that they silently plight their troth, and marry; and that then the survivor scorns, as the Thracian women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate; and this is taken for a truth; and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then, not only the living, but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true Turtle-dove.[5]

And to parallel this land-rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl, men that violate the law affirmed by St. Paul,[6] to be writ in their hearts, and which, he says, shall at the Last Day condemn and leave them without excuse—I pray hearken to what Du Bartas[7] sings, for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be musick to all chaste ears, and therefore I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings of the Mullet.

NOTE.] [5] Of Swans it is also said, that, if either of a pair die, or be otherwise separated from its mate, the other does not long survive. H.

[6] Rom. ii. 14, 15.

[7] Du Bartas, fifth day.

But for chaste love the Mullet hath no peer;
For, if the fisher hath surpris'd her pheer,[8]
As mad with wo, to shore she followeth,
Prest[9] to consort him, both in life and death.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the House-Cock, which treads any hen; and, then, contrary to the Swan, the Partridge, and Pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or cherish his own brood, but is senseless, though they perish. And it is considerable, that the Hen, which, because she also takes any Cock, expects it not, who is sure the chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to such a height, that our Saviour, in expressing his love to Jerusalem,[1] quotes her, for an example of tender affection, as his father had done Job, for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this Cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey and be devoured by vermin or other fishes. But other fishes, as namely the Barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed, that, unlike to the Cock, or the Cuckoo, they mutually labour, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin or by any fish but themselves.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem

NOTE.] [8] Or Fellow; so Bed-pheer, Bed-fellow. H.

[9] Prest, from the French prêt, Lat. paratus, ready, prepared. So Psalm 104. old version:

He maketh his spirites as heralds to go,
And lightnings, to serve, we see also *prest*. H.

Moses Browne has substituted a more elegant version:

But in chaste love the Mullet all outvies;
For when her mate the fisher makes his prize,
Mad to the shore she follows in despair,
In life and death, resolv'd his fate to share.

[1] Matt. xxiii. 37.

strange; but they are testified, some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gesner, and by many others of credit; and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And, doubtless, this made the prophet David say,[2] "They that occupy themselves in deep waters, see the wonderful works of God:" indeed such wonders, and pleasures too, as the land affords not.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men, as the Patriarchs and Prophets of old; and of the Apostles of our Saviour in our latter times, of which twelve, we are sure, he chose four that were simple fishermen, whom he inspired, and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles; and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving Jews; and themselves to suffer for that Saviour whom their forefathers and they had crucified; and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life: this was the employment of these happy fishermen. Concerning which choice, some have made these observations:

First, that he never reproved these, for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and the Money-changers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most Anglers are: these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreprovable em-

[2] Psalm cvii. 23, 24.

ployment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him, and do wonders; I say four of twelve.

And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's will that these, our four fishermen, should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve Apostles,[3] as namely, first St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John; and, then, the rest in their order.

And it is yet more observable, that when our blessed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the rest of his disciples, and chose only three to bear him company at his Transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed, that all the other Apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain, that the greater number of them were found together, fishing, by Jesus after his resurrection, as it is recorded in the twenty-first chapter of St. John's gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man; who observes, that God hath been pleased to allow those whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy will in holy writ, yet to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to. And he brings Solomon for an example, who, before his conversion, was remarkably carnally amorous; and after, by God's appointment, wrote that spiritual dialogue, or holy amorous love-song the Canticles, betwixt God and his church: in which he says, 'his beloved had eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon.'

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that Moses, who I told you before writ the book of Job, and the prophet Amos who was a shepherd, were both Anglers; for

[3] Matt. x. 2.

you shall, in all the Old Testament, find fish-hooks, I think but twice mentioned, namely, by meek Moses the friend of God, and by the humble prophet Amos.[4]

Concerning which last, namely the prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah, though they be both equally true, may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured plain fisherman. Which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, whom we know were all fishers, with the[h] glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing: it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar. And let me tell you, that Angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He

VARIATION.] [h] the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, whom we know was not.

NOTE.] [4] Walton was a good Scripturist, and therefore can hardly be supposed to have been ignorant of the passage in Isaiah, chap. xix. 8. "The fishers shall mourn, and all they that cast angle upon the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish." Which words, as they do but imply the use of fish-hooks, he might think not directly to his purpose; but in the translation of the above prophet by the learned Bishop Lowth, who himself assures me that the word hook is truly rendered, the passage stands thus:

> "And the fishers shall mourn and lament;
> All those that cast the hook in the river,
> And those that spread nets on the face of the waters shall languish."

The following passage Walton seems likewise to have forgotten when he wrote the above, unless the reason before assigned induced him to reject it: "They take up all of them with the angle, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag, therefore they rejoice and are glad." *Habakkuk*, i. 15. H.

that reads the Voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,[5] shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a fishing. And he that reads Plutarch, shall find, that Angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they, in the midst of their wonderful glory, used Angling as a principal recreation.[6] And let me tell you, that in the Scripture, Angling is always taken in the best sense; and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more: he that views the ancient Ecclesiastical Canons, shall find hunting to be forbidden to Churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find Angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.

I might here enlarge myself, by telling you what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on Angling: and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it, our learned

NOTE.] [5] A traveller whose veracity is much questioned. H. He was born about 1510, and for one and twenty years travelled in the East. During that time he was five times shipwrecked, seventeen times sold, and thirteen time smade a slave: he returned to Lisbon 22nd September, 1558. The passage alluded to by Walton occurs in "The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, done into English by H[enry] C[ogan], Gent. London, 1633," fol. chap. lxxix. p. 319. T.

[6] The fact related by Plutarch is the following: "It would be very tedious and trifling to recount all his follies: but his fishing must not be forgot. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra; and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was very much vexed, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes that had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick: she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity; told it to all her friends, and invited them to come and see him fish the next day. Accordingly, a very large company went out in the fishing vessels; and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony's, and, diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a salted fish, one of those which were brought from the Euxine Sea." H.

Dr. Whitaker[7] was; as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

[i] The first is Dr. Nowel, sometime dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul, in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced;[8] a man that, in the reformation of Queen

VARIATION.] [i] Let me give you the example of two men more, that have lived nearer to our own times: first Doctor Nowel sometimes Dean of St. Paul's, (in which church his monument stands yet undefaced) a man, &c.

NOTE.] [7] William Perkins was a learned divine, and a pious and painful Preacher: Dr. William Whitaker was an able writer in the Romish controversy, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. They both flourished at the latter end of the sixteenth century. I remark the extreme caution of our author in this passage; for he says not of Perkins, as he does of Whitaker, that he was a practiser of, but only that he bestows (in some of his writings we must conclude) great commendations on angling. Perkins had the misfortune to want the use of his right hand; as we find intimated in this distich on him:

> Dextera quamtumvis fuerat tibi manca, docendi
> Pollebas mira dexteritate tamen.
>
> Though Nature hath thee of thy right hand bereft,
> Right well thou writest with thy hand that's left.

And therefore can hardly be supposed capable of even baiting his hook. The fact respecting Whitaker is thus attested by Dr. Fuller, in his *Holy State*, book iii. chap. 13. "Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take; yet herewithal Dr. Whitaker was much delighted." To these examples of divines lovers of Angling, I here add (1784) that of Dr. Leigh, the present Master of Baliol College, Oxford, who, though turned of ninety, makes it the recreation of his vacant hours. H. He died in 1790.

[8] Dr. Alexander Nowel, a learned divine, and a famous preacher in the reign of King Edw. VI.; upon whose death he, with many other Protestants, fled to Germany, where he lived many years. In 1561 he was made dean of St. Paul's; and in 1601 died. The monument mentioned in the text was undoubtedly consumed, with the church, in the fire of London; but the inscription thereon is preserved in Stow's *Survey*, edit. 1633, page 362. See *Athen. Oxon.* 313. An engraving of the monument itself is in Dugdale's *History of St. Paul's Cathe-*

Elizabeth, not that of Henry VIII., was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation, both, chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a Catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many, nor by hard questions, like an honest Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed Catechism which is printed with our good old Service-book.[9]

NOTE *continued.*]

dral. H. Dr. Dunham Whitaker, in his *History of Whalley*, says of Nowel, "He is recorded by Isaac Walton, a man of the same tranquil devotion, and who attained nearly to the same length of days with himself, to have spent a tenth part of his time in Angling, an amusement suited beyond every other to calm and contemplative minds, and sacred, as it should seem, to the relaxation of eminent divines. Donne, Herbert, Whitaker, and after them Archbishop Sheldon, having been fondly attached to it." P. 482.

[9] The question who was the compiler of our church Catechism must, I fear, be reckoned among the desiderata of our ecclesiastical history. It is certain that Nowel drew up two catechisms, a greater and a less; the latter in the Title, as it stands in the English translation, expressly directed "to be learned of all youth, next after the little Catechisme appoynted in the Booke of Common Prayer." But, besides that both were originally written in Latin, and translated by other hands, the lesser, though declared to be an abridgment of the greater, was at least twenty times longer than that in the Common Prayer Book. And whereas Walton says, that in the reformation of Elizabeth, the then Parliament enjoined Nowel to make a Catechism, &c. and that he made that which is printed in our old Service-book, the catechism in question is to be found in both the Liturgies of Edw. VI. (the first whereof was set forth in 1549,) and also in his Primer, printed in 1552; and Nowel is not enumerated among the compilers of the Service-book. Further, both the Catechisms of Nowel contain the doctrine of the sacraments; but that in the old Service-book is silent on that head, and so continued, till, upon an objection of the puritans in the conference at Hampton Court, an explanation of the sacraments was drawn up by Dr. John Overall, and printed in the next impression of the Book of Common Prayer. It may further be remarked, that in the conference above mentioned, the two Catechisms are contra-distinguished, in an expression of Dr. Reynolds; who objected, that the Catechism in the Common Prayer Book was too brief, and that by

I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of Angling, as any age can produce: and his custom was to spend besides his fixed hours of prayer, those hours which, by command of the church, were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians, I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in Angling; and, also, for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, "that charity gave life to religion:" and, at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler; as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazen-nose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn, leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him; and on one hand of him, his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and, on his other hand, are his Angle-rods of several sorts; and by them this is written, "that he died 13 Feb. 1601, being aged ninety-five years, forty-four of which he had

NOTE *continued.*]
Dean Nowel, too long for novices to learn by heart. See Fuller's *Ch. Hist.* book x. page 14. So much of Walton's assertion as respects the sanction given to a catechism of Nowel's is true: but it was the larger catechism, drawn up at the request of secretary Cecil, and other great persons, that was so approved, and that not by parliament, but by a convocation held *anno* 1562, *temp. Eliz.* See Strype's *Life of Archbishop Parker*, 202. From all which particulars it must be inferred, that Walton's assertion, with respect to the Catechism in the Service-book, *i. e.* the Book of Common Prayer, is a mistake; and although Strype, in his *Memorials*, vol. ii. page 442, concludes a catechism of Nowel's (mentioned in the said book, page 368, *et in loc. cit.*) to be the church Catechism joined, ordinarily, with our Common Prayer, he also must have misunderstood the fact. H.

been Dean of St. Paul's church; and that his age neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless."[1] It is said that Angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings; and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton,[2] a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of Angling; of which he would say, 'it was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent;' for Angling was, after tedious study, 'a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it.' Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

NOTE.] [1] The inscription under Dean Nowel's picture at Brazenose College, which Walton translated, is

"ALEXANDER NOWELLUS, Sacræ Theologiæ Professor,
S. Pauli Decanus, obiit 13 Febr. Anno Dom. 1601. R.R. Eliz. 44.
An. Decanatus 42. Ætatis suæ 95; cum neque Oculi
caligarent, neque Aures obtusiores, neque Memoria
infirmior, neque Animi ullæ facultates victæ essent.
Piscator Hominum."

The portrait has been lately engraved in Churton's *Life of Nowel*, 8vo. Oxford, 1809. p. 366. E.

[2] Of whom see an account in the *Life of Walton*.

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man. And I do easily believe, that peace, and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly, in a summer's evening, on a bank a fishing. It is a description of the spring; which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:[k]

This day dame Nature[l] seem'd in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh[m] juice did stir th' embracing vines;
And birds had drawn their valentines.

The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my Friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.

Already were the eves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest;
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphing voice:

The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.
Joan takes her neat-rubb'd pail, and now,
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;

Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet:

VARIATION.] [k] These verses occur in every edition of the Angler exactly as they are here printed, but the following variations exist between them and the copy printed by Wotton in his *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 384, where they are entitled, "On a Bank as I sate a Fishing; a Description of the Spring."

[l] And now all Nature. [m] New.

And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks[n] gay, and[o] full of cheer,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse; *viz.* Jo. Davors, Esq.?[3]

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place;[p]
Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace;[q]
And on the world and my[r] Creator think:
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace;[s]
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

VARIATION.] [n] look'd. [o] all. It can scarcely be doubted that the "*Friend*" alluded to was Izaak Walton.

[p] Oh, let me rather on the pleasant brink
Of Tyne and Trent possess some dwelling place.

[q] With eager bite of Barbel, Bleak, or Dace.

[r] his.

[s] While they proud Thais painted sheet embrace,
And with the fume of strong tobacco's smoke,
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

NOTE.] [3] John Davors, Esq. was the author of a Poem entitled the *Secrets of Angling, teaching the choicest tools, baits, and seasons for the taking of any Fish in pond or river, practised and familiarly opened in three books, by J. D. Esquire*, 12mo. 1613, augmented with many approved experiments, by W. Lauson, and reprinted in 1652. Again reprinted from that edition by Triphook in 1811. The verses in the text have been collated with the reprint, and the most important variations are shown in the notes. The work was, however, entered on the books of the Stationers' Company as the production of *John Dennys*, Esq. "1612, 23 Martij. Mr. Roger Jackson entred for his copie under thands of Mr. Mason and Mr. Warden Hooper, a booke called the Secrete of Angling, teaching the choycest tooles, bates, and seasons for the taking of any Fish in any pond or river, practised and opened in three bookes, by John Dennys, Esquire." It was dedicated to John Harboone, of Tackley in Oxfordshire, Esq.

Let them that list, these pastimes still[t] pursue,
And on such[u] pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,[x]
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass,[y] and azure culver-keys.

I count it higher[z] pleasure to behold
The stately[a] compass of the lofty sky;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye:
The watery clouds that in the air up-roll'd
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
Still[b] blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains.
The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins inclos'd with rivers running[c] round;
These[d] rivers making way through nature's chains,
With headlong course, into the sea profound;
The raging[e] sea, beneath the vallies low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow:[f]

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds, with many a song,[g]
Do welcome with their quire the summer's Queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts, among
Are intermixt, with[h] verdant grass between;
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal, watery stream.[i]

VARIATION.] [t] then. [u] their.
[x] And by the rivers fresh may walk at will.
[y] Ganderglas. [z] better. [a] goodly. [b] all.
[c] running rivers. [d] The. [e] surging.
[f] The vallies sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.
[g] In whose cool brows the birds with chanting song. [h] the.
[i] Within the brooks and crystal watry brim.

NOTE *continued.*]
by "R. I." who states in the dedication, that the author was dead. Fourteen lines "in due praise of his praiseworthy skill and work," signed, "Jo. Daves," are prefixed.

All these, and many more of his creation
That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see;
Taking[k] therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his heart from[l] other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to May-day than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long as to hear them and me, for both together have brought us within the sight of

THE THATCHED HOUSE.[5]

VARIATION.] [k] And takes. [l] his thoughts on.

NOTE.] [5] In the *first edition*, Piscator says, "I know the Thatched House well, I often make it my resting place, and taste a cup of ale there, for which liquor that place is very remarkable."

And I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

VENATOR. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House; and I now find your words true, "that good company makes the way seem short;" for trust me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house, till you showed it to me. But now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a little rest.

PISCATOR. Most gladly, Sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the Otter-hunters[6] that are to meet you to-morrow.

VENATOR. That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts, both of the art of Angling and of all that profess it: and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends, in hunting the

NOTE.] [6] In the Whitehall Evening Post, in May 1760, appeared the following advertisement:—"To be disposed of, at Barton under Needwood, near Litchfield, Staffordshire, Otter Hounds, exceeding staunch, and thoroughly well trained to the hunting of this animal. The pack consists of nine couple and a terrier, and are esteemed to be as good, if not the best hounds in the kingdom. In the winter season they hunt the hare, except about two couple and a half that are trained to the Otter only; but there are about two couple of harriers, that have never been entered at the Otter, which will go with the rest; besides three couple of year old hounds, now fit to enter at either or both; and one couple of whelps, ready to go to walks. The greatest part of them are the blood of as high breed a fox hound as any in England. The proprietor disposes of them for the two following reasons only: first, because all the Otters, except about three or four, are killed within this hunt, which consists of all the rivers in this county (except the Dove, where Otters are not to be killed with hounds), Leicestershire, and Warwickshire; but more especially, because the proprietor finds himself too infirm to follow them. None but principals will be treated with. Direct to Walter Biddulph, of Barton aforesaid, Esq., by whom all letters from principals will be duly answered.

"N. B. Mr. Biddulph has killed within these last six years with these hounds, above Burton upon Trent only, seventy-four Otters. There are six spears to be disposed of with the hounds."

Otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you; and we two will, for that time, do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

PISCATOR. It is a match, Sir, I will not fail you, God willing, to be at

AMWELL HILL[7]

to-morrow morning before sun-rising.

NOTE.] [7] Now called Amwellbury. This beautiful village is the subject of a Poem, by John Scott, Esq. 8vo. 1782, in which Walton is thus alluded to:—

" It little yields
Of interesting act, to swell the page
Of history or song; yet much the soul
Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves,
The Muse's sons have fled to find repose.
Fam'd WALTON, erst, the ingenious fisher swain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd; upon Lea's shore
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms." P. 80.

The Second Day.

CHAP. II.

PISCATOR AND VENATOR.

On the Otter and the Chub.

VENATOR. MY friend Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts; for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an Otter. Look! down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks; there you may see what work they make; look! look! you may see all busy; men and dogs; dogs and men; all busy.

PISCATOR. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs, and more men, all in pursuit of the Otter. Let us compliment no longer, but join unto them. Come, honest Venator, let us be gone, let us make haste; I long to be doing; no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

VENATOR. Gentleman Huntsman, where found you this Otter?

HUNTSMAN. Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place, a-fishing. She has this morning eaten the greatest part of this Trout; she has only left thus much of it as

you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before sun-rise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, what is the skin worth?

HUNTSMAN. It is worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an Otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

PISCATOR. I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question; do you hunt a beast or a fish?

HUNTSMAN. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the college of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But, I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish: and if her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land: for an Otter does so, sometimes, five or six or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish. And I can tell you that Pigeons will fly forty miles for a breakfast: but, Sir, I am sure the Otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats. And I can tell you, that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water a hundred yards from him: Gesner says much farther: and that his stones are good against the falling sickness; and that there is an herb, Benione, which, being hung in a linen cloth near a fish-pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land. And, I can tell you, there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall;[1] where there have been so many, that our learned Camden says there is a river called

NOTE.] [1] In *Devonshire*. The River Ottersey is thus noticed in Gough's edition of *Camden's Britannia*. "More eastward the Otterey (q. d. the Otter's river) falls into the sea, passing by Honiton." Vol. I. p. 29. Though pointed out by Mr. Moses Browne, the error is not noticed by subsequent editors.

Ottersey, which was so named by reason of the abundance of Otters that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledge of the Otter: which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long. Follow, therefore, my masters, follow; for Sweetlips was like to have him at this last vent.

VENATOR. Oh me! all the horse are got over the river, what shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water?

HUNTSMAN. No, Sir, no; be not so eager; stay a little, and follow me; for both they and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again, I warrant you, and the Otter too, it may be. Now have at him with Kilbuck, for he vents again.

VENATOR. Marry! so he does; for, look! he vents in that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him: now, he is gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her; some above and some under water: but, now, now she is tired, and past losing. Come bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! it is a Bitch-otter, and she has lately whelp'd. Let's go to the place where she was put down; and, not far from it, you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

HUNTSMAN. Come, Gentlemen! come, all! let's go to the place where we put down the Otter. Look you! hereabout it was that she kennelled; look you! here it was indeed; for here's her young ones, no less than five: come, let us kill them all.

PISCATOR. No: I pray, Sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr. Nich. Segrave,[2] has done;

NOTE.] [2] Charles Segrave of Scalford in Leicestershire, Esq. who was living in 1606, left issue, by Alice his wife, daughter of John Flower of Whitwell, in the County of Rutland, four sons, the fourth of which was named *Nicholas*, and who was probably the person mentioned in the text. Nichols' *Leicestershire*, Vol. II. Part I. p. 314.

who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish,[3] and do many other things of much pleasure.

HUNTSMAN. Take one with all my heart; but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest ale-house, where we may have a cup of good barley wine, and sing 'Old Rose,'[4] and all of us rejoice together.

VENATOR. Come, my friend Piscator, let me invite you along with us. I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to-morrow; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

PISCATOR. Sir, your request is granted; and I shall be right glad both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

NOTE.] [3] Duncombe, in his translation of Vanier, says,

If you should find the young ones, steal away,
In th' absence of the dam, the tender prey,
And by his youthful years yet pliant, breed
The gentle otter to the fishing trade;
For when suspended in the stream you place
Your flaxen snares, to catch the finny race,
He will explore each cavern and retreat,
And rouse the fish, and hunt them to the net.

Eu. H.

[4] The song alluded to was the following. It was inserted in Dr. Harington's Collection from a publication temp. Charles I.

Now we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows;
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing, &c.

When the jowl with claret glows,
And wisdom shines upon the nose,
O then is the time to sing Old Rose,
And burn, burn, the bellows,
The bellows, and burn, burn, the bellows, the bellows.

The Third Day.

CHAP. II. TO CHAP. IV.

PISCATOR AND VENATOR.

VENATOR. WELL, now let's go to your sport of Angling.

PISCATOR. Let's be going,[a] with all my heart. God keep you all, Gentlemen; and send you meet, this day, with another Bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

VENATOR. Now, Piscator, where will you begin to fish?

PISCATOR. We are not yet come to a likely place; I must walk a mile further yet before I begin.

VENATOR. Well then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely, how do you like your lodging, and mine host[b] and the company? Is not mine host a witty man?

[c]PISCATOR. Sir, I will tell you, presently, what I think of your host: but, first, I will tell you, I am glad these Otters were killed;[1] and I am sorry there are no more

VARIATION.] [a] Well now let's be going.—*1st and 2nd Edit.*

[b] Tell me freely how do you like mine host.—*till 5th Edit.*

[c] In the *first* edition Piscator's reply commences with:

Sir, to speak truly, he is not to me; for most of his conceits were either, &c.

NOTE.] [1] Gay has thus alluded to the Otter:

" Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous Otter chase,

Otter-killers; for I know[d] that the want of Otter-killers, and the not keeping the fence-months for the preservation of fish, will, in time, prove the destruction of all rivers. And those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, what be those that you call the fence-months?

PISCATOR. Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April, and May; for these be the usual months that Salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers. And their fry would, about a certain time, return back to the salt water, if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands; as they would, being so taught by nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise Statutes made in the 13th of Edward the First,[2] and the like in Richard the Second[3] may see

VARIATION.] [d] I may tell you.—*1st and 2nd Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]

Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores;
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey."

[2] The statute of the 13th Edw. I. cap. 47. is as follows:—"It is provided, That the waters of Humber, Ouse, Trent, Dove, Arre, Derewent, Wherfe, Nid, Yare, Swale, Tese, and all other waters (wherein salmons be taken within the kingdom), shall be in defence for taking salmons from the Nativity of our Lady unto St. Martin's Day; and that likewise young salmons shall not be taken nor destroyed by nets, nor by other engine, at millpools, from the midst of April unto the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. And in places where such rivers be, there shall be assigned overseers of this statute, which being sworn, shall oftentimes see and inquire of the offenders; and for the first trespass, they shall be punished by burning of their nets and engines; and for the second time, they shall have imprisonment for a quarter of a year; and for the third trespass, they shall be imprisoned a whole year; and as their trespass increaseth, so shall the punishment."

[3] The statute referred to was enacted in the 13th year of the reign of

several provisions made against the destruction of fish: and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, 'that which is every body's business is nobody's business:' if it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish, that are under the statute size,

NOTE *continued.*]
Richard the Second, cap. 19. of which the following is a copy:—"Item, Whereas it is contained in the Statute of Westminster the Second, that young salmons shall not be taken nor destroyed by nets, nor by other engines, at milldams, from the midst of April till the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, upon a certain pain limited in the same statute;" 'it is accorded and assented, That the said statute be firmly holden and kept, joyning to the same, that young salmons shall not be taken, during the said time, at milldams, nor in other places upon the same pain. And that no fisher, or garth-man, nor any other, of what estate or condition that he be, shall from henceforth put in the waters of Thamise, Humber, Ouse, Trent, nor any other waters of the realm by the said time, nor in other time of the year, any nets called stalkers, nor other nets nor engines whatsoever they be, by which the fry or the breed of the salmons, lampreys, or any other fish, may in any wise be taken or destroyed, upon the pain aforesaid.' "And also where it is contained in the same statute, that all the waters in the which salmons be taken within the realm, shall be put in defence as to the taking of salmons, from the Day of the Nativity of our Lady, until St. Martin's Day;" 'it is ordained and assented, that the waters of Low, Wyre, Mersee, Rybbyl, and all other waters in the county of Lancaster, be put in defence, as to the taking of salmons, from Michaelmas Day to the Purification of our Lady, and in no other time of the year, because that salmons be not seasonable in the said waters in the time aforesaid. And in the parts where such rivers be, there shall be assigned and sworn good and sufficient conservators of this statute, as it is ordained in the said Statute of Westminster, and that they shall punish the offenders after the pain contained in the same statute, without any favour thereof to be showed.' "

By Statute 17 Rich. II. c. 9. all justices of the peace were constituted conservators of the stat. 13 Edw. I., with power to appoint under conservators; and the lord mayor was appointed conservator of that statute in the Thames. Various statutes have since been enacted for preserving the spawn and fry of fish. See *Index to the Statutes at Large*, articles "Fish," "Salmon," and "Rivers."

In the 8 Rich. II. 1384, the Commons complained that in the Thames, Medway, and other great rivers, there was an abundance of

sold daily amongst us; and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.[4]

But, above all, the taking fish in spawning-time may be said to be against nature: it is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young, a sin so against nature, that Almighty God hath in the Levitical law made a law against it.[5]

But the poor fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural fishermen; as namely, the Otters that I spake of, the Cormorant, the Bittern, the Osprey, the Sea-gull, the Hern, the King-fisher, the Gorara, the Puet, the Swan, Goose, Duck, and the Craber, which some call the Water-rat: against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not; I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others, for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.

And, now, to your question concerning your host. To speak truly, he is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either scripture jests, or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty: for the devil will help a man, that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter.

NOTE *continued.*]
the fry of fish, that is to say, of "Troutes, Samons, Pykes, Roches, Barbils," and other fish, which fry, if preserved, would produce great profit to the lords and commons of the land; but that diverse persons dwelling near those rivers, took the fry with their "subtils reetz," and other "subtils instruments," and sold it as food for pigs for a penny a bushel, and sometimes for six eggs a bushel. They therefore prayed that no fish might be taken with any net unless the mesh was of the size ordained by the former statute. The king commanded that the said statute should be kept and put in due execution. *Rot. Parl.* vol. iii. p. 200.

[4] See note to page 90.

[5] The command alluded to occurs in Deuteronomy, chap. xxii. ver. 6 and 7. "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout-hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night,[6] there is usually an Angler that proves good company. And let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others: the very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless. I am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's: I think more will be required at the last great day. Well! you know what example is able to do; and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:[e]

VARIATION.] [e] But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless; ["I am sorry the other is a gentleman"—"at the last great day"] well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, *which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility.*—

———— many a one, &c.

1*st Edit.*, the words in italic were added to the 2*nd*, and those in brackets to the 3*rd Edit.*

NOTE.] [6] Trout-hall was probably a name given by Anglers to some little inn which they were in the habit of frequenting, and possibly the sign was a Trout. Piscator did not, however, fulfil his intention of sleeping at Trout-hall, because we find that his scholar and himself returned and slept at the alehouse where they dined, and which it would appear from his conversation with the milkwoman, was called *Bleak-hall*. The cause of this alteration in his plan, Piscator seems to explain to Venator, in a subsequent page, where he says they would eat the trout he had caught for supper, and would go to his hostess from whence they came, [*because*] "on going out of the door, she told him that his brother Peter and a cheerful companion had sent word they would lodge there that night."

——————— many a one
Owes to his country his religion;
And in another, would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art; and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a Chub: and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well; rest ourselves there; and dress it for our dinner.

VENATOR. Oh, Sir! a Chub is the worst fish that swims; I hoped for a Trout to my dinner.

PISCATOR. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout hereabout: and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a Trout till evening. And though a Chub be, by you and many others, reckoned the worst of fish, yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish by dressing it.

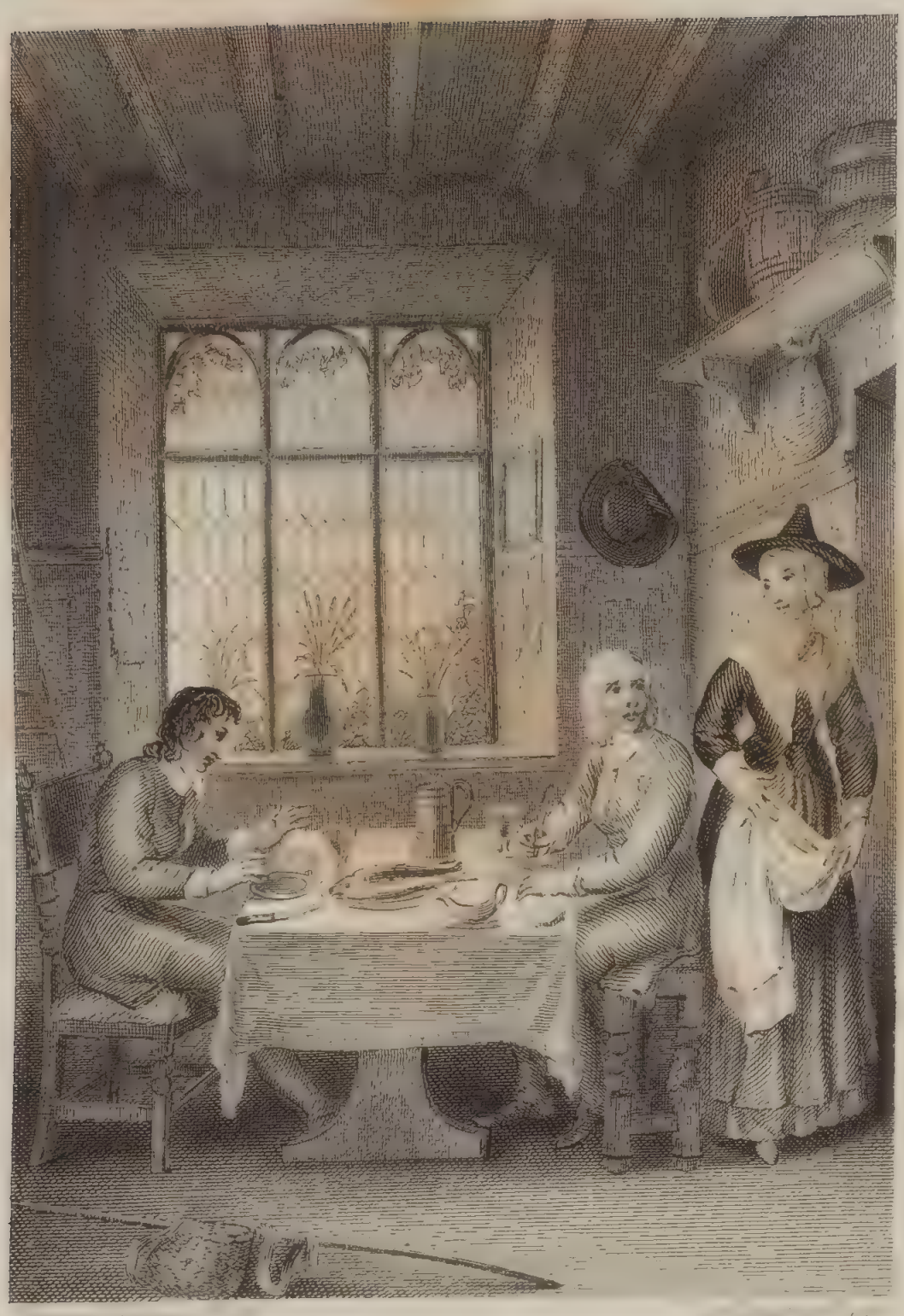
VENATOR. Why, how will you dress him?

PISCATOR. I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see? but you must stand very close, there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty Chubs. I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one, and you shall see it done.

VENATOR. Ay, marry! Sir, now you talk like an artist; and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do: but I yet doubt it.

PISCATOR. You shall not doubt it long; for you shall see me do it presently. Look! the biggest of these Chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a Pike or some other accident; and that looks like a white spot. That very Chub I mean to put into your hands presently;[f]

VARIATION.] [f] I mean to catch, sit you, &c.—*1st and 2nd Edit.*



THE BREAKFAST

sit you but down in the shade, and stay but a little while; and I'll warrant you, I'll bring him to you.

VENATOR. I'll sit down; and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

PISCATOR. Look you, Sir, there is a trial of my skill; there he is:

that very Chub, that I showed you, with the white spot on his tail. And I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat, as I was to catch him: I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall. There my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil, hath dressed[g] many

VARIATION.] [g] There my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly and conveniently handsome, has dressed, &c.—1*st Edit.*

a one for me; and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.[7]

VENATOR. Come, Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, and you shall quickly be at rest, for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

Come, hostess, how do you? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink,[h] and then dress this Chub, as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy, it must be done instantly.

HOSTESS. I will do it, Mr. Piscator, and with all the speed I can.

PISCATOR. Now, Sir, has not my hostess made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

VENATOR. Both, upon my word, Sir; and therefore let's say grace and fall to eating of it.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, how do you like it?

VENATOR. Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted. Now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a courtesy of you; but it must not be denied me.

PISCATOR. What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest, that methinks I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

VENATOR. Why, Sir, it is, that from henceforth you would allow me to call you Master, and that really I may be your scholar; for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar.

PISCATOR. Give me your hand; from this time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you some-

VARIATION.] [h] your best ale, and, &c.—1*st and* 2*nd Edit.*

NOTE.] [7] The word "meat" was then used synonymously with food. Thus corn and hay for horses were called horse-meat.

what of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows.[i]

Chap. III. How to fish for, and to dress, the Chavender or Chub.

THE Chub though he eat well, thus dressed, yet as he is usually dressed, he does not. He is objected against, not only for being full of small forked bones, dispersed through all his body, but that he eats waterish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The French esteem him so mean, as to call him *Un Villain;* nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good meat; as, namely, if he be a large Chub, then dress him thus:

First, scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the hole as little, and near to his gills, as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it; for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taste very sour. Having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly; and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit, and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good store of salt mixed with it.

Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you, or most folk, even than anglers

VARIATION.] [i] In the *first* edition the next paragraph is:

And first I will tell you how you shall catch such a Chub as this was; and then how to cook him as this was. I could not have begun to teach you to catch any fish more easily than this fish is caught; but then it must be this particular way, and this you must do:

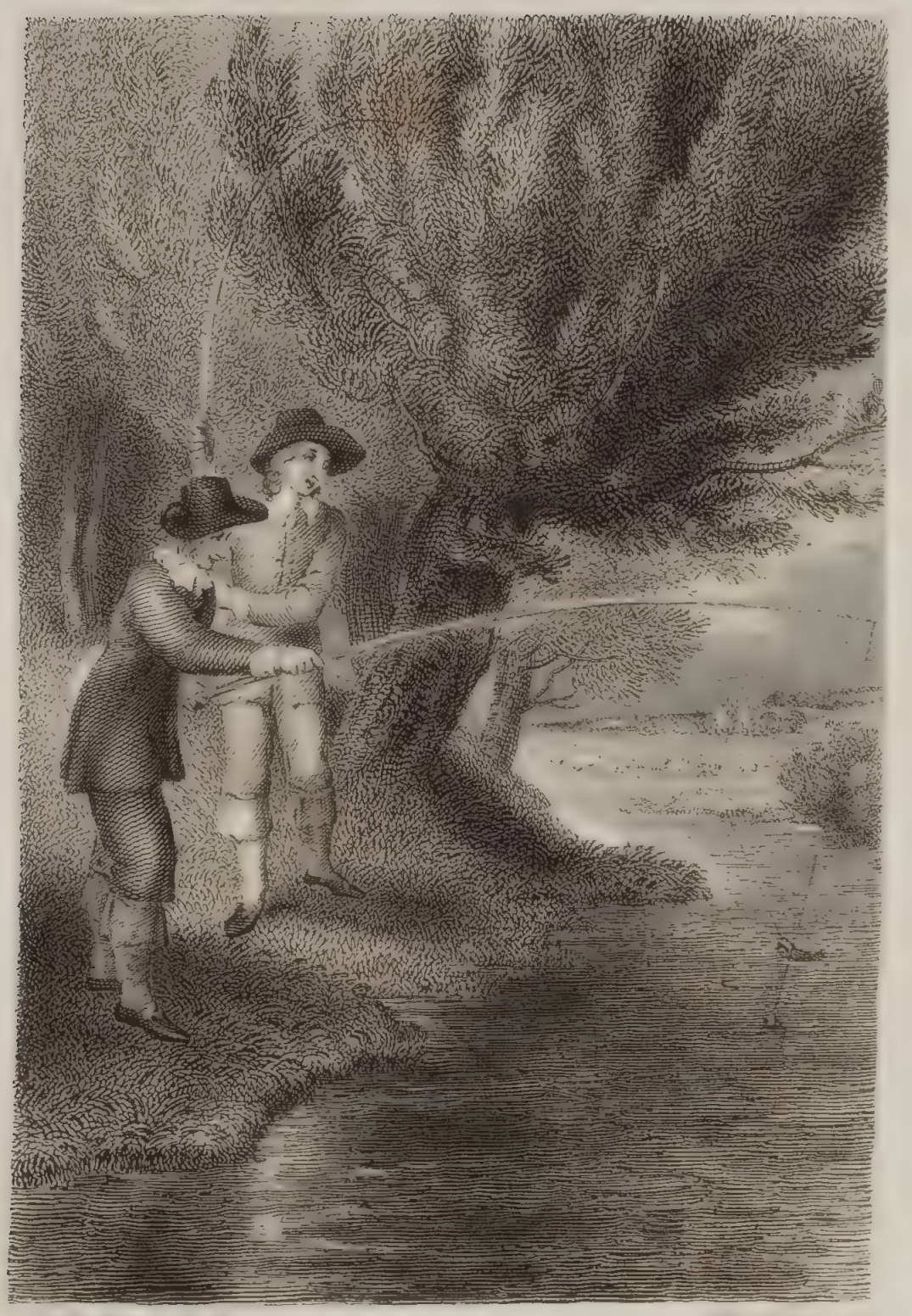
Go to the same hole, where in most hot days you will find floating near the top of the water, at least a dozen or twenty Chubs; get a grasshopper or two as you go, and get secretly behind the tree, put it then upon your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the top of the water, and 'tis very likely that the shadow of your rod, which you must rest on the tree, will cause the Chubs to sink down to the bottom with fear; for they be a very fearful fish, and the shadow of a bird flying over them will make them do so; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again: when they lie upon the top of the water, &c.

themselves, do imagine: for this dries up the fluid watery humour with which all Chubs do abound. But take this rule with you, That a Chub newly taken and newly dressed, is so much better than a Chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water. But the Chub being thus used, and dressed presently; and not washed after he is gutted, for note, that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness; you will find the Chub, being dressed in the blood, and quickly, to be such meat as will recompense your labour, and disabuse your opinion.

Or you may dress the Chavender or Chub thus:

When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt-fish is usually cut; then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood coal, that are free from smoke: and all the time he is a broiling, baste him with the best sweet butter, and good store of salt mixed with it. And, to this, add a little thyme cut exceeding small, or bruised into the butter. The Cheven thus dressed hath the watery taste taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was the Cheven dressed that you now liked so well, and commended so much. But note again, that if this Chub that you eat of had been kept till to-morrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember, that his throat be washed very clean, I say very clean, and his body not washed after he is gutted, as indeed no fish should be.

Well, scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised Chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him: and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a Chub, for there is no fish better to enter a young Angler,



MASTER AND SCHOLAR

"Look you, Master, what I have done!"
That which joys my heart, caught just

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he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way:

Go to the same hole in which I caught my Chub, where, in most hot days, you will find a dozen or twenty Chevens floating near the top of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers as you go over the meadow: and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible. Then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree. But it is likely the Chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water, at the first shadow of your rod (for Chub is the fearfullest of fishes), and will do so if but a bird flies over him and makes the least shadow on the water; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. I say, when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best Chub, which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see, and move your rod, as softly as a snail moves, to that Chub you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait. And you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose its hold; and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently; take my rod, and do as I bid you; and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

VENATOR. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done, that which joys my heart, caught just such another Chub as yours was.

PISCATOR. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice, you will make an Angler in a short time. Have but a love to it; and I'll warrant you.

VENATOR. But, master! what if I could not have found a grasshopper?

PISCATOR. Then I may tell you, That a black snail, with his belly slit, to show his white, or a piece of soft cheese, will usually do as well. Nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly the flesh-fly, or wall-fly; or the dor or beetle, which you may find under cow-dung; or a bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a beetle; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle; or a cod-worm; or a case-worm; any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner.

And after this manner you may catch a Trout in a hot evening: when, as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies, then, if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long; standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is: and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water. You may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish. And after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

VENATOR. But before you go further, I pray, good master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

PISCATOR. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the Chub or Cheven; and so the Barbel, the Gudgeon, and Carp, and divers others have. And the hook being stuck into the leather, or skin, of the mouth of such fish, does very seldom or never lose its hold: but on the contrary, a Pike, a Perch, or Trout, and so some other fish, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths, which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it. I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for this observation. But now what shall be done with my Chub or Cheven that I have caught?

PISCATOR. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body; for I'll warrant you I'll give you a Trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank you and God for it,[k] which I see by your silence you seem to

VARIATION.] [k] To the poor, who will both thank God and you for it.

And now let's walk towards the water again, and as I go I'll tell you, when you catch your next Chub, how to dress it as this was.

Viator. Come, good Master, I long to be going and learn your directions.

Piscator. You must dress it, or see it dressed thus: When you have scaled him, wash him very clean, cut off his tail and fins; and wash him not after you gut him, but chine or cut him through the middle as a salt fish is cut, then give him four or five scotches with your knife, broil him upon wood coal or charcoal; but as he is broiling, baste him often with butter that shall be choicely good; and put good store of salt into your butter, or salt him gently as you broil or baste him; and bruise or cut very small into your butter, a little thyme, or some other sweet herb that is in the garden where you eat him: thus used, it takes away the waterish taste which the Chub or Cheven has, and makes him a choice dish of meat, as you yourself know; for thus was that dressed which you did eat of to your dinner.

Or you may (for variety) dress a Chub another way, and you will find him very good, and his tongue and head almost as good as a Carp's; but then you must be sure that no grass or weeds be left in his mouth or throat.

Thus you must dress him: Slit him through the middle, then cut him into four pieces; then put him into a pewter dish, and cover him with another, put into him as much white wine as will cover him, or spring water and vinegar, and store of salt, with some branches of thyme, and other sweet herbs; let him then be boiled gently over a chafing dish with wood coals, and when he is almost boiled enough, put half of the liquor from him, not the top of it; put then into him a convenient quantity of the best butter you can get, with a little nutmeg grated into it, and sippets of white bread: thus ordered, you will find the Cheven and the sauce too a choice dish of meat: and I have been the more careful to give you a perfect direction how to dress him, because he is a fish undervalued by many, and I would gladly restore him to some of his credit which he has lost by ill cookery.

Viator. But, Master, have you no other way to catch a Cheven, or Chub?

Piscator. Yes, that I have, but I must take time to tell it you hereafter; or indeed, you must learn it by observation and practice, though

consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach more concerning Chub-fishing. You are to note, that in March and April he is usually taken with worms; in May, June, and July, he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the black bee that breeds in clay walls. And he never refuses a grasshopper, on the top of a swift stream,[8] nor, at the bottom, the young humble bee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In August, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar, with a little butter and saffron, so much of it as, being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon colour. And some make a paste for the winter months, at which time the Chub is accounted best, for then it is observed, that the forked bones are lost, or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked, of cheese and turpentine.[1] He will bite also at a minnow, or penk,[9] as a Trout will: of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that, in hot weather, he is to be fished for towards

VARIATION *continued.*]
this way that I have taught you was the easiest to catch a Chub, at this time, and at this place. And now we are come again to the river, I will (as the soldier says) prepare for skirmish; that is, draw out my tackling, and try to catch a Trout for supper.

Viator. Trust me, Master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub, &c.

[1] if he baked with a paste made of cheese and turpentine.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

NOTE.] [8] In the Thames, above Richmond, the best way of using the grasshopper for Chub is to fish with it as with an artificial fly; the first joints of the legs must be pinched off, and in this way, when the weed is rotten, which is seldom till September, the largest Dace are taken. H.

[9] In "Practical Observations on Angling in the River Trent," 12mo. *Newark*, 1801, p. 42, it is said, "Chub will also take small Gudgeons in the way you troll for Pike: the hook ought not to be so heavy leaded upon the shank; they gorge immediately on taking the bait." E.

the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather, nearer the bottom; and if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle, or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. And having told you, that his spawn is excellent meat, and that the head of a large Cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.[m]

But, lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the Chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca, his "Natural Questions,"[1] that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says, that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining-rooms, and they did glory much, in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon; and he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colours when they were dying. But enough of this; for I doubt I have staid too long from giving you some Observations of the Trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.[2]

VARIATION.] [m] the next you fish for. And now my next observation and direction shall be concerning the Trout (which I love to angle for above any fish). But lest you, &c.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

NOTE.] [1] Lib. III. Cap. 17.

[2] The haunts of the Chub are streams shaded with trees: in summer, deep holes, where they will sometimes float near the surface of the water, and under the boughs on the side of a bank. Their spawning time is towards the beginning of April: they are in season from about the middle of May till the middle of February; but are best in winter. At mid-water, and at bottom, use a float; at top, either dib, or, if you have room, use the fly-line, as for Trout. They are so eager in biting, that, when they take the bait, you may hear their jaws chop like those of a dog. H.

Chap. IV. On the Nature and Breeding of the Trout, and how to fish for him.

PISCATOR. THE Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go farther in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren does that are good in summer, so there be some barren Trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so; for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice, that in several countries, as in Germany, and in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness, and shape, and other ways; and so do Trouts. It is well known, that in the Lake Leman, the Lake of Geneva, there are Trouts taken of three cubits long; as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit: and Mercator[3] says, the Trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandize of that famous city. And you are further to know, that there be certain waters that breed Trouts remarkable, both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent, that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater

NOTE.] [3] *Gerard Mercator*, of Ruremond in Flanders, a man of such intense application to mathematical studies, that he neglected the necessary refreshments of nature. He engraved with his own hand, and coloured the maps to his geographical writings. He wrote several books of Theology; and died in 1594. H.

than about the size of a Gudgeon. There are also, in divers rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor, a little Trout called a Samlet, or Skegger Trout, in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as fast and as freely as Minnows: these be by some taken to be young Salmons; but, in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a Herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a Trout called there a Fordidge Trout, a Trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish;[1] many of them near the bigness of a Salmon, but known by their different colour; and in their best season they cut very white: and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God:[4] and he hath told me, he thought that Trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he, then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors,[m] that grasshoppers[5] and some

VARIATION.] [1] accounted rare meat; many of them, &c.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

[m] That there is a fish that hath not any mouth, but lives by taking breath by the porings of her gills, and feeds and is nourished by no man knows what, and this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, &c. —*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

NOTE.] [4] Apparently Sir George Hastings, son and heir of the celebrated Henry Hastings, of Woodlands, second son of George, 4th Earl of Huntingdon. Sir George Hastings died 25th October, 1651, æt. 63. *Collins' Peerage*, ed. 1779, vol. iii. p. 97.

[5] It has been said by naturalists, particularly by Sir Theodore Mayerne, in an *Epistle to Sir William Paddy*, prefixed to the translation of Mouffet's *Theatr. Insect.* printed with Topsel's *History of four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, that the grasshopper has no mouth,

fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no farther care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, "to feed the young ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive and fed by a dew; or worms that breed in their nests; or some other ways that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, which, as it is said of the stork, that he knows his season, so he knows his times, I think almost his day of coming into that river out of the sea; where he lives, and, it is like, feeds, nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much, that their river affords a Trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish; as namely, a Shelsey Cockle, a Chichester Lobster, an Arundel Mullet, and an Amerly Trout.

And, now, for some confirmation of the Fordidge Trout: you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that swallows, and bats, and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and[n] not seen

VARIATION.] [n] that swallows which are not seen to fly, &c.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]

but a pipe in his breast, through which it sucks the dew, which is its nutriment. There are two sorts, the green and the dun; some say there is a third, of a yellowish green. They are found in long grass, from June to the end of September, and even in October, if the weather be mild. In the middle of May, you will see, in the joints of rosemary, thistles, and almost all the larger weeds, a white fermented froth, which the country people call *Cuckow's Spit;* in these the eggs of the grasshopper are deposited; and if you examine them, you will never fail of finding a yellowish insect, of about the size and shape of a grain of wheat, which, doubtless, is the young grasshopper. A passage to this purport is in Leigh's *History of Lancashire*, page 148. H.

to fly in England for six months in the year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees,° or clay caves, where they have been observed to live, and sleep out the whole winter, without meat.[6] And so Albertus[7] observes, That there is one kind of frog[8] that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.[9]

And so much for these Fordidge Trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog, or, by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the birds of Paradise and the cameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.[1]

There is also in Northumberland a Trout called a Bull-trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts; and there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, Salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool: and, certainly,

VARIATION.] ° hollow trees where they, &c.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

NOTE.] [6] View Sir Francis Bacon, Exper. 899.

[7] *Albertus Magnus*, a German Dominican, and a very learned man. Urban IV. compelled him to accept of the bishopric of Ratisbon. He wrote a treatise *on the Secrets of Nature*, and twenty other volumes in folio; and died at *Cologne*, 1280. H.

[8] See Topsel of Frogs. *Edward Topsel* was the author of a *History of four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, collected out of the works of Gesner, and other authors, in folio, Lond. 1658. In this history he describes the several kinds of frogs; and in page 721 thereof cites from *Albertus* the fact here related. H.

[9] See Chap. VIII.

[1] That the *Cameleon* lives by the air alone is a vulgar error, it being well known that its food is flies and other insects. H.

as some pastures breed larger sheep; so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger Trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the Trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the Pearch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death.

And next you are to take notice, that[p] he is not like the Crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death: but 'tis not so with the Trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness, or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will, about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the stream; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the Trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month: and so you may observe, That most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, That till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick, and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and, then, to be lank and thin and lean; at which time many of them have

VARIATION.] [p] that after he is come, &c.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

sticking on them Sugs, or Trout-lice; which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him, and sucks his moisture; those, I think, the Trout breeds himself: and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and, then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and, there, rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed, that usually the best Trouts are either red or yellow; though some, as the Fordidge Trout, be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female Trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hog-back and a little head, to either Trout, Salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.[q]

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season: and as some hollies, or oaks, are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trouts, in rivers, longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of Trouts: but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts: just as pigeons do, in most places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons: and of the tame,

VARIATION.] [q] male Trout. And a hog-back and a little head, to any fish, either Trout, &c.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

there be helmits and runts, and carriers and cropers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trouts especially; which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and colour.[r] The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens: and, doubtless, there is a kind of small Trout, which will never thrive to be big; that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size: which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and tit-mouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when, usually, the noble hawk, or the musical thrassel or black-bird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub: for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net. So, Sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?[s]

VARIATION.] [r] And you are to note that there are several kinds of Trouts, though they all go under that general name; just as there be tame and wild pigeons: and of tame there be cropers, carriers, runts, and too many to name, which all differ, and so do Trouts, in their bigness, shape, and colour. The great Kentish, &c.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

[s] and your patience?—*2nd Edit.*

VENATOR. On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

PISCATOR. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us,[t] and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

VENATOR. A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISCATOR. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last Trout, with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and, so, walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir: o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower[u] falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree[v] near to

VARIATION.] [t] "and pass away,"—"or man."—*2nd Edit.*

[u] toward yonder high hedge, we'll sit whilst this shower, &c.—*1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

[v] cave.—*1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing[w] the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily exprest it,

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had[x] not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow,[2] now at least fifty

VARIATION.] [w] and sometimes viewing, &c.—1*st*, 2*nd*, 3*rd*, *and* 4*th Ed.*
[x] that had cast away all care, and sung, &c.—1*st*, 2*nd*, 3*rd*, *and* 4*th Edit.*

NOTE.] [2] *Christopher Marlow* was a poet of some eminence, as may be inferred from the frequent mention of him in the writings of his contemporaries. He was sometime a student at Cambridge, and, after that, an actor on, and writer for, the stage. There are extant, of his writing, five Tragedies; and a Poem that bears his name, entitled, *Hero and Leander* (possibly a translation from Musæus), which, he not living to complete it, was finished by Chapman. Some remarks will be found in a subsequent page on the song mentioned by Walton. Of Marlow it is said, that he was the author of divers atheistical and blasphemous discourses; and that in a quarrel with a serving man, his rival in a connection with a lewd woman, he received a stab with a dagger, and shortly after died of the stroke. Wood *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 338. H. Marlowe's Dramatic and other Poetical Works have been collected, with some Account of his Life, by George Robinson, Esq. 3 vols. cr. 8vo. Lond. 1826.

years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days. They were old fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion[y] in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder, they both be a milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a fishing; and am going to

BLEAK HALL[3]

VARIATION.] [y] better than that now in fashion.—*1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

NOTE.] [3] A fishing house on the banks of the Lea, about one mile from Edmonton, was called Bleak Hall, and is presumed to be the place alluded to.

to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milkwoman. Marry! God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully.[z] And if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice, in a new-made haycock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Piscator. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by[a] your daughter when I last past over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

Milkwoman. What song was it, I pray? Was it, "Come, Shepherds, deck your herds?" or, "As at noon Dulcina rested?" or, "Phillida flouts me?"[b] or, "Chevy Chace?" or, "Johnny Armstrong?" or, "Troy Town?"[4]

Piscator. No, it is none of those; it is a Song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Variation.] [z] cheerfully. Will you drink a draught of red cow's milk?

Piscator. No, I thank you, &c.—1*st Edit.*

[a] by you and your daughter.—1*st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

[b] or, "Chevy Chace?" or, "Johnny Armstrong?" or, "Troy Town."—*Inserted in 5th Edit.*

Note.] [4] The songs, "As at Noon," "Chevy Chace," "Johnny Armstrong," and "Troy Town," are printed in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry;" and "As at Noon," in Durfey's Collection. "Phillida flouts me" is to be found in Ritson's "Ancient Songs, from Henry III. to the Revolution" 1790, taken from the "Theatre of Compliments; or, New Academy," Lond. 1689, 12mo.; and "The Hive," a Collection of Songs, vol. ii. p. 270. "Come, Shepherds" is not known. Ritson observes, that there is an answer to "Phillida flouts me," by A. Bradley, which is modern.

MILKWOMAN. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor[c] daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both;[d] and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second when you have done.[e]

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,[f]
[g] Or woods, and steepy mountains yields;

[h] Where we will sit upon the rocks,
[i] And see the shepherds feed our[k] flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses;
[l] And, then, a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
[m] Slippers, lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

VARIATION.] [c] poor.—*5th Edit.*

[d] hear them both. Come, Maudlin.—*5th Edit.*

[e] *Milkwoman.* O, I know it now, I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best, but two or three years ago; you shall, God willing, hear them both. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second.—1*st Edit.*

Variations from England's Helicon.] [f] groves, hills, and fields.

[g] Woods, or steepie mountains yeelds.

[h] And we. [i] Seeing. [k] their.

[l] And a thousand. [m] Faire lined slippers.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

[Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.]

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.[5]

Note.] [5] It has been much disputed whether this song was written by Christopher Marlowe or by Shakespeare. The first time which it appeared in print, as far as can be traced, was in "The Passionate Pilgrim and other Sonnets, by Mr. William Shakespeare," printed by Jaggard, in 1599, where it is thus given:

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and yvye-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin.[n] I now see it was not without cause that our good queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milk-maid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing

VARIATION.] [n] *Viator.* Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin: I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, That she may die in the Spring, and have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]

Several lines are also quoted in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act. III. Sc. 1., which was first printed in 1602, and upon this evidence it has, with much reason, been attributed to Shakespeare. But in England's Helicon, which was published in 1600, *seven years after Marlowe's death*, the song occurs as printed by Walton (excepting the trifling variations which have been pointed out), with the name of Christopher Marlowe attached, and entitled "The passionate Shepherd to his Love." In the Jew of Malta, however, a tragedy which was written by Marlowe, before 1593, but not printed until 1633, he introduced the first line of the song in the following manner:

> "Thou in whose groves by Dis above,
> Shall live with me, and be my love."

The fact that Walton calls it Marlowe's song, is entitled to very little weight in deciding by whom it was written, because it is certain that his authority for the assertion was his finding Marlowe's name attached to it in "England's Helicon." In the second, and every subsequent edition of the Angler, however, he added the sixth stanza, which, as has been well observed, contains images that destroy the simplicity and pastoral character of the piece. The "Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd," or as Walton calls it, "The Milk-Maid's Mother's Answer," which is assigned by Walton to Sir Walter Raleigh, was also taken from "England's Helicon," where it was printed with the signature, "S. W. R." but in most copies of that work, those initials were pasted over, and "Ignoto" substituted for them, which tends to prove that it was not written by Raleigh; and Walton's error probably arose from using a copy in which the alteration had not been made. It is impossible to say who was the author of the "Nymph's Reply;" but as the first stanza occurs in the poems attributed by Jaggard to Shakespeare, at the end of "Come, live with me," entitled "Love's Answer," the evidence is as strong in favour of his having written so much of it, as that he was the author of "Come, live with me." Walton, it appears, also added the sixth stanza of the Reply in the second and subsequent editions of the Angler.

If the popularity of a song is to be estimated by the number of imi-

sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, "that she may die in the Spring; and, being dead, may have good store[p] of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet."[6]

VARIATION.] [p] and have good store, &c.—*Until 5th Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]
tations of it, "Come, live with me" must have been eminently popular, one of these beginning:

"Come, live with me and be my dear,"

will be found in "England's Helicon." Dr. Donne has imitated it in a poem, entitled "The Bait," commencing:

"Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,"

which Walton has introduced in the text, chap. xii.

Herrick, in his Hesperides, vol. i. p. 269, ed. 1825:

"Live, live with me, and thou shalt see."

The late editor of Marlowe's Works, has printed the song, vol. iii. p. 419, apparently from a different copy, in which there are few variations. The following is perhaps for the better, l. 10,

"And *twine* a thousand fragrant posies."

This ballad, Steevens remarks, appears to have furnished Milton with the hint for the last lines of L'Allegro and Penseroso.

The tune to which "Come, live with me" was sung, Sir John Hawkins discovered in a MS. which he says is as old as Shakespeare's time, and will be found in Johnson and Steevens's Shakespeare, ed. 1793, vol. iii. p. 402.

A ballad, entitled Queen Elinor, to the tune of 'Come, live with me,' is printed in Deloney's "Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonnets," 12mo. 1607.

Nicolas Breton, in his "Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters," 1637, 4to. alludes to it in these words:

"You shall heare the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the black browes with the cherrie-cheeke, under the side of the pide-cowe: Come, live with me and be my love: you know the rest, and so I rest."

6 "*A fair and happy milk-maid*" is one of the "Characters" printed with Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife," of which near twenty editions had been published before Walton wrote his Angler. It is as follows: "A FAIR AND HAPPY MILK-MAID
Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of counte-

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.[7]

If all[q] the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

VARIATION.] [q] If that.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets.*

NOTE *continued.*]

nance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue: for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long a bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glue or aromatic ointment of her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings defiance to the wheel of Fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in Spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding sheet." 12th edit. 8vo. Lond. 1627. E.

[7] The first stanza only of this song occurs in the "Passionate Pilgrim," but the whole in "England's Helicon," excepting the sixth stanza, which was not printed in the first edition of the Angler. See note ante.

But Time[r] drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
Then[s] Philomel becometh dumb;
And age[t] complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

[What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.]

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

MOTHER.[u] Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more.[8] Maudlin! sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

VARIATION.] [r] Time drives the.—*England's Helicon.*

[s] And.—*Angler, 1st Edit. and England's Helicon.*

[t] The rest.—*Angler, 1st Edit. and England's Helicon.*

[u] This passage, the reply, and the following song, occur, for the first time, in the *fifth* Edit. In the preceding editions, Piscator's commendation "Well sung," &c., is applied to the milk-maid's mother's answer.

NOTE.] [8] A song, entitled "The Bonny Milk Maid," in the same metre, is printed in Durfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. i. 1719, 12mo.

MAUDLIN. I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate:

But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Thro' frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.

PISCATOR. Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days; and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look! yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts; and long to see you;[v] and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

Chap. V. On the Trout.

PISCATOR. WELL met, brother Peter! I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night; and that hath made[w] me to bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle: he hath been an angler but this day; and I have taught him how to catch a Chub, by dapping with a grasshopper;[x] and the Chub he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But pray, brother Peter, who is your companion?

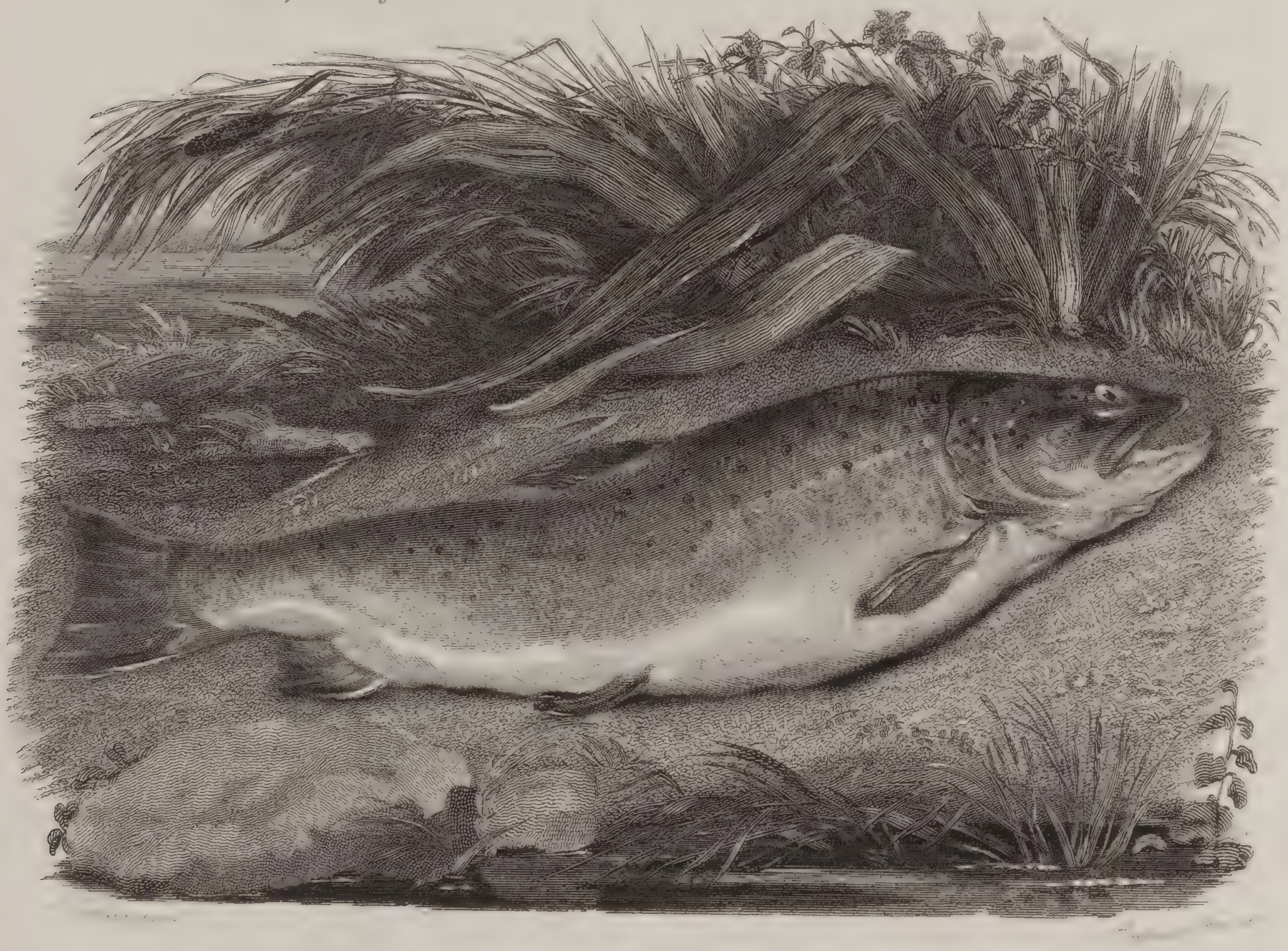
VARIATION.] [v] long to see you, and are hungry, and long to be at supper.—*till 5th Edit.*

[w] hath made me and my friend cast to lodge here too.—*till 5th Edit.*

[x] grasshopper; and he hath caught a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But I pray, brother, who is it that is your companion?—*till 5th Edit.*

PETER. Brother Piscator, my friend is an honest countryman, and his name is Coridon;[y] and he is a downright witty companion, that met me here purposely to be pleasant and eat a Trout; and I have not yet wetted my line since we met together: but I hope to fit him with a Trout for his breakfast; for I'll be early up.

PISCATOR. Nay, brother, you shall not stay so long; for, look you! here is a Trout



will fill six reasonable bellies.

VARIATION.] [y] Coridon, a most downright, witty, and merry companion, that met me here purposely to eat a Trout and to be pleasant, and I have not yet wet my line since I came from home: but I will fit him to-morrow with a Trout for his breakfast, if the weather be any thing like.

Piscator. Nay, brother, you shall not delay him so long, for look you, here is a Trout.—*till 5th Edit.*

Come, hostess, [z] dress it presently; and get us what other meat the house will afford; and give us some of your best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest[a] forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds.

PETER. On my word, this Trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow. I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling: we will set him up, and make him a fisher. And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be scholar to such a master; a master that knows as much, both of the nature and breeding of fish, as any man; and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the Minnow to the Salmon, as any that I ever met withal.

PISCATOR. Trust me, brother Peter, I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, scholar, this is my resolution; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us and the honest art of Angling.

VENATOR. Trust me, good master, you shall not sow your seed in barren ground; for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes: but, however, you shall find me obedient, and thankful, and serviceable to my best ability.

PISCATOR. 'Tis enough, honest scholar! come, let's to

VARIATION.] [z] Come, hostess, dress it presently, and get us what other meat the house will afford, and give us some good ale, and let's be merry.—1*st Edit.*

[a] that our good honest forefathers used to drink of, which preserved, &c.—*till 5th Edit.*

supper. Come, my friend Coridon, this Trout looks lovely; it was twenty-two inches when it was taken; and the belly of it looked, some part of it, as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good sauce.

Coridon. Indeed, honest friend, it looks well, and tastes well: I thank you for it, and so doth my friend Peter, or else he is to blame.

Peter. Yes, and so I do; we all thank you: and, when we have supped, I will get my friend Coridon to sing you a song for requital.

Coridon. I will sing a song, if any body will sing another, else, to be plain with you, I will sing none. I am none of those that sing for meat, but for company: I say,

" 'Tis merry in hall,
When men sing all." [9]

Piscator. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made, at my request, by Mr. William Basse; one that hath made the choice songs of the " Hunter in his career," and of " Tom of Bedlam,"[1] and many others of note; and this, that I will sing, is in praise of Angling.

Coridon. And then mine shall be the praise of a Countryman's life. What will the rest sing of?

Peter. I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of Angling to-morrow night; for we will not part

Note.] [9] A parody on the adage,

' It's merry in hall,
When beards wag all.'

i. e. when all are eating. H.

[1] This song, beginning " Forth from my sad and darksome cell," with the music to it, set by Hen. Lawes, is printed in a book entitled Playford's *Antidote against Melancholy*, 8vo. 1669; and in *Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, and Bass Viol*, folio, 1675; also in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 357; but in the latter with a mistake, in the last line of the third stanza, of the word *Pentarchye* for *Pentateuch*. H.

till then; but fish to-morrow, and sup together: and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

VENATOR. 'Tis a match; and I will provide you a song or a catch against then, too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and as merry[b] as beggars.

PISCATOR. 'Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts. Come on, my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

PETER. It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to Coridon.

CORIDON. Well, then, I will begin, for I hate contention.

CORIDON'S SONG.

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trololie lollie loe,
Heigh trololie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away, &c.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart:
Then care away, &c.

VARIATION.] [b] for we will be merry.—*till 5th Edit.*

Our cloathing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives;
Heigh trololliе lollie loe, &c.
'Tis warmth and not gay cloathing
That doth prolong our lives:
Then care away, &c.

The ploughman, tho' he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,
Heigh trololliе lollie loe, &c.
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:
Then care away, &c.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh trololliе lollie loe, &c.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away, &c.

The cuckow and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trololliе lollie loe, &c.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring:
Then care away, &c.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trololliе lollie loe, &c.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away,
Turn countrymen with me.

JO. CHALKHILL.[2]

Note.] [2] *John Chalkhill*, of whom and his family a notice will be found in the *Life of Walton*, prefixed to this volume. "To this song the merry chorus of 'Hey trolly lo' is attached as a burthen, which was then in much repute. A song, entitled Troly Lo, is printed by Ritson (Antient Songs from Hen. III. to the Revolution, 1790, p. 92) from a MS. in the Sloane Collection, No. 1584, commencing:

'So well ys me be gone, troly lole so
Well ys me be gone troly loley.'

In *A new and merry Enterlude called the Triall of Treasure*, 1567, where a drinking chaunt of "Luste like a gallant," has the following lines:

PISCATOR. Well sung, Coridon, this song was sung with mettle; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion: I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would you were a brother of the angle; for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companies, that you make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for 'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast;' and such a companion you prove: I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be so well liked.

NOTE *continued.*]

Hey rowse, fill all the pottes in the house,
Tushe man, in good felowship let vs be mery,
Looke vp like a man or it is not worth a louse,
Hey how troly lowe, hey dery, dery.

In the comedy of *The late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, the song to the familiars, Mawsy, Puckling, &c. invites them to

Suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we sing, Hey trolly lolly.

And in Brome's comedy of *The Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 1641, is the following catch, afterwards inserted in nearly every musical collection of that period:

There was an old fellow at Waltham Cross,
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss;
He never was heard to sigh with *hey-ho*,
But sent it out with a *haigh trolly lo*.
He chear'd up his heart, when his goods went to wrack,
With a heghm, boy, heghm, and a cup of old sack.

In the Weekly Journal of 30th July, 1715, there is mention of a noted female offender, prostitute, and housebreaker, called *Trolly Lolly*, who had been tried at nine assizes, and always saved herself from the capital part of the offence by pregnancy." Eu. H.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk,
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love,
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare:
My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish, I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make:

For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where, which is in no other game,
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

W. B.[3]

CORIDON. Well sung, brother, you have paid your debt in good coin. We anglers are all beholden to the good man that made this song: come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him. And now let's every one go to bed, that we may rise early: but first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning; for my purpose is to prevent the sun-rising.

PETER. A match. Come, Coridon, you are to be my bed-fellow. I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together. But where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

PISCATOR. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

CORIDON. Then let's meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat, or better usage in any place.

PETER. 'Tis a match. Good-night to every body.

PISCATOR. And so say I.

VENATOR. And so say I.

NOTE.] [3] These initials, apparently of William Basse, occur in the first edition only, and prove that Walton, in saying that this song "was lately made at my request" by that composer, did not refer to the music only. In the Life and Remains of Dean Bathurst, by Warton, 8vo. 1761, are verses "To Mr. W. Basse upon the intended publication of his Poems, Jan. 13, 1651," to which Warton adds in a note, 'I find no account of this writer or his poems.'